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OF POLITICS, SCIENCE,
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VOL. XXXII

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Painting by Curtis Williamson, R.C.A.

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KLAASJE

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VOL. XXXII

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No. 1

MOOSE HUNTING IN NEW BRUNSWICK

BY DOUGLAS W. CLINCH

IF you are one of those fortunate individuals who, as the clouds clear after a heavy rain and the air has a crispness you can almost feel, are conscious of a superabundance of surplus energy tingling every nerve, you are bound hereditarily to like moose hunting. Once the "wh-i-i-r-r, pung" of an expanding bullet, as it leaves the muzzle and strikes behind the foreshoulder, has been engraved by the master hand on an ever-too-willing memory, you know nothing but the trail to the Happy Hunting Grounds will ever erase it. Maybe during the breathless ecstasy of grinning at an eye-lash finish you may be temporarily enraptured by the only sport which really equals it. Just the same on a cool October morning, or as you pause by a snow-laden bough to relight your after-breakfast pipe, you are certain that the pleasures of this life are not confined to European tours, dinner-dances, and "silentsixes." If you are a bromide and a pessimist, you will miss a great deal out of life, anyway.

Somehow I managed to, yes, literally, fall down stairs in my excitement one bright morning in September. Contrary to all the rules of hygiene, which most of us have

read at school and then forever forgotten, I managed to snatch a breakfast. Outside "Billy" was waiting with a four-wheeler. Five minutes later, with my ticket in my teeth and accompanied by numerous packs, I was bundled into "the Boston" as she pulled out for the West. At McAdam I locked fingers with a Montreal friend, and together we smoked one another's cigars for the next one hundred miles. As the sun, still two hours' high, blinked over nature's skyscrapers on the town of Grand Falls, we once more felt the planks of a platform beneath our feet and were pumping the arm of a grinning "Injun." To mention casually that our cook, while in a hilarious condition, had fallen off the train en route, that we had to trust to the charity of distilleries which never saw Scotland, only helped to fill in the gaps in the rather undulating scenery.

It did not take long to go over our stock in hand and, guided by "Ike," to add a set of "Cooking Tools" on which the Steel Trust had levied no ransom. Then there were many other things which the general "store" gave up from its depths. From the lower floor, where you could buy anything from a scythe to a needle, we fol-



CALLING THE MOOSE

lowed an obliging maiden, not mentioned in "Florodora," to a natural wood-finished storey, where wholesome smells of gingham seemed to break the last tie between civilisation and the perfume of the forest. All our outfit being packed and the town's bakery raided to the last crust, we piled on to the lumber wagon, and had the satisfaction of feeling the last bridge rumble beneath our feet as we looked out over the beautiful fall from which the town derives its name. One by one did the farms and crossroads drop behind. What a perfect stillness seemed to descend over all as the horses toiled up a sandy hill. Only the low murmur of my companion's conversation, as he sat hunched on a stained leather suit case and chatted to our teabster, and the regular swing of the whiffle-tree was carried to my ears. Back on a feed bag "James" and I were chatting

on "things generally." James was a Frenchman who spoke English without an accent, and was, in his way, an optimist. Long before the full moon had peered like a drum-head over the dark forest slopes, James and I were friends. We chatted over the conditions of the people in the vicinity, and always James would wind up with "but they are happy." It is such men who made you believe in the future of this country.

For ten miles that night did we travel hill and dale. The long, winding road was bright as day. Not a cloud was contrasted with the clear starlit Heavens. Here we stopped at a farm house which might have been transplanted from one of Drummond's habitant

tales the night before. To this day can I see the huge iron sugar pot as it hung from its giant wauganstick, or recall the frowsy-headed Frenchman as he chatted from his corner and demonstrated his views with a crutch, and the close-mouthed narrow-chested woman, as she set about preparing our supper in the low-ceilinged, badly lit room. It seemed to sweep me back into another century, and, standing in the doorway and studying the peeled-logged houses, at least two centuries old, I could hardly believe I had that very morning left the city.

Without an after-dinner smoke, we carried our blankets to an adjoining barn and were soon dreaming on the fresh cut hay. At four I was awake, and once more the horses were hitched and the remaining fourteen miles of our journey considered seriously. Mile after mile we drove. Here we would ford a stream long before the

early morning mists had disappeared, and were deep in the heart of the wood. At times we walked through the deep shadows, guided only by the light of a waning moon and a stinging lantern. From the rear the creaking of the lumber wagon was the only perceptible sound. Then the East slowly reddened and, driving the chariots of scurrying night before it, the sun peeped over the distant mountains. It did not require an æsthetic taste to appreciate its splendour, and an imaginative one but magnified it..

By nine we swung around a turn and there, outlined against a background of green timber lay our destination. How eagerly we unpacked our dunnage! How we rummaged that deserted camp! How the initials carved on the walls were studied with an almost childish pleasure! Then, totting a table and benches out-doors, we ate. There always being a certain amount of straightening up to be done, my friend and I took it in hand while Isaac "cruised for signs." He returned to say a big bull had been down to the lake that morning and that once he distinctly heard him rasp his antlers on the bushes. Not wishing to disturb him he had not worked within closer range.

About four that afternoon we headed for the calling ground selected. Within an hour we were seated behind some sheltering bushes as Isaac commenced to whine through the horn in imitation of a cow moose seeking her mate. To some the sport has a wonderful fascination, and I am afraid we are all a trifle heathenish after the manner we worship for the



BULL MOOSE KILLED ON A NEW BRUNSWICK BARREN

time being that insignificant piece of birch bark. How we hope, and, yes, sometimes pray, that it will summon him, that he will hurry before the light grows dim or the faint breeze springs into a wind.

Several times did the high nasal cry, ending in a deep grunt, echo and re-echo through every glade of the forest within miles. How we seemed to strain, if it were possible, our ears to catch the answer—and then, all unexpectedly, it came. But it was far, very, very far, away, and though a coaxing call was several times ventured, the clouds darkened and the gloaming gave place to dusk. By means of whispers "Ike" informed us that as the moose was doubtless a big one, with a wide spread of antler, he had taken to the lumber road and if unable to locate the sound would remain in the vicinity till daylight. We were about to return to



GUIDES ON THE LOOKOUT FOR MOOSE

camp when the meadow grass on the opposite shore parted, and a deer stole down to drink. As a rifle shot will not disturb game in a country little hunted, my companion with a single shot dropped him in his tracks. Without wasting any time we returned campward.

It may perhaps seem incredible to the majority, but I doubt very much if some of us ever lose our childhood's distrust of the dark. Of course, we will not admit any such possibility, and, perhaps, experience will oftentimes erase the period of novitiation. The subject, at any rate, furnishes food for thought as we trail along through the shadows in the wake of a guide, who, at that precise moment, is the very best friend you ever had. Not for worlds would he lag behind. And so the three of us hiked it to camp, and, oh, didn't the gleam of a lantern look mighty good as James came out to meet us! Inside, sweaters, hunting-coats, boots, etc., were hastily discarded, and after a lunch-counter wash, we gathered around the supper Fred, our cook, had prepared.

When the last cup of tea had been drained and the last cigar reverently smoked to the very butt, we discussed the sport in general.

Many books by earnest followers of the trail have never covered the entire subject. Generations of guides have always found something new, which, after all, is the real fascination of all woodlore. I think most real students of the subject will tell you that the customs of all animals are as steadfast and consistent as the immortal hills. Study these customs from real life, review them under all conditions, decide on a happy medium, match your cunning against theirs, and you have sport. All else is but luck, and furnishes material for controversies. Concerning moose, as a single factor it would require volumes even to explain the fundamental principles. Of one thing be assured, it is a science, and therefore the results are only regulated as to positiveness in proportion to the qualifications of the hunter. The first few weeks of September the cow moose summons her mate by "calling," and



TOWING A BULL MOOSE ASHORE IN THE NORTHWEST MIRAMICHI RIVER

continues to do so till the waning of the October moon. Ofttimes a fight will occur between males over the possession of a cow. The call is a whining, wailing note, increasing in volume from the initial grunt. Meadows, bogs, swamps, hardwood ridges, lake shores, etc., are the places selected. Man, through his astuteness, masters this sound, and under favourable conditions can summon a bull. "Still-hunting" is the personification of tracking by wind and trail. It is resorted to at all seasons, but chiefly during the month of November. Both subjects in detail require columns to even portray the fundamental principles, and, though intensely interesting to those especially concerned, have little in common with the general public. But that night we were interested, and it was finally decided to again try the lake on the morrow, providing the wind died down and the lowering clouds dispersed. But the fates seemed against us, and the sixteenth dawned wild and wet. As our chief diet was bacon, it was decided that two of the party should bring the deer to camp, and after breakfast they started.

Now, between our camp, which

happened to be a lumberman's cabin situated some twenty odd miles in from Grand Falls, along the portage crossing Little River and the clear-bottomed lake at which we had been calling, lay a winding portage road. As the two men tip-toed across the deadfall, bridging the stream from which we drew our water, and as they swung to their left along the twisting trail, the rough going and partly-hidden pools gave them all they cared to think about. It was a half-sprawling jump one minute, a stretching and crawling under a deadfall the next, and then through the tall grass, and the half-rotten logs of a crude bridge the water would rumble under their feet. About a mile had been covered in this way when suddenly things began to happen. Like all those incidents, which by their very rapidity seem to be recorded in our mind at length, the telling never seems to tell it all. Without any warning the bushes to the left side of the road parted, and a bull moose, weighing all of twelve hundred pounds, charged direct for the two travellers. The man to the right thought of climbing a tree, afterwards he said he thought many other things.



A MOOSE HUNTER'S CAMP IN NEW BRUNSWICK

The sudden crash of the tushes, the onrushing chest, the thinking man to his left, all wove themselves into the strangest of fancies, on top of which the whole of one's life seemed to sit and smile confusion. But if the unarmed man was thinking quickly, his companion was as quick to act. There was a hardly perceptible "click, cluck," and the ivory bead covered the flying chest; spitefully the little twenty-six-inch nickel-steel barrel spoke, there was a lightning-like movement of the right hand, an empty shell lay smoking on the damp grass, and, as the monarch of the

silent places paused and gave a half turn to the right, the second soft-nose sped home, this time through the heart. There was a mighty lunge and its very impetus carried the immense bulk some ten feet in the direction from which not ten seconds ago it had come unharmed. The distance was about thirty feet at the second shot. The game was quite dead before the hunters recovered their first satisfactory gulp of fresh air. Walking to the fully polished antlers, the spread was found to be just fifty inches and perfect in formation. The bell was one of the finest

among many hundreds I have since seen.

Dr. Ralph Powell, a friend of the author, had his third bull turn on him, but, being mortally wounded, the moose dropped while charging. His head measured sixty-and-one-half inches. Mr. Selous' second largest moose, shot in British Columbia on his second trip to that section, would have undoubtedly gored that gentleman's guide had Mr. Selous not been an expert with the rifle. I mention these incidents, extreme cases as they are, as many pooh-pooh the idea of moose fighting unless cornered.

Many theories have been advanced as to the age of sets of antlers. No one can tell after five years old. Of course, estimates can be made and in-bred moose determined, but no one can say but that, at one, there is one prong on each side; at two, two; at three, three; at four a small pan, and at five a larger pan. It is also generally supposed that a moose's head becomes smaller and more stubby as the years advance. Everything, however, depends on the weather and feed conditions during the spring and summer. If there is plenty of sunshine, plenty of growing foliage, the heads for that fall are apt to be large ones.

Aside from the actual shooting, the environment of a well-planned trip is in itself perhaps longest remembered. You will notice the most sedate of men begin to fidget with the falling of the first leaf. They think of something besides their supper as the dead leaves swirl around their ankles on turning the corner towards home. They don't care if you do laugh as a friend describes how this trustworthy citizen raved like a maniac when his first moose threw his hind legs sprawling in the air. They never knew before that there were so many colours in the fringe of the forest, or that the tiny icicles along the pool where the morning toilet was prepared could somehow foretell the luck of the day. It's the

same spirit which less than three hundred years ago cleared openings in an unknown forest. And so cut there by his barren campfire, or as he trails behind a blinking lantern, he will find the only place where we seem to get something for nothing. Perhaps it is the satisfying of one passion, which, overflowing in its fullness, soothes for the time being the most trying periods of the average existence. Certainly the surroundings are unique. It may only be expressed in the final handshake at a dimly-lit way-station, when the average Pullman is the first taste of another world. Perhaps you recall the satisfaction when at last you reach the first real camp you ever saw. Fresh in your mind are the exploits of a pair of pony-built horses. How they ever managed to traverse such a road you will never quite be able to decide. Then, as the cook is left to fix up camp and you steal along a portage, how every shadow assumes gigantic black and gray proportions, and every dead limb the gleam of an antler prong, or, as you lean back against the second thwart of a canoe and the perfume of a spruce seems to strike your chest with the delightful delusion of trickling down both sides of your arm-pits at once, you experience an eagerness, which, in the very snapping of your teeth and the contraction of your eye-lids, recalls the days when as a kid you tore down stairs to open your most valued Christmas box.

After all, it is very good to be a man, and as you watch a full-grown bull part the last sheltering branch and stride out upon the barren, and you rush through the glaming and glance at the dew-moistened form stretched out on its side, you know that the biggest of Western big game is your own. Perhaps after stalking all day you emerge on forest glade and rapidly search the opening for signs of game. There is not a breath of wind, and the only sound to your ears is the distinct crack of a birch

in the embrace of Jack Frost, or the "crunch, crunch" of your snowshoes as you direct your steps towards camp. You may not apparently have accomplished much during the day, but it is wonderful how the simple tasks of gathering wood for the night, working out through substitution some new recipe for your pot or baker, will suffice to fill in a most beneficial and satisfying day. After supper, as your guide washes up and you lounge on your blanket, knowing he needs no telling to run an oiled rag through your rifle or fowling piece, you will hear tales of the trail which make even a third pipe possible. You have long since discovered what a splendid companion a really good guide is. To him the walking delegate means nothing, and the only labour union he knows is the free-masonry of human nature. How patiently his advice is repeated time and again; what a pride he takes in

an apt pupil! Finally he will glance at the heavens and, foretelling the weather for the morrow, gently hint you had better turn in, as a certain locality will be "tried" before sunrise. Even wrapped in your blankets and blinking at the grate, or the tiny stove as a stick burns and the crackling increases, you must ask one more question ere you pull the robe higher over your shoulders and turn on your side, to dream, perchance, of some massive head. Yes, the actual shooting is but a part of a trip that provides fascinating memories and pleasant reminiscences.

It is impossible to say which is really the best moose country in New Brunswick. Much depends on the time and means the hunter wishes to spend. Personally, I prefer going as far back from the settlements as I can conveniently travel. To any interested, considerable data as to localities is available.

THE SEA BIRDS

By W. A. CREELMAN

Sea birds are rocking on the billowed breast
Of ocean old, all in a drifting sleep,
Where low winds murmur o'er the wrinkled deep
As some fond mother o'er her babe at rest:
Wild things of nature in a wilder nest.
Yet brief the peace on lonely seas they find
In endless search they slant the wind,
Or fly around the sun low down the west.
And oft o'er waters, gripped in tempests black,
The mariner beholds, across the light,
Some storm-tossed sea bird, riding on the rack
Of roaring winds, through countless miles of night.
Child of the storm! O'er watered wastes it flies,
Blown like a tortured soul along the skies.

MY LADY PLAYED

BY MARJORY BOWEN

"Why that drawn sword? and whence that dismal cry?"

"Why pale distraction through the family?"

See my lord threaten and my lady weep,
And trembling servants from the tempest creep.

Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid?—

O, nothing—but last night—my lady played."

"The Universal Passion," Satire VI.

HIS lordship was returning from Carlisle House; he had his domino and mask over him arm, and his hat was thrust at the back of his head; as he passed round Soho Square he hummed a stave of the last song that had reached his ears as he left Mrs. Cornely's masquerade; it had come from the throat of a famous Italian singer; they said she earned five hundred a night, singing at Carlisle House. His lordship had, however, left in the midst of her performance, and now yawned as if the evening had been wearisome.

A crowd of link boys, chairmen and beggars hung about the square; another bored young noble lounged out of the brilliantly lit doorway of Carlisle House.

He hailed his lordship.

"Is it Ellesmere?" He put up his glass. "The Cornelys' grows stale—by the la'."

He walked a little unsteadily; Lord Ellesmere sauntered beside him. And yawned again.

"She can't keep it up," he remarked. "Not now they've opened Almack's."

He coughed slightly and eyed the stars that were distant and pale like

fragile primroses above the dark line of the houses.

"Did you see Bellasys?" asked the other. "He always had the prettiest taste for the cards—but he's ruined now, by Gad, ruined."

"Lost everything?" questioned his lordship, lazily waving back the insistent chairmen.

"Everything," the speaker smiled. "I imagine he will go to Jamaica—"

"Bellasys always had a spirit—I conceive he will find another way," said the Earl.

"And take his journey elsewhere, with no return?" The other lifted heavy lids.

"Possibly," answered Lord Ellesmere. "I should—in his case—are you taking a chair?"

"Yes."

"I am walking—good night, my lord."

"Good night, my lord."

They lifted their hats and parted; the Earl made his way through the link boys and sauntered homewards, his hands in his pockets, his domino hanging over his arm. Lord Ellesmere did not usually return either so early or so quietly; but his peculiar friends had not been present to-night, and he had found the blue satin, the gilded mirrors, the painted ceilings of Carlisle House insupportable. He walked very slowly, having no desire to be at home, and no desire to be in the streets, some desire to be amused, and a contempt for all forms of amusement he could find.

As he crossed Jermyn Street he

eyed one of the watch at the street corner, half asleep, and almost resolved to tilt his box over him and leave him struggling under the ruins.

But he was rather tired of that trick, and had not the energy; so he strolled on, still with his hands in his pockets, towards St. James' Square.

He wondered what Bellasys felt; of course some men had to be ruined; he was glad, though, that he was not one of them. He had never lost much at cards. He could remember a scene with his father when he was eighteen, for having dropped a thousand or so at Newmarket—perhaps it had made him careful—at any rate he held the man who staked his whole estates a fool.

Still, he was sorry for Bellasys; it must be awkward to have to choose between a pistol shot and Jamaica.

He found his house in darkness; they had not expected him so soon; he cursed them all indifferently, and lounged into the drawing-room.

The servants hurried with candles.

"This isn't a funeral," remarked his lordship, falling into a chair. Light the place up—sink me if I want to sit in the dark."

In a moment the room was brilliant; the candles in the sconces on the chimney-piece and on the table leapt into delicate flame. The Earl stretched his limbs, yawned, and picked up a copy of *The Morning Post* from the chair beside him. Then he flung that away with an air of disgust. The servants had gone; my lady, of course, was still out; it was early yet.

His lordship glanced round the room; there was a number of books and prints on the table, never opened since they had been bought—days ago—he did not look at them now; there was a pile of letters; the Earl glanced at the writings and flung them aside; sank into the chair again, blinked for a while at the light, then fell asleep.

The long glass opposite reflected a slim, young figure, with a weary face

fallen forward on the tumbled lace of his cravat; a soft shimmer of satin and brilliants, powder and patches, that could not altogether destroy the freshness of twenty-five; then the mirror reflected the opening door and the entry of my lady; fair, of an unnaturally white complexion, a dead pallor heightened by the black velvet crescents on her thin cheek, on her bare bosom.

She closed the door softly and stood still, gazing with sky-blue eyes at his lordship; her fur cloak slipped from her shoulders; she untied the lace scarf from her hair and pulled off her gloves, still looking at her husband, then she put her hand over her eyes as if the light hurt them, and hurriedly, with a tempestuous rustle of her silk gown, she went round the room, blowing out the candles.

The Earl stretched himself and looked up yawning to find the room in partial darkness and his wife standing at the other side of the table. He was about to speak, in a fretful impatience, but checked himself.

Outside some revellers were returning home, and the sound of their singing served to emphasize the stillness of the room, and the rigid quiet of my lady, staring across the two candles on the table.

The Earl rose.

"I have been playing," said my lady.

She had always been considered a beautiful woman, and she was very young, but at times she looked without charm and faded, as now, when the candle light showed a rigid face on which rouge and powder were mercilessly visible above the blue and gold of her gown.

"And you've lost?" answered his lordship cynically.

They were looking at each other; his eyes were heartless and his mouth sneering; an expression his youth emphasised wretchedly; she showed a misery in her bearing that made her adornments appear ghastly and tawdry.

"Yes," she said, "yes—" then fiercely; "What have you to say?"

He thrust back the pomaded hair from his delicate, haggard face.

"Oh, it is quite *a la mode* to lose, my lady." He leant against the mantelpiece with an affectation of jauntiness; he thought of Bellasys.

But the countess—her hard face was suddenly drenched in tears; she bent over the back of the chair in a paroxysm of bitter weeping; the waving plumes in her hair, the lace on her shoulders, cast fluttering shadows on the wall behind her.

At the sound of her sobs the Earl coloured unaccountably; the dry cough that came when he was agitated shook him.

"Madam, how much have you lost?" he asked. Her extravagance was nothing new; but it was new for her to weep—at anything.

She checked her tears and raised a distorted face.

"I've ruined you," she choked.

The Earl came to the table; he looked very ill; with a shaking hand he raised one of the candles so as to have a better view of my lady's face.

"Ruined me?" he said.

She sank from where she crouched on to the chair, and thence to her knees on the floor. All disarrayed and hysterical with misery, she reached out frantic hands and caught hold of his lordship's satin skirts.

"I've lost a hundred thousand pounds at spadille; it is ruin, my lord, ruin."

The Earl set the candle on the table and stared, not comprehending.

"Ruin," she repeated with a ghastly quiet.

Realizing it in a fiery second, he thrust her fiercely off and staggered against the wall.

"Who holds your notes?" he cried, livid.

She wrung her hands; her head fell forward; in a tumult of agony the name came from her.

"Lord Chudleigh."

"Chudleigh!" repeated the Earl;

the man was one of his bitterest enemies—as the truth forced itself he strode down on my lady with clenched hands.

"Chudleigh! Curse you, madam," he cried in his fury. "Oh, curse you for this."

Then he swung away from her and whirled out his sword. My lady shrieked.

"Kill me, my lord, I desire it, I could not endure to live—"

The Earl was heedless of her words, his drawn sword gleaming in his hand he turned to her frantically.

"Why must you play with Chudleigh, of all men?"

Still dishevelled on her knees, she answered:

"Any would have been the same, we must pay or be ruined, and I played. I believed in my luck, he dared me, I wanted to ruin him, he wanted to ruin you."

"And he won!" cried the wretched young Earl. He dropped his sword and fell into the chair by the fireplace; in his lined face his dark eyes shone supernaturally large and dark; his figure sank slackly together with the apathy of despair; then his tearing cough caught him, and he half sat up, shaking with it.

My lady was moaning; my lord gazed into the empty fireplace; he remembered suddenly that his father had died, old and enfeebled, at thirty-eight; following out his thoughts, he spoke:

"I may as well end it in the Fleet as anywhere else," he laughed miserably. "There isn't much more of it for me, anyhow."

He glanced at his wasted hand on which the great diamonds glittered. So young and so wretched, they might have moved the pity of any as they looked at each other across the space and splendour of their magnificent drawing-room.

"It is my doing," said the countess wildly. "You were right to curse me, my lord."

"No," he answered in a distracted

voice. "God forgive me, my lady—"

He paused, they had been very fond of each other once; their fashionable circle had called their marriage romantic; but of late there had been no time for affection between them, and the cynicism bred of dissipation had dulled feeling. Now the sheer wanton way in which they had ruined their lives came home to him with a bitter hopelessness.

"It was sure to happen," he said, staring at her, "through you or me—"

"Well," she said desperately. "Well, you cursed me, and poor, weak fool that I am, I deserved it, for I've done it—I—" she flung up her arms and clutched at the ribbons on her breast, "we were in debt, entangled before—but this is ruin."

Ruin! The pale young Earl thought on the thing that ruin was; he saw the brokers in his home, he saw them cutting the trees down on his old estates, he heard the light mockery, the sneering comments—comments such as he this very night had made about Bellasys—a scandal, the sensation of a season, and he would be forgotten, an outcast—and she—what was there for her—what heritage for their son? That last was madness to contemplate; pride of blood, affection—all the things he had scoffed at—fired his veins.

He picked up his sword.

"Chudleigh doesn't ruin me so easily," he cried, flushing and paling in his agitation.

My lady paused in her moans.

"What will you do?" she asked, looking at the bare sword fearfully.

My lord sheathed his weapon; the manliness that his effeminate life had not yet destroyed straightened his slack figure and showed in his worn young face, as he bent towards the Countess; between them the dark shining table and the candles fluttering from their uneven breaths.

"If I got your notes from Chudleigh?" he said, and paused to cough.

"He would never give them," answered my lady rising, swaying on

her feet, speaking hoarsely, her hand at her throat. "Never—oh, be assured of that, my lord—never."

"No—but if I killed him—to-night—before anyone knows."

She leant forward, her great piteous, haggard eyes straining in the dim fluttering light.

"It is not possible," she whispered.

"Why not?" asked my lord feverishly. "I can easily fasten a quarrel on Chudleigh. I think to-night I could kill him—by heaven, I think I could—"

"But if not?" she panted.

"What are the odds," he answered. "Only my life, and that is not good for much, my lady, or for long—"

If it were possible for her to turn paler, she went paler now—if it were possible for her to tremble more, to look more helplessly horror-stricken and frantic, she did so now.

"If you are so careless of your life, my lord," she asked wildly, "and of everything—why do you care enough to try to avert this ruin?"

"For my son," he answered her, and at the mention of her child she broke into renewed weeping.

"What have I done?" she sobbed, "what have I done?"

The Earl picked up his hat from the chair.

"Only the same as other ladies, madam—the whole affair is quite *à la mode*."

She caught back her sobs and looked at him, so haggard, so pale, weary and hopeless in expression—he seemed like a ghost of her onetime lover.

As he came past her to the door she flung herself in front of him, and the rustle of her satins broke the silence.

"Say you forgive me before you go," said my lady. "For I can never forgive myself."

"Madam, what am I?" he answered, drearily. "What am I?" and moved to the door.

"I shall wait for you," said my lady, with her hand on her heart,

then, as he turned the handle—
"Come back to me, my lord."

He hesitated at the note in her voice; she turned her head away sharply; the Earl lifted his shoulders and opened the door. At the sound of that my lady spoke frantically without looking round.

"If you never come back," she gripped the chair tightly and stared out of the window at the darkness of the spring night. "What am I to do?"

He laughed hollowly, recklessly.

"Why—you will scarcely miss me, madam," she heard his stifled cough, and the click of the closing latch.

He was gone.

My lady dashed to the door, held it open, and listened to his departing footsteps, listened until silence fell again on the splendid sombre house, then returned to snatch up one of the candles and sweep upstairs to her chamber, to enter it with her feeble light glimmering in the darkness, to bend over the dressing table, scattering with feverish hands her toilet articles to right and left until she found what she sought and clutched it to her bosom with wild eyes staring at her pallid reflection in the black mirror.

So my lady, sitting by the ghostly candle-light, with her complexion wash, arsenic and deadly, held in readiness next her heart, so my lady, young and hopeless, waiting for my lord's return, prepared to launch herself miserably into death if he comes not, rather than face the cold horror of the morrow.

Meantime, masquers returning passed the house in song, not noticing the frail yellow light in an upper window, not guessing the tragic figure sitting there enveloped in waving shadows.

Meantime, my lord, with a firmer step than usual, and a carriage more resolute, walks towards Lord Chudleigh's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. How he was to obtain an entrance at this hour, with hostile intent showing

in his very name, how he was to kill this man and get the notes without rousing the household he did not know, nor did he consider.

But as he turned the corner and caught sight of the great gates set with sombre lamps, his inspiration came to him.

He pulled his hat over his eyes and went up to the porter, dozing at his post.

"I must see Lord Chudleigh," he said sharply.

The man looked up instantly, saw a cloaked figure, and, as he thought, comprehended; his master was in the Ministry, and used to messengers at all hours.

"I have a message from Spain," said Lord Ellesmere. "Had you not orders that if such an one came you were to let him pass?"

The man had; the Earl thanked his knowledge of politics and was admitted.

In the house they told him his lordship was in bed, but the same ruse succeeded; a startled servant ran to acquaint his master that the long-expected messenger from Spain had arrived. The Earl, waiting in the vast hall, kept his hat over his eyes; he was not a visitor at Chudleigh House, yet one of the men might by chance know him for what he was.

The servant returned, ushered him up flights of wide, glimmering stairs, opened my lord's door, and bowed his leave; the interviews of Ministers were private.

Lord Ellesmere entered quickly, closed the door and set his back against it.

Candles had been hastily lit round the room, which was handsomely appointed, handsomely littered, the massively hung bed empty; Lord Chudleigh lay on a couch, half-dressed, the powder still clinging to his hair, his sword and star flung on the chair beside him.

At the entrance of the Earl he half sat up, put one foot to the ground, and lifted the superb face that ac-

counted for his popularity with the mob.

"Is the King dead?" he asked eagerly.

For answer Lord Ellesmere took off his hat and let his cloak fall away at the throat, revealing the satin ball dress beneath.

My Lord Viscount Chudleigh remained leaning on his elbow, one foot touching the ground; the slightest suffusion of color under his clear skin was the only sign he gave that he was startled or surprised.

"Ellesmere," he said, raising his eyebrows. "Why didn't you send your own name up?"

"I took no risks, my lord," answered the young Earl gravely. "I could not afford to chance your refusal to see me. The affair I come upon is, for both of us, serious."

He saw in Chudleigh's wicked eyes, in Chudleigh's wicked smile, that he knew exactly why he had come, and exactly what he intended to do; goaded by this, he spoke again.

"I think you understand me, sir."

The Viscount, in the same posture on the couch, careless in manner and expression, but never taking his eyes from the pale, young Earl, answered slowly: "The Countess lost at cards to-night. Is it to my luck and her ladyship's indifferent playing I owe the rare honour of your lordship's presence here?" And he smiled in the brilliant way admired of the mob, and hated of his equals.

"Yes," said the Earl. He put his cloak over the chair inside the door.

For a second Chudleigh's fine eyes flashed, disturbing the composure of his manner.

"Can't you pay her ladyship's debts?" he asked.

Lord Ellesmere's transparent face flamed with colour.

"Not this debt," he answered quietly, "as you knew, my lord, when you played with her—"

Chudleigh half laughed.

"Will it ruin you?" he asked.

Lord Ellesmere crossed the room.

"You know that," he said. "You meant it when you sat down to play—if I pay it will ruin me."

"If you pay?" My Lord Viscount sat up now, his gleaming gray eyes were a contradiction to his careless manner. "I think you will be ruined if you don't pay."

"I have not come to ask your pity, my lord," answered the Earl.

"There are things between us make that impossible." He coughed, paused, and resumed, all the while Chudleigh's glittering gray eyes upon him. "I came to tell you that you are a knave, my lord, to take advantage of a woman's folly, and a coward to ruin a man through his wife—knave and rascal, Lord Chudleigh, as many men have found you."

The Viscount rose.

"I always hated you," he said, breathing hard; he stood his full splendid height in his crumpled waistcoat and shirt, and swung the black ribbon of his solitaire softly in his right hand.

"I have got in your way before, have I not?" cried the Earl. "It is the reckoning—I have insulted you—"

My Lord Viscount Chudleigh reached out for his sword.

"You think to fight me—to kill me?" he smiled. "To cancel the debt that way."

"I mean to fight you," said Lord Ellesmere.

"It is a desperate chance," answered the Viscount. "And do you think I shall tell you where my lady's notes are?"

He fondled his slender sword, looking always at the other man.

The Earl's weapon was bare.

"I will find them," he answered, and cursed that he was a gentleman and could not run his smiling enemy through as he stood defenceless.

Chudleigh's sword slipped the scabbard; he leant nearer the candle to look at the blade, and the light shone on his dangerous, handsome face, his disordered brown curls, still sprinkled

with powder, the lace and diamonds on his breast. Then he glanced at his frail, haggard opponent, and scorn took his lip.

His fair right hand went into his pocket and flung a packet of papers on the table.

"If you kill me," he said smiling, "you will know where to find my lady's notes."

The Earl did not speak.

They moved to the open space in front of the windows; Lord Ellesmere threw off his coat, the sound of the buttons on it as they struck the floor was the only thing to break the stillness. Both men looked out of the window, stirred by a common instinct, a common expectation; the pale light of dawn was spreading slowly above the dark opposite houses.

Chudleigh smiled, but the Earl's face was tragic. Then they looked at each other, and hate fired their eyes.

They saluted and engaged.

Both were ordinary swordsmen; Chudleigh, clever at everything, had fenced more than well once, but a stab in the right wrist had weakened it; he was now little better than the Earl, who owned a gentleman's average skill and no more.

For five minutes by the stately clock on the mantelpiece the swords rose, crossed, and clashed, then Chudleigh struck through the Earl's guard and wounded him, as a growing stain on the satin waistcoat showed. Neither spoke.

They closed, the swords met at the hilt; the Earl bent, shortened his weapon; my Lord Viscount's weak wrist played him false, for a second his blade dipped, for a second he was defenceless, and in that second Lord Ellesmere's sword slipped home to his heart.

Chudleigh turned about and fell against the wall, both hands held to his side.

"It's my cursed wrist," he said in the voice of a healthy man, then he fell sideways into Lord Ellesmere's arms, thrust him off with incoherent

words, one of which seemed to be a woman's name, and sank on the floor face downwards.

Both the swords rattled to the ground together; for his lordship's hand had fallen slack to his side; he forgot old offences, old bitternesses, and used the name by which he had called this prone man when they were at school together:

"Harry!" he said. "Harry!"

But my Lord Viscount Chudleigh was beyond the reach of any name, and the Earl stepped up and looked down at him curiously. Not that he knew any tenderness, any remorse, or regret as he gazed at his own handiwork, only he felt it as strange that he should have slain Harry (for so now he thought of him), and be standing in Harry's bedchamber looking down at him. He stood for a while above the dead man, coughing miserably, then he thought of his errand and of the possibility of detection.

With no triumph or exaltation did he turn to the table and take up my lady's notes. It might mean Tyburn if he were found here now, but with no haste or fear he spread out the scraps of paper and burnt them in the tall candles, looking the while at my Lord Viscount face downwards on the floor with his bad record finished now and sealed in blood.

When the last fragment of ash was ground beneath his heel, he moved to get his coat, feeling weak and lifeless, and in so doing he caught a wild glimpse of himself in the mirror between the windows and saw his waistcoat, wet and red over one side.

Then he remembered; Chudleigh had wounded him. He put on his coat and cloak, with some difficulty, for his head was light and giddy, held his handkerchief as best he could to his side; blew the candles out and left the room.

He had ceased to care about anything; perhaps to this he owed it that the servants waiting their master's command suffered him to pass

without notice of his ghastly face, and the porter gave him "good-night" with no heed of his slow and painful gait.

His lordship walked a little way round the Fields, then stopped, leant against the gatepost of a great house, and looked at the slow, cold dawn.

He knew that if his wound were not tended he would die of it, yet he made no attempt to seek assistance or even to staunch the bleeding, but stood passively staring at the vanishing stars and brightening sky.

It was none of it worth while; he would die in the streets, not caring, he had saved his son from penury—and my lady—

He began to think of my lady; it was so strange to imagine her waiting now, watching the dawn as he was.

He turned in the direction of his own mansion, helping himself by aid of the posts that separated the footway from the road; he wished to live, now, until he had told my lady that her notes were destroyed.

Creeping through the chill empty streets he came to his closed door, roused the porter with a hoarse voice and passed him, climbing painfully the dark stairs to my lady's room.

She sat at her dressing-table, as she had sat all night, the dreary daylight over her now and the candle guttering unheeded at her elbow, her hands clutching something at her bosom, her haggard blue eyes staring into the intolerable empty shadows. The Earl closed the door behind him; she rose up in her place, but did not question him; and in the wan and ghastly light each winced at the sight of the other's face.

"I have destroyed your notes," he said hollowly, "and now I have come back to die, my lady."

He tried to smile as he sank into the great chair by her bed; his cloak falling apart, disclosed the dark stain

on his waistcoat. My lady crossed to him, speechless.

"Chudleigh's dead, my dear," he said faintly.

"And you—and you?"

She bent over him fearfully.

"'Tis no matter for me," he said, and struggled for his breath.

The Countess went on her knees and stared up wildly into his face.

"Jack is safe with the estates," he murmured. "Though they're encumbered—" and he turned his face from her, writhing; she caught his thin cold hand.

"I dreamed it differently—once," she cried passionately. "And I—I—have made it like this!"

He did not answer; he was fainting into death; his head fell against the back of the chair.

My lady shrieked and seized him by the shoulders.

"Don't leave me to face it alone," she said desperately. "I can't—I am a worthless thing—I am no use—ah!"

He had fallen away from her even as she held him; to see the life ebbing from him drove her frantic. "Speak to me—and—it will be different," she cried. "I'll make it different—"

She loosened her arms and he drooped slackly, then twisted himself.

She could not watch him struggle; her hands went up over her shrieking face.

Then she heard him cough.

When she looked he was sitting back in a quiet attitude; the cross lights of dawn and candle over him—dead.

My lady did not care to face the wretched day; the first sunshine found her beside him, in her blue and gold, her satin and powder, as still as he, as pale, with that she had held to her bosom empty beside her on the floor.

THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN

BY GRACE E. DENISON

TWO young men were lounging in a punt in one of the most lovely of the breakwaters of the Thames. One was stretched on the cushions, a dozen or more of which were flattened under his weight; he was tall, broad, muscular and in good training, as a Lieutenant in a crack regiment should be. His hair was shining in the exquisite sunlight that settled down upon it through a canopy of pale green willows, and with his blue eyes largely veiled from the softened light, he looked the embodiment of repose and comfort. The other man, also young, held a paddle and directed the meandering course of the punt, avoiding snags and the few boats coming up stream, and at the same time talking earnestly.

"If you went out there, Fitz" he said, "there's absolutely nothing fit for you to do, except perhaps the Mounted Police, and they are scattering, and not nearly so fashionable as a cooling-off place as they used to be. But what in heaven's name, if one may be inquisitive, makes you want to get out of this country? You seem to fit your uniform like the paper on the wall. I've never seen anything more gorgeous or more suitable than you and your trappings. You aren't ambitious, and over here you get all the good times you can handle, an easy life, pretty girls to flirt with, polo and bridge if you want them, and—this, if you feel lazy. It wouldn't be life for you, up against conditions in Canada," and the speaker shook his head and pursed his lips about the stub of a cigar. He was a very spare, neatly-made and tidy

small man, a bit of a dandy, even in his boating get-up. His muscular arms were brown and very thin, his eyes were set narrow over his well moulded nose, and his sensitive lips were ever nervously tense and often marked, as he thought, like the muzzle of a rabbit as it nibbles. His hair was a trifle long, very fine, and mouse brown in color, and there were deep lines on the high forehead it shaded, lines of intense concentration and strong tension, which even the *dolce far niente* of a Thames Backwater could not quite eradicate.

The recumbent youngster on the cushions sat up with a lurch.

"I'll tell you what's making this country too hot to hold me," he said roughly. "You'll please not laugh, however you may feel. I am so tortured and tormented with love for a girl I cannot marry, that I simply cannot stand it any longer. I don't care for drink, and I don't believe any sort of dissipation would help me in the least. I want to get away where I shall not be driven mad altogether by the sight of her."

The small man did not laugh, he stared, and then whistled softly.

"I didn't ever think of that," he said at last, when he had steered past a brimming boat-load of a family party. "I'm out of my depth, Fitz. In my busy life I've never met with that experience."

The Honourable Maurice FitzGerald nodded.

"So much the better for you, me boy, but I must begin to blow off steam in some real work, or I'll go plumb to the deuce. Now, you see

why I'm ready to cut the army, not that there's much in it these days but Gran would have me a soldier, and she banters me regular, dear old girl! Even she says I'd better go away than be wretched!" z

The paddle worked steadily for a few moments, then the paddler asked:

"I suppose if you could do as you like, about the girl and all, what would it be?"

"God!" cried the boy piteously. "Don't ask fool questions. Beg a thousand pardons, old man, but you don't realise the situation. If I had her and even a thousand a year, I'd go back to the dear old place at home, Ireland, you know, and be so happy I'd live a hundred years."

The paddler hesitated.

"And she?" he said, very gently.

"Oh, she'd come racing said the Irishman, with glowing eyes, "God and every saint bless her, she loves me!"

His face was transformed as he spoke, transformed and glorified, but again the shadow fell upon it.

"What's the use of it all? We can't do it!" he said savagely. "Drop it, boy, and let's get on. We are at Wargrave now. How far are you going?"

As they shot out from the Backwater into the full stream, he sprang forward and picked up his pole, treading lightly to the stern, where he stood like a Greek athlete and swung the punt along with a shrill which filled the small man, who had scrambled down among the cushions, with genuine admiration and pleasure. Gregory Moreton never envied bigger men. His mind was taken up with other things than his size, with such big things that their extent and ramifications would have set the brain of the Honourable Maurice twirling to Bedlam.

"A thousand a year and some slip of a girl," he mused, as late that night he sat in his pretty drawing-room in Mayfair and thought over the

day on the river, which Fitzgerald had made so enjoyable.

"Poor chap!" and he rang for his man to shut up the room and wait upon him to bed. Before he went to sleep, however, he glanced at a pile of letters arranged on a stand.

"I'm not going to spoil this day," he said, with a small smile: "the lot of you can wait until to-morrow," and in five minutes he was sleeping like a baby.

* * * *

Lady Hilda Blake and her grandmother inhabited a house in Park Lane so small and inconvenient that no self-respecting footman would take service within, and this was well, because Lady Blake couldn't afford any sort of footman whatever, and she considered herself very well off to have a couple of maids and a fairly good cook. Her grandmother was the very build for the fairy house, and trotted about very comfortably in its narrow confines. She was slightly over five feet high, very pretty with her pink cheeks, snowy, wavy hair and blue Irish eyes, child's shoes on her tiny feet, and her waist of eighteen inches. Hilda herself often said she felt a giantess, peculiarly awkward and aggressive whenever her fairy grannie was in sight, and she hated the doll's house in Park Lane with a deep and virulent hatred.

"My great-aunt took it for us," Lady Hilda would say, "and one mustn't look a gift horse in the mouth, but upon my word I often feel as if I'd like to go outside and knock it over," and then she would take a long hungry breath and whimsically enough laugh at the fluttering butterflies on the electroliers and the disturbance of the scraps of lace at the windows.

"One table of bridge in the reception room, two in the dining-room and our house is full to suffocation. I dare not sneeze, really hard, or the window-panes would be blown out. Two cannot pass each other on the stairs. When Maurice used to come,

he reached across the whole room. Gran and I had to draw in our skirts to give him space to move. I'm glad Gran's new beau, the little gentleman whom our great-aunt introduced to us isn't any bigger. He and Gran just fit in the cosy-corner."

They were in the cosy corner the evening following that day on the river, and the Little Gentleman was listening absently to the talk of the fairy septuagenarian.

"But I was out of town all day," he interposed, "and when I came home I was very sleepy and did not look at my mail; just dined and went to bed before eleven, so I did not see your kind note until this morning."

"Well, you came at all events; that's the main thing," said the grandmother brightly, and I wasn't disappointed."

Part of the pretty farce they played was that the little gentleman and the fairy grandmother were making love to one another, and I don't know which most enjoyed it.

Hilda put her head in between the Japanese portieres and laughed at them.

"Don't believe a word he says, Gran, but lead him on, dear, and we'll have him up for breach of promise and get awful damages. Do you know, Gran: I heard to-day that he's worth millions, so don't be standing any nonsense."

The old lady shook her curls at her radiant grand-daughter.

"Don't, Hilda," she rebuked, "It's not quite nice of you. London is fast spoiling her, Mr. Moreton. I wish we might go away, but we must see the season out."

"And then?" queried the little gentleman.

"Then, I suppose Hilda will be married and I may get away to my pigs and chickens."

"Married!" The word slipped out before he could hinder it; and the Little Gentleman hastily apologised.

"Never mind, never mind at all. Of course, Hilda will be married. That

is what we came to London for," said the grandmother dropping her voice to a murmur. "You know, my sister the Marchioness took this house for us, that Hilda might have a season in town; and she was presented, and we have gone out such a lot—I'm so tired! But now, Hilda has three offers, and she's to accept one of them. I don't know why on earth I'm telling you, only we're such good friends, and Hilda likes you, and I'm sure she wouldn't mind." The old lady stammered a little and grew confused, then rushed on again. "My sister thought at one time, perhaps, that you——"

The Little Gentleman started at the suggestion, but at once recovered himself, to say very softly.

"The Marchioness has been very kind to me. The Marquis and I have a good many business interests in common. But, dear lady, I had as soon try to capture a star from the heavens as think of making a proposal to Lady Hilda. The very idea scares me so that I feel like running home."

The grandmother laid a tiny hand on his arm and looked very pathetically at him, whispering.

"Sometimes I had half wished—you are so kind and thoughtful, and, Hilda is such a fine sort of girl, and her offers are—ah well! A girl without anything but beauty and an old name isn't sought after much these days."

The Little Gentleman caught his breath in a gasp! It dawned upon him that the little hand on his arm was trembling under its frill of cobwebby old lace, that the bright eyes, so blue and wonderfully clear for three-score and ten, were dim with unhappy tears; that he heard of a bartered sale of some unholy sort, which caused every drop of wholesome Canadian blood to tingle in his veins; that an appeal was being made to him! He composed his voice, and in the same low tone enquired:

"The offers Lady Hilda has had don't satisfy you?"

The old white head nodded.

"One man is very rich—Morgenstein, you know!" she whispered.

He nodded in turn.

"Rather! He ought to be in jail, and if he is not mighty careful he will be," he said incisively.

The old lady sighed.

"He's better than George Disart," she said slowly, and the Little Gentleman started up in horror.

"Dear lady," he gasped, "you'd not let her marry that creature, he's almost an idiot, and has epileptic fits."

"No, she says herself she never could, although his father would make any sort of settlement. His desire to have Hilda for his grandson's mother is because she is so healthy. Our family has no weaklings, Mr. Moreton."

The Little Gentleman moistened his lips; he felt sick and qualmish.

"There was another?" he asked thickly, as overcome as if the girl were being degraded before his eyes.

Just then the maid came gently and parted the portieres. "Lord Tunbury," she said, and the grandmother whispered, "This is he!"

Lord Tunbury straddled in his walk, had a cruel underlying jaw and little pig-eyes, gleaming between red puffs of fat. He stuttered and had a brogue, and his personality seemed to fill the little room oppressively.

After an introduction to which Lord Tunbury said, "G-G-G-Good day to ye," the Little Gentleman slipped into the dining-room where Lady Hilda sat alone, her book on her knee and her eyes dreamily gazing beyond the tiny window garden at a blank brick wall. He was trembling with a great protest, a great horror and a nebulous determination. Nothing farther from his thoughts than matrimony, half an hour before, could have been imagined, and yet he found himself so desperately protesting against the way he had seen, shaken with the horror of Hilda as the wife of Morgenstein, the greasy, loathsome dishon-

est Hebrew, who had once done his best to break him, and to whom he owed a grudge he would take joy in paying; a worse horror of Hilda as the wife of Disart, poor, abject, afflicted rich man, some day surely to end in an asylum for imbeciles. Why, even the pig-eyed bull-dog-jawed stuttering Irishman was better than these two; and then Moreton's thoughts raced on to another point; he, the small man, clean-lived and self-respecting, was richer than any of the three. If it were to be a sale, he might out-bid either of them. If he might save Lady Hilda, why not? Moreton's mind was used to quick decisions, and he was unhampered by any sentiment but a warm sympathy and humanity. He slipped quietly into a chair beside Lady Hilda, and as the little maid glided in from the hall and gently delivered her message that "Lord Tunbury was in the drawing-room, and Lady Blake said would her ladyship please come," he answered for her that Lady Hilda would come in a few moments.

"But I don't want to see Lord Tunbury at all," said the girl nervously. "He will be tiresome, and we shall probably quarrel."

"Well, perhaps not," said Moreton slowly. "There may be nothing to quarrel about."

"But you don't know," Lady Hilda interrupted, "He——"

She paused.

"Yes, I know," said he gently. "He wants you to marry him, Lady Blake was telling me just as he came in."

The girl crimsoned.

"Gran shouldn't," she stammered.

"It is as if she hadn't, Lady Hilda, but don't worry about Tunbury. You need not marry him unless (he took her hand and shook it as one good friend might shake another's) you prefer him to me."

Lady Hilda turned slowly and looked him over, her eye was cold her expression almost repellant. She drew herself together after her inspection,

during which he stood at attention, calm, and with friendly eyes and a half smile on his lips.

Suddenly the girl began to sob, quietly, deeply, and with a little nod of her head and gesture of her hand turned and hurried up the narrow stair.

Gregory Moreton drew a long breath.

"By the Lord Harry! that was a surprise on both sides," he said, as he caught up his hat and stick, and made for the door.

An hour afterwards Lady Blake was reading a note from him, part of which ran as follows:

"Lady Hilda, I believe is kind enough to prefer me to the others. I hope this will please you, and that I may call upon you at twelve o'clock tomorrow."

Lady Blake's maid was soon running timorously to the Marchioness's big house three blocks away with a note, which received three words in answer: "Well done, Hilda."

At noon next day Mr. Moreton had appeared in the little drawing-room in Park Lane, and found it fairly well filled by the three titled relatives of Lady Hilda, by whom he had been most cordially received. His affairs were thoroughly well known beforehand to all three. The settlements he was prepared to make were satisfactory, he had plenty of money and was personally acceptable, in fact he saw that by the grandmother he was regarded as a sort of saviour, and he was deeply touched by her pleasure and relief.

Lady Hilda had gone out, but would be home for luncheon. He must wait. No? Then the Marchioness would set him down, and would they all dine with him that evening? There had been no pretence of sentiment except between himself and the grandmother, who had warmly embraced and kissed at parting. The Marquis had patted him on the back, and the Marchioness had once called him "My dear boy." The Little Gentleman led rather a lonely life,

and these things had touched him graciously; he felt them very much more than he suspected.

They had motored from the Carlton at ten o'clock to his pretty flat, which had been made especially lovely with a profusion of flowers, and while the three older people played dummy whist, he and Lady Hilda had wandered out upon the small balcony which looked over a park with fountains and nice trees.

He was shy and silent, and her fine face had clouded over. He had noticed the cloud instantly, and that it had come when her eyes fell upon a handsome picture of Maurice Fitz Gerald in full uniform, which that youth had presented to him at the end of their trip on the Thames. There had been a flash of fire before his brain, one of those illuminating flashes which almost blind a man.

"Lady Hilda," he said confidently, why did you never tell me that you knew Maurice Fitz Gerald?"

The girl turned a pale face to him,

"He is my cousin, my second cousin," she stammered. The Marchioness is his grandmother. I did not know, until I saw his picture just now that you were friends."

"And we are, great friends. I know a great deal about him, but I want you to tell me something I don't know."

She stirred nervously.

"Perhaps I don't know either," she said with a forced laugh.

"At any rate you ought to. Will you tell me if you are the girl he loves?"

Lady Hilda covered her face, but before she did so she nodded, and there was a long silence on the balcony.

It was one thing to marry a splendid girl to save her from a greasy Hebrew, an epileptic, or a brutal person who stuttered; it was quite another to marry his friend's girl, knowing they loved each other, and only lacked a little money to be happy,

and the Little Gentleman balked at such an act.

After he had quietly and gently taken Lady Hilda's hand, on the balcony, when a movement in the drawing-room told that the whist players had finished their rubber, he had said a few words:

"If I had for a moment guessed the truth, Lady Hilda, I should have done my duty to my friend more promptly than I shall do it now. You are going to marry the man you love and the man who loves you, or I'll know the reason why. If Maurice had a thousand a year would you be willing to live with him quietly in Ireland?"

And once more Lady Hilda had nodded, but she had put her trembling lips on his hand, and two tears had baptized the caress.

Early the next morning a motor had drawn up snorting before the officers' quarters in a suburb of London and Lieutenant Maurice Fitzgerald had been roused from his slumbers to meet a very excited little gentleman with a plan of action so wild and delightful that the young Irishman greeted it with a whoop of rapture, and fell unconsiderately on the neck of the Little Gentleman, thereby increasing his woes.

They had a hurried breakfast and a hurried consultation, and there was mention of a yacht in waiting and a special license and many "By Joves," and "O Lords" from the flustered young officer.

"Thank the Lord for money and lots of it," said Gregory Moreton "With money judiciously spent, one can give lots of people lots of joy. I am going to give Lady Hilda a thousand a year, and my agent is now after that bit of a homestead in Ireland which Lady Blake says she would love to own. She will leave it to her great grandson if she has one, and all you've got to do, my broth of a Lieutenant, is to be on time for the wedding. Rot, man! do you

think I'm cut out for matrimony? No, my boy, it's back to business for me as soon as I have you settled and grandmamma appeased. This elegant leisure gets one into scrapes. See how it cornered me! Besides, one misses the excitement, the uncertainty of the game, all the interest in life. You must arrange with the Colonel. Tell him the truth, I should, and get your leave. Tomorrow, my boy, till tomorrow! That's a lot better than Canada and the Mounted Police, eh?"

Tomorrow! And, Hilda, pale, with glowing eyes, and the Honorable Maurice Fitzgerald, not knowing if he woke or dreamed. And Grandmamma, even she! dimpling and smiling goodbyes to the yacht and its precious burden on the wharf at Gravesend, and later, kissing the Little Gentleman as he bade her a rather hazy farewell at the door of the little bit of a house in Park Lane.

Don't ask me how it was done. The brain and the bank account of the Little Gentleman were equal to everything.

But after it was all over, and he stood alone in his pretty drawing-room, where a couple of days before he had seen the cloud on Hilda's face as she caught sight of Maurice Fitzgerald's picture, he reconsidered certain plans he had made.

"It would be a darn shame to separate him from those clothes," he said. "I wonder how much he'd need to stay in the game? It's no use doing things by halves, but if I am going to bank him for life *a la militaire*. I'll have to turn in and make another pile. They must have no risk about their share. Anyhow, I'm about tired of being out of it. I'd like to get back in harness, if only to smash Morgenstein."

And with this peaceful sentiment the Little Gentleman went quietly to bed and slept as usual like a baby.

That Morgenstein was duly smashed is now ancient history.

CANADIANS PROMINENT ON THE STAGE

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

CANADA'S comparative backwardness in theatrical development may be roughly ascribed to her scattered area, involving wide gaps between centres of population, to the pioneer stage of her art development in general, and to a material and religious pre-occupation that in the latter case amounts often to actual hostility toward this particular domain of endeavour. Commendable efforts are, of course, being made in many directions to overcome the natural handicaps, and it may be that even the Puritan strain which we now observe will in the end make for a finer discrimination than certain more "advanced" communities can boast. Meanwhile a national stage and a national drama are still things of the future—how distant we may not venture—and for the present Canada will continue to share the dramatic inspiration of the larger so-called American stage. In selecting from that multifarious product there will consequently be plenty of opportunity for the exercise of a wise discrimination, if a taste for higher things in drama is to be fostered and a standard set for the future.

Notwithstanding her present state of backwardness, however, Canada has contributed a number of highly important names to the dramatic stage of the continent, and among these will be found some of the most refined and successful exponents of the dram-

atic art that we have. To point the moral or adorn the tale of this is not within the scope of this brief sketch, and we shall simply content ourselves with the gratifying fact.

At the head of any such list will naturally occur the names of Mr. Henry Miller and Miss Margaret Anglin, who for some years now have combined forces with singularly happy results, their joint effort culminating, two years ago, in the production of the greatest of all American plays up to this time, "The Great Divide," by William Vaughn Moody. This play, which was reviewed in the *Canadian Magazine* at the time of its production, enjoyed the phenomenal experience of a New York run extending over a year, and is still being played on tour with undiminished success.

Contrary to a general impression, Mr. Miller is not a Canadian by birth, but was born in London, England, in 1860. He was educated, however, and brought up in Toronto, and made his first stage appearance at the Grand Opera House in that city in "Amy Robsart." At the age of twenty he played his first New York season, with Adelaide Neilson, in what proved also the last appearance of that noted actress in New York. He was afterwards a member of the Lyceum Company under Mr. Daniel Frohman, and later was selected as leading man for the Empire Theatre Company, under Charles Frohman. He made his first "stellar" appearance in 1897 as *Eric*



Mr. Henry Miller, as *Stephen Ghent* in "The Great Divide"

Temple in "Heartsease," followed later by his *Thomas Faber* in "The Master." Then came his famous *Sydney Carton* in "The Only Way," in which he scored a great personal success and added immensely to his artistic reputation. The subsequent appearance of Mr. Martin Harvey in this role gave us an excellent opportunity for a study in contrast, though in the tender *spirituelle*, almost lyric beauty of the English actor's characterisation, one would hardly recognize the big, rough, wayward but generous-hearted inebriate of the Miller drawing. It is needless to say that if Mr. Miller had conceived the character of *Sydney Carton* in the way Mr. Harvey did, he would not have attempted its portrayal. "Richard Savage," "D'Arcy of the Guards," and "The Taming of Helen" followed in the order named, leading us up to the Miller-Anglin combination and "The

Great Divide," with which Mr. Miller is still identified. It is in this play in the character of *Stephen Ghent*, which at times touches the point of real greatness, that Mr. Miller has undoubtedly scored the artistic (as well as financial) success of his career.

Mr. Miller's acting methods are too well-known to call for extended comment at this time. He is unquestionably an artist, one of the three front-rank artists we have, and in certain qualities of strength is perhaps foremost of the three. He has a dominating personality, a firm, well-defined technique, a keen, shrewd intellect, and remarkable capacity for detail, which shows itself in the scrupulous exactness of his drawings.

Mr. Miller combines in his person the office of actor, manager and producer, and in the latter capacity has been associated with a number of productions of distinct literary and artistic merit. His managerial enterprise has perhaps reached its highest expression in the recent production of Charles Rann Kennedy's great play, "The Servant in the House." In selecting a play of this lofty character and assembling for its presentation one of the most brilliant casts ever brought together, Mr. Miller shows the high ideal, both of drama and acting, that he would set for this country.

Miss Anglin was "discovered" by Mr. Charles Frohman while still a pupil of The Empire Dramatic School of New York, and promptly engaged by that astute manager to play the part of *Madeline West* in "Shenandoah," which he was then producing.

This was an unique distinction for a girl of eighteen, but her later triumphs have abundantly confirmed this early evidence of conspicuous talent, and, with the steady ripening of her art, we have an actress of real culture, fine technical skill and wide emotional range. Since her New York *début* Miss Anglin has been associated with James O'Neil, playing *Ophelia* to his *Hamlet*; with Mr. E. H. Sothern in "Lord Chumley"; with the late Mr. Mansfield as *Roxane* in "Cyrano de Bergerac"; and with Mr. Miller as *Mimi* in "The Only Way." It was during her engagement as leading woman of the Empire Stock Company, which followed, however, that "Mrs. Dane's Defence" was produced and gave

Miss Anglin the opportunity to establish her reputation as an emotional actress. Since the amalgamation with Mr. Miller five years ago, she has appeared successively in "The Devil's Disciple," "Camille," "The Aftermath," and "Zira." The last named has also the interest of being the first play produced under Mr. Miller's direct management. Although an obviously theatrical vehicle, Miss Anglin's skilful rendering of the role of *Hester Trent* enabled it to score a considerable success. *Ruth Jordan* in "The Great Divide" came next, and in this Miss Anglin shared stellar honors with Mr. Miller's *Stephen Ghent*. Miss Anglin is now touring Australia in a laudable ambition to extend her reputation to that sister colony, geographically so remote but near to us by a hundred ties of kinship and the still deeper ties of social and spiritual aspiration. Her brilliant achievements



Latest photograph of Miss Margaret Anglin

and assured position on the American stage certainly warrant the ambition, while no other artist could more worthily represent Canada and the stage of this country than she. Her work is always characterized by high purpose, loftiness of tone and genuine artistic refinement. The quality is distinctly poetic, in the larger sense, and spiritual in the broadest understanding of that term. If one may venture a criticism, it is that she has been too long identified with emotional characterization for the complete rounding out of her art. An excursion or two in comedy we hope to see follow on her return to America.

Next to these, in point of reputation, at least, we would name Mr. James K. Hackett, a widely-known and highly popular actor of the romantic stage. Born at Wolfe Island, Ontario, in 1869, Mr. Hackett at first studied for the bar, but a taste for



Mr. Theodore Roberts, as *Joe Portugais* in the "Right of Way"

the stage—inherited, no doubt, from his father, Mr. James H. Hackett, an actor well known at the Haymarket, London, and in the United States—soon developed, and early in 1892 he made his theatrical *début* in "The Broken Seal." Like so many of his stage contemporaries, Mr. Hackett received an early training in the famous stock companies of the late Mr. Augustin Daly, then in their glory. These stock company days were halcyon days in the dramatic art of this continent, if that term may be applied at all, and with Mr. Daly and his achievements in this direction are still associated some of the best traditions of the American stage. These were practically the training schools of the present generation of actors, and to them we owe much of the "capital" which the present starring system is so rapidly exhausting. On economic grounds alone, then—if one may di-

gress a little further—a considerable modification of the present starring system would seem necessary if the stage of the next generation is to be saved from practical bankruptcy in acting talent.

In 1895 Mr. Hackett joined the Lyceum Company under Mr. Daniel Frohman, and continued with that company for the succeeding four years. Since that time he has appeared under his own management only, producing in turn "Don Caesar de Bazan," "The Fortunes of a King," "The Walls of Jericho," and "John Glayde's Honour." He has also combined for some years the duties of actor and manager, and besides owning a theatre in New York has a number of companies on tour. It was

under his management that the inimitable "Mr. Hopkinson" was produced here, and, later on, "The Little Stranger."

Although he has appeared with some success in modern drama, Mr. Hackett is essentially a romantic actor, his splendid physique, broad style, resonant voice and rather obvious methods anticipating successfully the qualities of the stage hero.

Miss Julia Arthur, whose brilliant, almost meteoric, stage career is still recalled with lively interest and satisfaction, stands out as one of the most refined artists this country has so far produced. Ten years ago (though it seems but yesterday), when Miss Arthur was successfully wooed from the starry heights, where she shone with conspicuous brightness, to the lowlands of domestic felicity, the American stage lost one of its most promising actresses. She had not

come into her full powers, of course—that was hardly to be expected of a woman not yet thirty—and we saw her sometimes in roles that taxed her strength and technical resources unduly. But, to have accomplished so much and attained the degree of fame that was hers when she laid it down, made her future seem at times one of almost limitless possibilities.

A Hamiltonian by birth, Miss Arthur easily showed signs of the precociousness with which that city is credited by some of its less progressive rivals. At fourteen she made her professional *début*, and before twenty had toured in such grown-up parts as *Portia*, *Juliet*, *Desdemona*, and *Ophelia*. In 1895 she appeared in England with the late Sir Henry Irving, playing *Rosamond* in "Becket," and other parts. Her first appearance as a star was made two years later in "A Lady of Quality." Later on she appeared as *Parthenia* in "Ingomar," as *Rosalind* in "As You Like it," and as *Galatea* in "Pygmalion and Galatea," in all of which she challenged comparison with artists of continental repute. Her last rôle was *Josephine* in "More Than Queen," and while some of the maturer features of that majestic queen were not quite realized, the tender entreaty, the purity, the piteous pleading at the closed door of Napoleon's heart are still remembered.

Miss Lena Ashwell, although invariably described as an English actress, is a Canadian by birth and England's by adoption only. Curiously enough, like Miss Anglin, with whom she has



Miss Julia Arthur

many qualities in common, Miss Ashwell's reputation was first made in "Mrs. Dane's Defence," which had a London presentation coincident with the New York production. Her recent visit to this country in "The Shulamite" showed us an artist of considerable maturity, fine reserve, magnetic qualities, convincing personality and real emotional depth. The vehicle for her American *début*, unfortunately, was not well chosen, and in consequence of this, she did not come as prominently before the public here as her unquestioned talents deserved. The English verdict on her work, however, was amply confirmed by the critical opinion of this side.

Mr. Theodore Roberts is another finished product of Canadian soil. His *Joe Portugais* in Gilbert Parker's "Right of Way," in which he is now



Mr. Donald Brian, as *Prince Danilo* in "The Merry Widow"

appearing, would of itself entitle him to a foremost place among our character actors. In many ways this was the most finished piece of character-acting the past season brought forth.

Mr. Reuben Fax, whose recent sudden death still casts its shadow over the theatrical community, although stellar honors had not been accorded him, was an actor of wide reputation and an artist of distinct talent. Since his *Posty* in the famous "Bonnie Briar Bush" run, which first brought him prominence, his art had steadily matured, until he came to be recognized as one of the most finished and versatile actors of his time. A year ago he was associated with Eleanor Robson in a season of repertoire, and played a variety of excellent parts with fine reserve and keen humorous insight. *Captain Starbottle*, in "Salomy

Jane," was an especially happy piece of characterization. This last season he was associated with Mr. David Warfield in "The Grand Army Man," under Mr. Belasco's management, and quite shared the honours of that production. What the future had in store for this excellent actor we can now only conjecture. Death overtook him just in the prime of life and in the full ripening of his powers, cutting off with tragic swiftness a career of splendid achievements and still greater promise.

May Irwin, one of the best-known actresses and entertainers on the American stage, was born at Whitby, and educated at the 'Collegiate Institute there. She made her first appearance at Rochester in 1875, and two years later joined Tony Pastor's Company at the old Metropolitan Theatre, New York, continuing under his management until 1883. She then joined Augustin Daly's stock company and remained with him until 1886. A mere enumeration of the parts Miss Irwin has appeared in would cover an entire page. She has been before the public continuously for over thirty years, and in such recent hits as "Mrs. Black is Back" and "Mrs. Wilson," shows no sign whatever of waning popularity. An equally talented sister, Flo Irwin, shares the public favour to an almost equal degree, while to complete the theatrical continuity of the family, the genial manager of the Bijou Theatre of New York, Mr. A. C. Campbell—a patriotic Canadian in spite of thirty years exile—is a brother.

Miss Roselle Knott, now starring in

"Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," is another Canadian actress with a promising career, as her selection for this important part proves.

A complete Canadian list, unfortunately, is not available, but other names of more or less prominence, on the dramatic stage that will readily occur are Miss Catherine Proctor, Mr. Andrew Robson, Mr. Wilfrid Luca, and Mr. Robert Hilliard.

Turning to the operatic stage, the list would probably prove still longer and far more difficult of access. It so happens, however, that the brightest star of this particular sky at this particular moment is a young Canadian, a native of St. John, N.B., Mr Donald Brian, the charming *Prince Danilo* of "Merry Widow" celebrity. The selection of Mr. Brian for the leading role of this, the greatest operatic success of a decade, has been as deserved as it was fortunate. No prince could be more captivating than his, and to the most engaging qualities of refinement he brings an excellent voice, graceful acting, and a terpsichorean skill that is the wonder and delight of the throngs who seem never to weary of the seductive strains of the "Merry Widow" waltz.

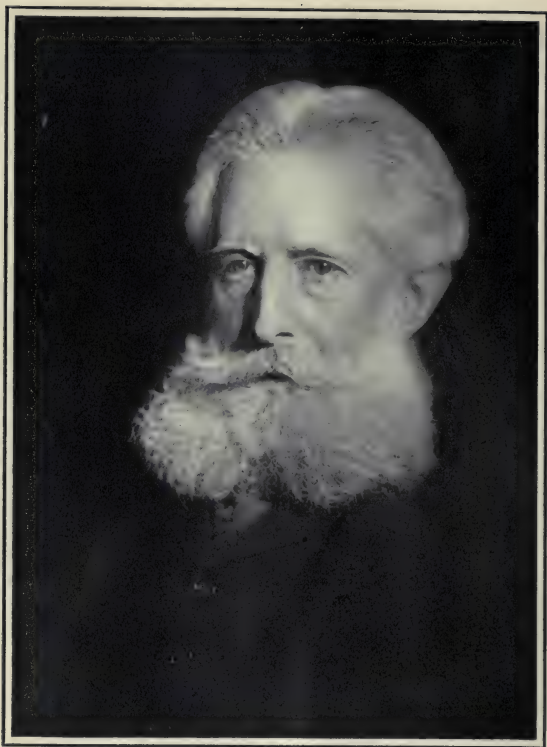
Before this leap—or rather, dance—into fame as the "Merry Widow" suitor, Mr. Brian had served a long and thorough apprenticeship on both the dramatic and operatic stage. He made his New York *début* in 1896 as a juvenile, and after four seasons on the road appeared again in New York in the "Three Little Lambs." He has since appeared in "The Man From Mexico," "The Chaperons,"



The late Mr. Reuben Fax

"Floradora," "Silver Slipper," "Johnny Jones," "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," and "Fifty Miles from Boston."

Dazzling "Merry Widows," however, are not always lying in wait to scatter roses in the pathway of operatic stage aspirants, and among those Canadians who have climbed to prominence—less dazzling, perhaps, but secure—without such aid are, Mr. Albert Parr (Toronto), now starring in "Tom Jones"; Mr. Arthur Deagon (Ayr), starring in "The Time, the Place and the Girl"; Mr. Eugene Cowles (Sherbrooke, Que.), co-star with Marie Cahill; Mr. Joseph Miron, Mr. Albert Hart (Montreal), Mr. John Parks (Toronto), Mr. Napoleon Dagneau (Montreal), Mr. Louis Cas-savant (Montreal), and Mr. Charles Meakins (Hamilton).



THE LATE EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

"THE HOSPITABLE CRITIC"

BY FREDERIC B. HODGINS

MY acquaintance with Edmund Clarence Stedman was made in the month of December, 1885. I made it through the medium of a copy of his "Poets of America," sent for review to *The 'Varsity*, the under-graduate weekly of the University of Toronto, of which I was at

that time the editor. I wrote as good a notice of it as a callow under-graduate could and sent Mr. Stedman a copy of the issue containing it. In a week or two I received a very courteous and most appreciative letter from Mr. Stedman. Needless to say I have that letter still. I pasted

it in my copy of the "Poets of America," alongside of a wood-cut of the author, taken from his publisher's catalogue, and these are before me as I write. It was the first personal communication from a distinguished man of letters that I had ever received, and I valued it highly. Moreover, it was a gracious thing on Mr. Stedman's part—to personally thank a reviewer, but it was characteristic. Mr. Stedman was gracious and generous in his treatment of literary aspirants and richly deserved the title which Walt Whitman gave to him—a "hospitable critic." His two volumes of criticism, "Victorian Poets" and "The Poets of America," are probably the best of their kind in existence for the average reader. They contain mention of almost every poet of any note in England and America, and the mention of each is discriminating and distinctive. Mr. Stedman's canon of criticism was to take each poet at his best and for himself alone. Thus he did not seek to stretch his subjects on any Procrustean bed of uniformity and measure them by arbitrary methods, but endeavoured to show the excellencies of each in his own sphere. While thus "hospitable" to all who had a message for the age, his books are by no means mere indiscriminate eulogies of all. Mr. Stedman was a poet himself; he ever kept himself on a high level, and he was a capable critic because he knew and loved his art. He was "hospitable" because he was a constructive, not a destructive, critic.

Emboldened by his courtesy, I ventured on a request that he should contribute to *The 'Varsity*! My request was a rather audacious one, for our paper did not, and could not, pay for contributions. But this did not weigh with Mr. Stedman. I received another characteristic letter in which he said he would be unable to comply with my request, simply because of a serious nervous breakdown. In his

letter he said: "I assure you the question of remuneration would not enter into my thoughts at all."

Shortly after this I sent Mr. Stedman a copy of a volume of prose and verse collected from *The 'Varsity* from its inception. In return I received from him a very appreciative letter and an autographed copy of his essay on Edgar Allan Poe, reprinted from his "Poets of America," and bound in vellum—which sort of binding, he said, he had been the first to induce his publishers to use in America. He also added that whenever I visited New York I was to be sure and pay him a visit.

In the fall of 1888, after my graduation, I paid a visit to New York, and in due course made a pilgrimage to the Broad street office of the banker-poet. He was not in. But that afternoon I received a note, by special messenger, regretting his missing me and inviting me to dine with him at the Century Club, then in its old quarters at 104 East Fifteenth street. His family had gone to their "down-east" home, and he was living in bachelor loneliness at his town house, 44 East Twenty-sixth street. At 6.30 on the following evening I met Mr. Stedman at the Club and received a most cordial greeting. We went in to dinner shortly afterwards and sat down at the old-fashioned long dining-table, which ran the whole length of the room, and gave the Club a most cosy and home-like appearance. I was fortunate in the matter of my fellow-diners that night. At the table were Clarence King, the famous traveller and geologist; John La Farge, just back from Japan, and Henry Drisler, Professor of Latin at Columbia. It is needless to say the table-talk was interesting and that I was a good listener. After dinner we all drew our chairs to the fire-place and smoked and talked, until it was time to go. I walked some distance with Mr. Stedman and

If you ever come Southward,
of course you will not fail
to look in upon us? An hour
of talk is worth more than a
year of letter-writing.

F. B. Hodgins Esq.
Toronto

Very sincerely yrs,
Edward C. Stedman

PART OF A PAGE OF A LETTER FROM MR. STEDMAN TO MR. HODGINS

he asked me to go and finish the evening with him at his home, 44 East Twenty-sixth street. Thither I accompanied him, and he showed me his art and literary treasures, pictures given him by noted artists and presentation volumes autographed by their famous authors.

I never, to my regret, saw Mr.

Stedman again. But my recollection of the few hours spent with him, his gracious and delightfully genial companionship are as fresh in my mind to-day as though twenty years had not passed!

I lay this little chaplet on his grave, not with egotism, but with pride and respect.



GOSPEL OF THE HEREAFTER

BY

REV. J. PATERSON SMYTH, LL.D., D.LITT., D.C.L.

Rector of St. George's, Montreal; Late Professor of Pastoral
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THIRD PAPER: HELL

THE fact that a secular magazine should desire the discussion of subjects such as these is surely a marked sign of the times, a sign that the public are asking questions, a sign that there is underneath all the doubt and unbelief, a tacit belief that God is better than He has been represented in current popular belief.

We have seen reason to believe from the teaching of Scripture that no man has ever yet gone to heaven. No man has ever yet gone to Hell. No man has ever yet been finally judged. No man has ever yet been finally damned. All who have left this earth are waiting still in happiness or in pain in the great waiting life before the Judgment. These are the stages, it seems, of human destiny: (1) This life; (2) the Hades life; (3) the Judgment; (4) Heaven and Hell. At the advent the Bible places the Judgment according to character. And after that Judgment it places Hell and Heaven.

This month we discuss the doctrine of Hell. "These shall go away into the Aeonian, the other world punishment." This word "Aeonian" does not mean everlasting, as we shall see later. Can anything be known of the other world punishment?

Be strictly honest. Face the facts

straight. Let no soft sentimentalism obscure the awful truth revealed in Holy Scripture over and over again, and especially the words of the Blessed Lord Himself that there is a mysterious and unfathomable malignity attaching to sin; that to be in sin means to be in misery and ruin, whether it be in this world or the next; that so long as any man abideth in sin the wrath of God amideth on him in this life or in any other life. That is beyond all question for Christian men.

The problem before us, then, is a very serious one: To reconcile the love of God and the doctrine of Hell. Since both are distinctly declared in Scripture, it must be possible to reconcile them. Therefore, we must face this problem straight. We must not slip around it or evade it. The writer does not come to you to-day as an authoritative teacher where the issues are plain. He asks you as fellow-students with him to study this problem where the issues are by no means plain. Listen carefully. Question keenly every statement and every quotation from Scripture.

But that cannot be allowed to cancel the main trend of Bible teaching, the love and care of the Father

for every soul of man that He has created.

I.

Now, can we reconcile the doctrine of the love of God with the popular doctrine of Hell? Let us state them side by side.

1.—The love of God. There are times when the meaning of this really grips a man like an inspiration. His little, sick boy is on his knee and he fears the little lad may die. "Is there anything," he thinks, "that I would not do to save him? Is there anything that I would not do for his good if he recovers? In this life I would work night and day for him. In 'that' life I would go into outer darkness for ever for him if it would save my little lad from going there. If he went wrong, my love for him would make me punish him—aye, perhaps punish him terribly—but if love and punishment failed I think my heart would break." "O God," he thinks, "how life here and hereafter would be one endless pain, how Heaven would be absolutely useless to me if that little boy were lost at the last." Slowly and fully he lets that thought grip him, and then he wonderingly repeats to himself the little creed that Christ has taught, "If ye, then, being evil know how to care thus for your children, how much more shall the Heavenly Father." And in a few minutes the revelation has flashed on him. He asks himself: "Is that the meaning of the love of God; does it mean a vivid, real, palpitating thing like my love for my little boy? Does it mean that He feels and cares, and suffers for the little chap as I do—aye, that He must suffer for ever if He loses that boy? If I, being evil, must suffer, how much more must God? Is the pain in my heart, which would make me go to Hell itself to save my child but a faint reflection of the pain in the heart of the Good Shepherd which sends him out for ever on the desolate mountains, seeking that which is lost until

he find it? If the love of God does not mean something like the feeling in my heart about my little boy, I don't know what it means. But oh, if it does mean that God actually cares, and by the necessity of His nature must forever care like that—then thank God for the revelation of that love. However awful the penalty of wrong-doing, God cares, God suffers, God must forever care and suffer with us. That is the doctrine of the love of God.

2.—And the popular doctrine of Hell—not the Bible doctrine—not the Church's doctrine—but the popular doctrine is: That if that boy of mine should get into bad habits, and turn away from right, and some day in a drinking bout get smashed by a street car in Montreal, without doubt he shall be damned everlastingly. Everlastingly! Do you realise what that means? I remember as a boy reading a Sunday School book that that helped me to realise the meaning "everlastingly." I was to imagine a huge forest, and a tiny insect coming from the farthest planet and biting an atom out of one of the leaves, and carrying it away to its home, the journey taking one thousand years. Then I was to imagine the ages that must elapse before that whole leaf was carried off. Then the stupendous time before the whole tree would be gone. Then, as my brain reeled at the thought, I was to look forward to the carrying away of the whole forest, and from that to the carrying away of the whole world., Then came the awful sentence in italics, *Even then eternity would but have begun.* I suppose God will forgive the people who wrote that book for children if they repent, but I don't feel much like forgiving them. I can remember still lying awake in the night and crying as I thought of the lost souls in Hell as my poor little brain reeled at the thought of the journeys of that wretched insect, of those whom God kept alive to suffer everlastingly.

That, according to the popular notion, is what God will do to that little boy in my picture, who lay in his father's arms, to teach him the meaning of the love of God. If he misses Christ through his own neglect or fault, God will cast him into everlasting torment, not to do him good, nor to help him to repentance—no, he shall suffer the most fearful agony that the mind can conceive during all the countless ages of eternity, during all the maddening centuries while my little insect is coming backwards and forwards to devour the forest, that in all these agonies his sorrow and remorse are no use to him, and that after it all he is not one iota nearer to the end of his torment. If we were told the devil does this we might see some sense in it. But we are told that God does it. Ah! that is the danger. I have heard good people say that no one doubts about everlasting torment but those who fear to go into it. Ah, no! It is not the fear of suffering oneself that makes the popular notion about Hell so horrible, but the fear that if that notion be true, God has gone away, that we shall look up at the Judgment and find that there is no Christ on the throne.

3.—Now, then, I appeal to you my readers, do you think this popular doctrine of Hell can be reconciled with the doctrine of the love of God? Do you not feel quite certain that it cannot? If so, then don't you think it must be the wrong doctrine of Hell? We shall find a truer doctrine of Hell as we go on. But I want you to face fearlessly this doctrine of everlasting torment and the fate of men fixed irrevocably at death. I want you to drag it out into the light of God's Holy Word, which is the court of final appeal. And before you do it, to strengthen your convictions, I want you to look straight at it by the light of conscience and reason. Every honest Christian conscience sees at once that it is unfair, un-

reasonable, unutterably cruel, impossible to reconcile with justice or love. The reason of every sensible man recoils from the consequences of it.

(1) A God of Holiness leaving men in everlasting sin.

(2) A God of love rejoicing with the blessed in Heaven while their children, and wives and husbands are tortured through eternity.

(3) A defeated Christ, seated in a corner of His universe, with the minority of the race whom He had succeeded in saving, and straight opposite for all eternity the triumphant Satan, holding in bondage and defiance of God, the majority of those for whom Christ died on Calvary. Don't you see that the idea is impossible in the growing light of Christianity as soon as man has courage to look it in the face. But we must drag it up before the bar of God's Word before we have done with it. It is dying out already in the Christian world. It will be dead within twenty years, even if we leave it alone. But twenty years is too long to wait in Canada. We must smash it up now and get done with it. We must see that its poison does not get into the lifehood of this young nation. We must take care that no child of the coming generation shall waken in the night, as some of us did, to cry at the horror of it.

And I want you to feel no whit afraid that the Church is in any way committed to this teaching. In the early centuries the greatest leaders amongst the Greek fathers of the Church fought strongly against such teaching, and in the Reformation days of the sixteenth century, when we had forty-two Articles, the last being an assertion of everlasting punishment, the Church of England swept away that Article, and thus left the whole question open for her children. Therefore, with a free mind you can turn to the Bible, the final court of appeal.

II.

In beginning the study of the

Bible I must ask your very close attention. I think you will allow that it is not wise to build up any doctrine on isolated texts. Before we can accept any doctrine we must assure ourselves that it is in harmony with the ruling thoughts, with the great facts and doctrine of Scripture. Is not that a fair demand? It must be in harmony with the conceptions which run through all Scripture—God's horror of sin, God's Fatherhood, God's love, God's unchangeableness, God's fairness and reasonableness, God's justice, Christ's incarnation, His atonement for the sins of the whole world. It must be in harmony with the idea running through the whole Bible that God is best represented by the Father of the Prodigal, and Christ by the Shepherd seeking and caring for His sheep. All these leading thoughts must be kept in view as the great background of Scripture with which any true interpretation of any separate Scripture ought to be able to reconcile itself.

1.—With this caution let us examine the chief texts bearing on this subject. This wants reverent care and an open, unprejudiced mind. I think you will find that there are in the Bible two trends of teaching.

1st. The repeated affirmations which I have already referred to, that there is a mysterious and unfathomable malignity attaching to sin; that to be in sin means to be in misery and ruin, whether it be in this world or the next; that as long as any man abideth in sin the wrath of God abideth on him in this life or in any other life; e.g., "Depart, ye cursed, unto the Aeonian fire." "They that have done evil shall rise to the resurrection of judgment." "How shall ye escape the damnation of Hell"? Tribulation and anguish on every soul of man that worketh evil." "The wrath of God abideth on him," etc. This is one trend of teaching—the exceeding hatred and anger of God against sin.

2nd. And then there is the other trend of teaching, not only showing that the wrath of God and the retribution, which is the inevitable consequence of evil-doing, are consistent with the stern, righteous Fatherhood of God, but almost making us stop and gasp with wondering hope as we think of what illimitable possibilities they may suggest. No man, I think, can with unbiased mind read them in the light of the ruling ideas of Scripture without feeling somehow, whether he can explain it or not, that beyond the horror of the outer darkness is the glimmer of an eternal dawn; e.g., These shall go away unto the *age-long chastisement*. The Good Shepherd seeks His lost sheep *until He find it*. *All* flesh shall see the salvation of God. God has shut up *all* in unbelief that He might have mercy upon *all*. As in Adam *all* die, so in Christ shall *all* be made alive. I will draw *all* men unto Me. The Son of Man has come to seek and save *the lost*. For this was the Gospel preached to them that are dead. That at the name of Jesus *every knee* should bow in Heaven and earth and (Hades) under the earth. Then cometh the end, when He shall have delivered up the Kingdom to God, even the Father, and *God shall be all in all*.

I think you will agree with me that the whole of this teaching needs to be studied—not the threatening part only—not the hopeful part only, but both. Let us begin with the threatening part. I think a full study of Scripture will show that this is quite consistent with the hopeful part. But how can I show it to you within the limits of this sermon? I am afraid you must study it yourselves at home. I can only help you by some hints.

III.

2.—You will find that nearly all the passages on which the doctrine of everlasting torment is based can be gathered into three groups. In the first group the chief word is *Damn* and *Damnation*. In the second, the

chief word is Hell. In the third, the chief word is Everlasting. I think you will allow that if these three sets of passages were removed, there would be very little grounds for the doctrine of Everlasting Torment and Everlasting Sin. Therefore, I shall probably surprise you if I say that there is no word in the original that at all justifies the use of either of these three words in the meaning which we put on them. Take the words Damn, Damnation. Now, in our sense of the word did our Lord say, "He that believeth not shall be damned?" Most certainly not. He said that he should be *condemned* for wilfully disbelieving, but He did not say to what he should be condemned, or for how long. I should condemn you for doing a selfish act, but that would hardly mean sending you to eternal torment. Did St. Paul say, "He that doubteth (about eating certain meats) is damned if he eat?" Did he say that a Church widow should have damnation for marrying again? Of course not; the word only means judgment or condemnation. There is no thought at all in it of this endless Hell. You see the English word long ago had that innocent meaning; e.g., in the Wycliffe Bible in the passage about the woman taken in adultery. Jesus saith, "Woman, hath no man damned thee?" "No man, Lord." "Neither do I damn thee." But a new, darker meaning has grown on to the English word since. Once an innocent word, it has now become dangerous and misleading. Therefore, the Revisers have swept it away, and the words damn and damnation have now vanished entirely and for ever out of the pages of the English Bible. So one of the three groups of texts that helped this popular teaching will help it no longer. But oh! why don't you people read the Revised Version?

3.—Again, the word translated "everlasting" is a word of vague meaning—aeonian—age-long—or belonging to the other world. It does

not of itself mean everlasting. It is applied to God, but also to Aaron's priesthood and Gehazi's leprosy, etc. And the striking thing is that there is a Greek adjective which does distinctly mean everlasting, but the Bible never uses it in this connection. Therefore, again the Revisers have removed the misleading word Everlasting in every case and substituted another word, Eternal, which, in scholarly usage, means the opposite of temporal—that which is above the sphere of time and space, that which belongs to the other world. Therefore, the famous proof text for this doctrine should read, "These shall go away unto the aeonian or other world punishment," and so of the other texts in which this word occurs.

*4.—Now, take the texts with the word Hell in them. The word our Lord used was Gehenna, the name of the valley outside Jerusalem where things were cast to be burnt for keeping the city pure. Our Lord meant something very solemn and awful. But He certainly did not mean the idea in our minds of a vast prison, in which the souls of the lost are pierced through with agony for ever and ever, with no hope of repentance, or amendment or escape. You ask, How can I know what He meant? How could I know what Shakespeare meant by a certain word? I should read up all the books and letters of Shakespeare's times in which the word occurs, and whatever it commonly meant to the people of Shakespeare's time I should accept as being what Shakespeare meant. That looks sensible, does it not? Well, a very interesting investigation has been made by various scholars. They have examined all the existing Jewish records where the word Gehenna was used from 300 B.C. to 300 after Christ. This is the verdict: "There are only two passages in which even a superficial reader could think the Jews meant by it a place of everlasting punishment." The greatest of all modern Jewish scholars, Emmanuel

Deutsch, who does not love Christians overmuch, tells us very strongly, though not very politely: "There is no word in the Talmud that lends any countenance to your damnable Christian doctrine of Everlasting Torment."

IV.

*1.—So we need feel no longer forced to believe of God that which our conscience declares to be unworthy of Him. But does all this mean that there is no Hell? God forbid! The very worst thing that could happen to sinful man would be that—that there should be no Hell—that God should leave them alone in their sins, that all moral distinctions should be blotted out, and Herod, and John the Baptist, and Jezebel, and Mary of Bethany should have no difference between them in the world to come. If there is one thing beyond doubt in Scripture, it is the certainty of a Hell. Nay, what we are disclaiming is not the Bible doctrine of Hell, which is absolutely certain, but the horrible, popular doctrine, which is absolutely false. The popular doctrine of Hell is unfair, unreasonable, unutterably cruel, impossible to reconcile with the nature of God. The Bible doctrine of Hell is stern, solemn, awful, unutterably awful, but not unfair, not unending, not unhelpful, not impossible to reconcile with the nature of God. What does the Bible really teach? Shall there be a Hell? Most certainly. Shall its sufferings be awful? Yes. The Bible almost exhausts language in expressing the unutterable loss of God, of Christ, of nobleness of life, the unquenchable fire of remorse. What is the difference between the false doctrine and the true? The difference is that between Nero torturing criminals in the amphitheatre, and a surgeon, with keen pain in his heart, submitting his own son to a fearful operation. Oh! it makes a difference wide as the poles asunder to learn that Hell is not a place where a vengeful God sends the sinner, but a state

and temper which the sinner makes for himself, and of his own will stays in, to believe that no one can be lost through all eternity who does not through all eternity keep on refusing to be saved; to believe that the worm that dieth not and the fire that quenqueth not are the agonizing remorse of conscience and the horrible memory of foul deeds done and unrepented; to believe that all the time the love and pain is in God's heart for every soul in the outer darkness, that for ever and ever and ever the Shepherd is out on the desolate mountains seeking that which is lost, if so be, as He touchingly puts it, that He may find it.

*2.—"The love and pain of God for men in Hell!" someone says. "Impossible." Are you quite sure? Did you ever see a man in Hell? I did. He told me himself. "I am in Hell," he said, and I believed him. His Hell was begun. Did you ever see a drunkard beginning his Hell when his temptation had mastered him, and his whole nervous system has become a mass of torment? Delirium tremens has come on—the horror, the agony, the crawling insects, the face of grinning devils looking out at him in his bed. Why does he suffer these horrors, the agony, the grinning devils, the sense of falling, ever falling, into an abyss. Why? Because God inflicts them? Nay, because he inflicts them upon himself. And the God who loves him and wants him to feel how drunkenness blasts, and debases, and brutalises, has attached this horrible consequence to it. Do you not think that there is love and pain in God's heart for that sinner in his Hell? Does God in His love keep away the horrors? No; but He says: "Oh, My son, whom I have made, whom I want to save, if I cannot save thee otherwise, it is better to cast thee into this Hell, this depth of disgrace and corruption, with the grinning devils about thee, that thy spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord." Do you not believe this

is true of the present Hell? Is it wrong to hope that it may be true also of the future Hell? Do you remember St. Paul's sentence on a very wicked Corinthian (1 Cor. 5: 5), "Deliver him to Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that his spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord." And how from the next epistle it it would seem that this discipline was effectual (2 Cor. 2: 6). Wise commentators think it meant demoniacal possession inflicted on the man. If so it would look as if the man were delivered into the power of the devil that he might be delivered out of his power, just as the man in delirium tremens. May not this be possible, too, in God's hell of the hereafter? May it not be the last and most awful effort of Him who is always seeking that which is lost, if so be that He may find it?

V.

Someone says: Is not the writer afraid that this teaching will make men presume in their sins? Not in the least. I am not afraid to trust men with the thought of God's love and pain, just as I should not be afraid if one went to my child and told him: "Whatever wrong you do, however bad you be, even if you break your father's heart and force him to inflict the severest punishment, you cannot ever make him cast you out and forsake you." I am not in the least afraid that my child should know that. Should you be? But if there be anyone who would dare to misuse such teaching to say: Because God loves me I will do what He hates; because God is long-suffering He shall wait my time to repent, that is the darkest, deadliest depth of sin. Him who could so trample on the love of God it will be hard even for God to save. If any such there be, let him think how awful may be the Hell which God's stern love has prepared. Let him think there may be a possibility of being lost for ever, owing to the tendency

of character to grow permanent. Let him think that, though the path of repentance may never be closed, how terrible that path may be, through what deep shame, and agony, and corruption it may lead. Aye, let him try to realise the meaning of going out into the outer darkness, naked, alone. All the degraded things of sense and appetite are gone. He is torn by appetites and cravings that he has no power to indulge. That poor soul of his, polluted and degraded, stands in the dread loneliness before God, full of the sense of loss and misery—of shame for the past—of dread of what is to come—of horrible discord between himself and all that is good. Ah! no man will think lightly of that awful Hell of God when he gets into it. Awful, unutterably awful, is our Lord's presentation of it. Yet is it not possible to hope that outer darkness may be for some the only path to the light? If it were all done in vengeance or retribution, with no chance of repenting for ever, it could only harden the offender and make him want to curse God and die. But if there comes some day to him the knowledge of God's love—if over all his own pain comes the knowledge of the awful pain that God has borne and is bearing—the eternal pain of God at losing His children—oh! if any power in the universe can break the man down, would not that be the power?

I am not presuming to dogmatize as to what shall be the end of it all. The whole trend of Scripture points to the final victory of good—when evil shall have vanished out of the universe for ever and God shall be all in all. That is to say, that one day there shall be no evil—no evil one—no Hell—no damned souls.

How?

I don't know.

Some people say that all men shall at length be saved. Oh, God grant it, but I cannot find in the Bible sufficient reason to believe it.

Some people say that all will be

annihilated who are beyond hope of salvation. Again, I don't know. I can't find that in the Bible either, and I don't want to know where God has not revealed it. I have been trying to keep to what I think God has revealed.

In our last sight of humanity in Christ's drama of the Judgment, those on the left hand are passing into the "outer darkness" into the "other world punishment," and as they pass the deep, black cloud curtain falls behind them and we see them no more. We dare not dogmatise here. We can only watch outside the darkness as a mother watches outside the closed surgery door, where the wise, strong surgeon is dealing with her boy. What is happening there in that other world anguish, "where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth?" Are any souls being born again through sorrow and shame? Are any lives, spoiled and deformed here, being remoulded in that awful crucible of God? Will all be restored? Will some be beyond restoration, fit only to fling out in the rubbish heap of the universe? Oh! We know not, we know not. We can only whisper softly of our hope. Only one thing we can be

sure of—that the Refiner of silver is watching over His crucible, and that nothing shall be but what comes of the deep pain and love of the Father.

But as we watch the awful shadows of that outer darkness, there comes beyond it on the far horizon the quivering of a coming dawn. For that age of God's Gehenna is to have its end, and far away the day will dawn for which the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together: when death and Hell, the evil and the Evil One shall be cast into the lake of fire; when at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow of things in Heaven and earth, and under the earth, in the world of the dead. And every tongue, "every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father." "Then cometh the end," says St. Paul, "when Christ shall deliver up the Kingdom to God, even the Father, when all His enemies shall be subjected unto Him. And when all His enemies have been subjected unto Him, then shall the Son also Himself be subjected unto Him that put all things under Him, that God may be all in all." Thanks be to God for His holy Gospel.

IN DARKNESS

By

KATHERINE HALE

Moonlit and vistaless—each dream a star—
My ocean lay—a radiant track to thee!
Then fading light, and on a darker sea,
God's wondrous gift of distances—and worlds afar.

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES

BY RUTH HARRINGTON

THE afternoon light fell in subdued shadings in the doctor's office, and the scant window-drapes looked their best. They were tinselly, with a vague Oriental pattern running through them, but the morning sun delighted to reveal their shabbiness. Patients found themselves wondering, as they waited, why so famous a specialist preferred a poor and badly-furnished office; or whether the fact that he had one, was due to preference, or if not, why not?

Those who came week after week for treatment had ample opportunity to examine the furnishings. Books stared unfeelingly from one side of the room, as cold and unimpassioned as the themes of which they treated. Well-worn, leather-bottomed chairs grouped themselves precisely here and there, with a scrupulous yearning toward order. The pile of late magazines was always to be found on the solemn black table in the centre of the room. The mantle clock was always to be heard ticking loudly, slowly, collectedly. Near the door, stood an open desk, with a revolving office-chair half-turned in expectation. These objects grew to be familiar to hosts of people.

"Cases" were considered in order of arrival, and thus the early patients looked around eagerly on entering the room, to see how many were before them. To be first meant that one had the first hold on the great man's time and attention; while, to be last often afforded no

consolation beyond a fresh chance in the competition of another day. Frequently patients came as early as one o'clock, and waited patiently, or impatiently, according to their various temperaments, until the clock on the mantel chimed four; for, although it might ultimately be to the ailing one's interest to spend weary hours in the office, the doctor's presence was not necessary stipulated. Hospital work, a multiplicity of unforeseen engagements—everything, in fact, might retard his appearance until after three o'clock, and circumstances required that he should leave unswervingly on the stroke of four.

It was ten minutes past one as the white-capped maid noiselessly opened the street-door and conducted the second arrivals of the afternoon across the hall to the office, where she left them with her inevitable low-voiced assurance: "The doctor will be in very soon." In the farther corner of the office, the first arrival, a woman well past the bloom of youth, stopped fumbling the leaves of the magazine which she was idly examining, and looked up curiously at the newcomers.

"Country people," she mentally decided, as the girl and her mother moved diffidently toward a sofa which filled with distressing precision an angle near the window. As they passed her, a surge of pity swept through the woman in the corner, caloused though she was by an intimate acquaintance with disease. Only the supremacy of a powerful will had left

the girlish mouth its sweet expression, had kept at bay all lines of discontent. But her eyes! The woman in the corner shrank involuntarily. Beautiful, helpless, appealing, with the look of a wounded creature, they revealed what the other features strove to hide—the despair of one growing accustomed to a generous meed of pain.

Faithfully the door-bell chronicled each new arrival. Steadily the leather-bottomed chairs found occupants. Patients seldom spoke in the doctor's office. They furtively examined their neighbors with a view to analysing their ill looks or their apparently healthy appearance; they read the magazines, or walked about softly, if they became uneasy from sitting still. When these diversions palled, they listened to the subdued sound of footsteps in the private hospital overhead, and watched the vision of white-capped nurses flitting up and down the stairs leading to the upper world. Opening off the hall, farther down, was the nurse's private dining-room, where a detachment of them could generally be heard at this hour cheering their spirits as they ate with a little mild hilarity.

The woman in the corner, looking up from her magazine, saw that the country girl was watching, with evident enjoyment, the ever-changing aspect of the street outside. Her mother leaned heavily back against the sofa, her eyes closed, her fingers nervously tightened over the worn handles of her black shopping-bag. In repose, the furrowed lines on her face stood out harshly.

It was spring time, and city and country could clasp hands of mutual sympathy over the joyful festival. Ambitious buds were staining the sides of Mount Royal a faint warm hue of crushed strawberry. Beyond the city limits gleamed the winding ribbon of the St. Lawrence; graceful, alluring, sapphire-tinted. Horse-chestnuts glorified some of the quieter

streets, and promenaders wore, with Spring-engendered buoyancy, wonderful creations over which milliners and costume-makers had expended their utmost skill in trying to surpass an already excellent reputation.

The country girl turned from the window a countenance from which every trace of suffering had momentarily vanished. She leaned toward her companion, her face all radiance.

"The city is so lovely, mother—the organ-grinder at the corner, and the stylish ladies, and the babies with their nurses——" She stopped, abruptly, noting her mother's face.

"Don't!" she cried quickly.

Then, after a long moment, "Mother!"

The mother met her daughter's glance guiltily, but her voice could not suppress its note of anxiety.

"You don't feel the pain as much now, Margaret?"

"I'm a great deal better," cried the girl, caressingly. "I'm afraid it was a waste—our coming here, and that I'll reproach myself for . . . for spending the money."

"We'll know, dear. It will be worth the money to know," her mother answered, quickly, but her voice sounded thick and unnatural.

It was five minutes to three o'clock. People who came now gave a hasty glance around the crowded room, and seated themselves disconsolately to await their slender chance. A boy about sixteen years old was shown in. He stumbled awkwardly to a chair, with the appearance of one who wished himself anywhere else. He had come for medicine for his mother, and was the only man in the room. As he looked furtively about, his glance was arrested by the girl at the window. The dread of the coming ordeal had possessed her, and her face, against the sombre setting of the horsehair sofa, stood out pale, chastened, delicately beautiful.

"By Jove! he ejaculated, beneath his breath." "Jove!" he muttered

again, expostulating. "I'm glad it isn't Ethel."

The clock ticked on collectedly. The sounds in the hospital grew fainter. The door-bell ceased to ring. The maid stood idly at the end of the hall. It was the heavy lull that entails inactivity.

The woman in the corner took a patient interest in her magazine, but a close observer would have noticed that her keen glance often strayed from the printed page to the various types of humanity occupying the room, and that it rested with a special steadfastness on the country girl by the window. The woman in the corner wrote stories with the exquisite touch of genius. Sometimes there were drawn battles between her frail body and the genius; but the latter, though handicapped, pretty generally won. Refinement showed in every line of her simple street dress, with its white turn-over collar, and its air of scrupulous attention to details. Her kind eyes told of a wide and unselfish interest in the world at large. Presently, as though fired with a sudden resolve, she rose composedly, and approached a nervous-looking woman, whom she addressed in a low tone. The woman looked up in surprise.

"I should be most grateful," she said, "if you would let me take your place. But there were three before me, and you say you were the first. Of course, you are aware that you will be the loser."

"I have a reason for wishing to remain until the first few patients have been attended to," explained the other, hurriedly, and in returning she placed her chair so that it commanded a full view of the office door, and of the consulting-room beyond.

An involuntary tension now hung in the air, for at any moment the great man might reasonably be expected. The country girl glanced at the clock, and whispered anxiously to her mother. From the far end of the room, the slight figure of a young

woman in brown arose and came to the window, one finger thrust carelessly into the book which she had been reading, as she stood looking out.

"You are from the country?" she said, suddenly, turning to the girl.

"Yes, and we are so afraid that we cannot see the doctor. Our train goes at four-thirty."

"If you were early, your chance will be good."

The girl's face brightened.

"Oh, does that make a difference? Thank you for telling me. We were second."

Her eyes wandered up the street, and stopped at a figure walking briskly: a little man, middle-aged, with a shiny beaver hat, gold-bowed spectacles, and a cheerful aspect. The country girl looked instinctively at her companion, her lips forming the question which the young woman gave her no time to utter.

"That's the doctor," she said, promptly. "And you recognised him? Strangers often do."

A tremour of common relief and interested fellowship radiated over the room, and faces assumed an air of hopeful expectation.

"He's just lovely," the young woman in brown breathed, enthusiastically.

The country girl looked up shyly. "I suppose he has a very large practice," she said.

"Oh, yes, but he's early to-day. I have not known him to be as early for weeks. You'll have a good chance," her companion assured her, kindly, "he doesn't keep one long."

"And he's a very good doctor?" Something compelled the girl to ask it for the very comfort of the reassurance the answer would bring.

The young woman leaned sympathetically forward. "I'm getting better every day," she said, emphatically. "But, of course, you must know . . . he's the famous specialist—he's . . ."

A force, strong and irresistible, drew every eye to where the doctor stood in the doorway. There was about the face, the general aspect, the whole personality of the man, a something indefinable and intangible, which people felt, instinctively, but could not analyse. The breath of an other-worldliness; the upliftedness of an invulnerable serenity; an expression almost beatific. His eye travelled over the well-filled office, noting everything. With a slight smile, cordial and winning, the waiting roomful was included in his recognition.

"First," he said.

The nervous woman rose, instantly, and together they crossed the hall to the consulting-room.

A flood of pale spring sunshine, reflected on a window opposite, stole into the room with the peacefulness of a benediction, and showered upon the girl at the window tints of splendor from the tinsley curtains. Her smile partook of the radiance as she turned reassuringly to her mother.

"We'll know . . . soon," she whispered.

Ten minutes later, the door of the consulting-room opened. The nervous patient was shown out with unobtrusive civility by the white-capped maid. The woman in the corner opposite the door took careless note of the situation. "Relief, courage, hope," she chronicled, mentally.

Then the doctor's voice rang again through the room.

"Next," he said.

The country girl half-rose, faltering. A great fear possessed her. Her limbs were trembling almost beyond control. Her mother clutched the black bag, convulsively.

"Yes, it's your turn," the young woman in brown nodded.

As they approached him, the doctor, for the fraction of a second, scanned the girl's face kindly, unsparringly.

"You better bring those with you," he said.

She went hastily back to the sofa and gathered up her gloves and umbrella.

As the door of the consulting-room closed behind them, the woman in the corner leaned her head thoughtfully against her chair, and drummed with her fingers on the magazine in her lap.

"I wonder?" she mused, anxiously, surprised at the suspense she was conscious of feeling. She got up, went to the table, and took a fresh magazine from the pile. Presently she laid it carefully back again, and sitting squarely in her chair watched the door of the consulting-room with compassionate eyes. She was reviewing in her mind the scene within. She knew it perfectly; the great doctor seated before a massive table, a book spread open in front of him, his pen suspended above a clear, blank column, opposite a line of printed questions. She could see his calm inspection of the country girl through his gold-bowed glasses as she stammered her replies; could hear his voice—quiet, unembarrassed, gently insistent, as he asked the necessary questions; could see the faithful pen recording all; could see the mother from her anxious post near by, supplementing, correcting, and rendering intelligent the account given by the girl.

Faint and sweet across the city sounded the new chimes of St. George's ringing the half hour.

At last the door of the consulting-room swung open, and the doctor could be seen leading the way down the hall to another door, through which the mother and her daughter disappeared, and where he presently joined them. Inside were calm-faced nurses, glittering instruments, delicate and intricate appliances. Everything was spotless, cold, professional.

Fifteen minutes later the country patients were shown into the consulting-room again to receive the verdict. The doctor was momentarily engaged,

and they sat down to wait, with the door open. The girl glanced across the hall to the office, with a shadowed pity for the "cases" still waiting. Her eyes met those of the woman in the corner, and she smiled a faint recognition. Then the doctor came and shut the door.

As they passed into the hall once more, a woman across in the office peered out eagerly from her corner, then shrank back—confused that she had seen. The mother came first. Her face wore the grayness that sometimes comes to people once in life. She moved mechanically. With whitened cheeks, and lips that smiled, the girl gave her hand to the doctor. She could not speak, but he understood, and shook hands silently, respectfully.

"The catch is higher up, Madam. Allow me," for her hands were fumbling ineffectually with the street-door. "May I telephone for a cab?"

"My son is waiting, thank you."

The woman spoke monotonously, as one talking in her sleep, and shifted the worn handles of her shopping bag on her arm. The doctor noted the movement.

"You are not going shopping?" he said, deprecatingly. "It would not be good for her, you know."

"No!" cried the woman, hoarsely.

They had intended going shopping. He held the door open with chivalrous courtesy, and together they passed into the spring-scented street.

Again the doctor stood in his office door.

"Next," he said.

NOVEMBER

By S. A. WHITE

O, it's Northward Ho! where the paddle drives
And the sweating tump-line packs,
With an outland lease on our care-free lives
And the dunnage-bags on our backs.

Has the tempest split in your deafened ear
As it tore the crags apart?
Has the deep night called with its thrill and fear?
Has the rapid hissed in your heart?

If you've heard the call of the Northland wide,
How your fierce, free blood will sing!—
How your bark will leap, with its pulse as guide,
To the wilds where white-waters spring!

While the rivers smoke in the morning glare,
While they reek in sunset dyes,
There are magic lures in the open air,
There are wondrous things for the eyes.

So it's Northward Ho! where the paddle drives
And the sweating tump-line packs,
With an outland lease on our care-free lives
And the dunnage-bags on our backs.

AUTUMN EVENING

By E. M. YEOMAN

Build, build thy glories, evening in the skies,
Over the forestland, whose splendid leaf
Dies in a scarlet agony of grief!
But even as ye build with fond emprise,
Dark glooms devour all that ye have wrought.
'Twas so we filled life's voids and vacancies
With dear and glorious vanities of thought;
Kingdoms of joy, that were but vanities
For ruthless glooms to spoil and overthrow;
Till now, amidst the wreckage of their themes,
Patiently faint, we keep our way, and know
That life is but the ruins of our dreams.

Faint, faint, wan flowers, in the dusk-cold shades!
The world was fair with you in perished hours,
What time the painted hosts of happy flowers
Dwelt on the fields and filled the greenwood glades.
Dwelt 'midst the splendours of our hearts a space,
Dear needed forms we loved,—ah vanity!
Earth's ruin spares nor flower nor needed face.
And some Earth blighted, some were borne away
By angels gathering for their Paradise,
And some we nourished not; gone, gone, are they,
No more to fondly haunt our vacant eyes.

But die, O ruddy evening, sunk in night!
And faint, frail flow'rs, that are the night-wind's prey!
Turn not, ye faces, vanished far away
To grace rich bournes with all your fresh delight!
Fair things ne'er perish, though their wanderings
Be far and strange; and you were fair. But lo!—
Comes now a phantasy of vanished things,
Where memory, life's langorous afterglow,
Shows one I loved, soft-eyed and rich with bloom
And radiant beauty,—that evanisheth
Ev'n as I look, and mingleth with the gloom
Where woodlands paint a scarlet face of Death.

THE ICELANDER IN CANADA

BY H. B. GUEST

NO settlers in Canada have been more successful as a class, or improved their condition to a greater extent by emigrating to this country than the Icelanders. And likewise, there is no better example of what can be readily accomplished by any people who are at least in some degree adapted for the climate, and who are ready both to endure the struggle of the first few years, and by frugal living, hard work and perseverance,

to seize the opportunities which Fortune offers on every hand in this rich and rapidly growing Dominion.

The first Icelanders came to Canada thirty-four years ago, their principal equipment consisting of healthy bodies and willing hands. To-day some of them have farms of over a thousand acres, and many live in commodious modern houses, while in the city of Winnipeg they have acquired wealth in business, acquitted



ICELANDIC UNITARIAN CHURCH, WINNIPEG



THE ICELANDER IN CANADA
CAPT. S. JONASSON, MEMBER OF MANITOBA
LEGISLATURE



THE ICELANDER IN CANADA
A. EGGERTSON, AN ALDERMAN OF
WINNIPEG

themselves well in the professions, and have been elected to fill almost every public position of honour.

It is an interesting fact that the Icelandic emigration to America began just one year before the millennial celebration of the arrival of that people in Iceland from their former home in Norway.

For some time they had heard of America with its great tracts of fertile soil, but they did not feel the impulse to venture forth till their cousins, the Norwegians, with whom they were in closest communication, began to emigrate in large numbers. Then they caught the fever and, in 1873 a large company of Icelanders left for Milwaukee, Wisconsin. They came through Canada, however, and a section of the party was induced to settle in Muskoka, Ontario, where near Hecla Postoffice (in remembrance of the famous volcano in Iceland) a few families still

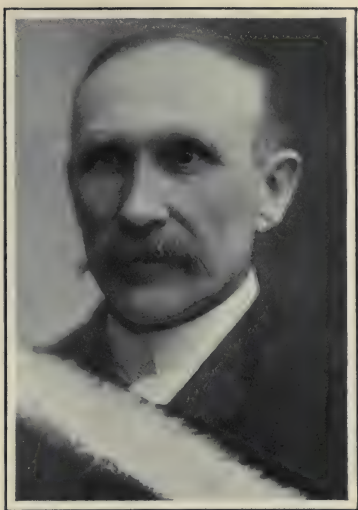
remain. The majority, however, were dissatisfied with their farms and moved to Nova Scotia. Here they again had the misfortune to get lands more suitable for quarrying than for agriculture, and they decided to leave for the western prairies, which were then beginning to attract many settlers from eastern Canada. They settled at Gimli, on Lake Winnipeg, sixty miles north of the city of Winnipeg, in a district suitable for stock raising, which was the only form of agriculture they knew, and where they could also engage in fishing. The first Icelandic newspaper in America was published at Gimli, and it is significant that it was named "Framfari," or "Progress."

Some of the Gimli settlers decided to engage in the more profitable wheat farming, and secured lands in the municipality of Argyle in Southern Manitoba. Meantime more Icelanders were coming out every year from the



THE ICELANDER IN CANADA

G. OLAFSON, MEMBER WINNIPEG BOARD
OF TRADE



THE ICELANDER IN CANADA

FREDERICK J. BERGMANN, PROFESSOR OF
ICELANDIC LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE,

old land. Winnipeg soon had an Icelandic community, and a number of settlements were made in Saskatchewan, the largest of which are at Foam Lake and Fishing Lake. During recent years the emigration from Iceland has fallen off, but a large number of those who had settled in North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan, have come to Canada with the general rush of American settlers, and have gone mostly to Saskatchewan. It is estimated that 20,000 Icelanders have come to America and that these have increased to 30,000, the majority of whom now live in Canada.

Of those who settled on the land, the Argyle farmers have been the most successful. Although not accustomed to the growing of grain they soon learned this new form of agriculture. They did not go entirely into grain growing, however, but continued in the raising of stock, and were thus the first to engage in mixed

farming in Manitoba. The first years were a hard struggle, necessitating the severest economy and hard, persistent toil, but these in time brought their reward. Gradually they were able to get better equipment, build better homes and buy more land. They had a reputation for honest dealing, and it is told that merchants, not well understanding their broken English, would give them supplies without taking name or guarantee of any kind. At the present time, several farmers have from 1,000 to 1,200 acres of land, and many have large comfortable homes, from which they can communicate by telephone with their friends in Winnipeg.

The Icelanders in Winnipeg number about 6,000, while Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, has only 9,500. Starting as labourers and small shopkeepers, they have engaged successfully in almost every line of business. Many of them are now in very comfortable circumstances, and a few



THE ICELANDER IN CANADA
THOMAS H. JOHNSON, MEMBER OF
MANITOBA LEGISLATURE

may be classed as wealthy. Among the latter, two examples may be referred to. Both men arrived in Winnipeg twenty years ago. One worked as a labourer and kept a store open in the evenings, and in this way laid the foundation of a very prosperous business. The other worked for eighteen years as a carpenter, then became a contractor, and has since made a respectable fortune.

In both the medical and legal professions in Winnipeg there are several Icelanders, and the same qualities of industry and perseverance are winning for them very creditable standing in those callings. It is worth noting that an Icelandic law student recently headed the list in the graduating class in Manitoba.

In public life the Icelanders are also taking an honourable place. They are represented not only on the School Board, Board of Trade and City Council, but have two representatives in the Provincial Legislature.

Mr. Thomas H. Johnson, the member for West Winnipeg, is a young but successful lawyer, and is regarded as one of the strong men in the Liberal Party in Manitoba. Mr. S. Jonasson, member for Gimli, was formerly the proprietor and editor of the Icelandic newspaper, "Framfari." He is now president of an abattoir company in Winnipeg, capitalised at a quarter of a million dollars.

In religion the majority of the Icelanders are Lutherans, that being the established religion in Iceland. They have two Lutheran churches in the city of Winnipeg, and twelve altogether in Manitoba. The Unitarians have been working among the Icelanders, however, and there are four congregations established in the West. The Winnipeg congregation numbers about two hundred and fifty and has a very handsome edifice.

The high value placed on education by the Icelanders no doubt helps to explain why so many of them have been so successful. Ability to read and write and an elementary knowledge of arithmetic, have for a long time been required of the young people seeking confirmation in the Lutheran church in Iceland. It is not surprising, therefore, that one of the first things done by those early settlers who came to Manitoba was the erection of a schoolhouse and the engaging of an English teacher in order that their children might learn the language of their adopted country and receive other necessary instruction. The next aim with those who were ambitious for the advancement of their sons and daughters, was that they should attend college, and in many a home great privation was endured that this might be made possible, but it was willingly borne.

As a result of the increasing number of Icelandic students, an arrangement was made in 1902 by the Lutheran church for the establishment of a chair of Icelandic Language and Literature at Wesley College, Winni-

peg. The college thus secured practically all the Icelandic students, and the Lutheran Church, which agreed to aid in supporting the new department, was provided with a suitable means of education for applicants for the ministry of their church and was also afforded an opportunity, which it very much desired, of fostering the study of the Icelandic language and literature by their own people. There are now, annually, about thirty Icelandic students attending Wesley College, and they have given an exceedingly good account of themselves, carrying off, every spring, their full share of honours and scholarships.

Two weekly papers and four monthly publications, in their own language, indicate the journalistic activity of the Icelanders in Winnipeg. Of the monthlies, one is published by the Lutheran Church and one by the Unitarian Church, while the others are a journal for women and a general magazine.

Very few emigrants are leaving Iceland at the present time. This is partly, no doubt, because of the general wave of prosperity which improved conditions in Iceland, but it is due, as well, to the discouragement put upon emigration by those whose



ICELANDIC LUTHERAN CHURCH IN
WINNIPEG

interests would suffer by any further draining of the population. It may be expected, however, that the emigration will continue again, that Western Canada will be the destination of the greater part of it. If this is the case, there certainly is no class of settlers, outside of the English-speaking people, to whom we can extend a heartier welcome.



VISHNU WORSHIP

BY H. S. SCOTT HARDEN

SOMEWHERE about the year of our Lord 640, a Chinese pilgrim wandering amongst the Buddhists in India, found that the Brahmins were gradually getting the upper hand of the followers of Gotama and that there was a fierce conflict between the two religions. The Buddhists had no personal God, and one Kumarita, a Brahmin Priest, persuaded a king of southern India to persecute them. The king commanded his servants to put to death the old men and young children of Buddhist faith, from the southernmost point of India to the snowy mountains of the north. The Brahmins thus gained a victory over Buddhism and offered a new bond of union to the races in Hindustan.

This new bond of union was Hinduism, which is a social and a religi-

ous alliance. As a social league, it rests upon Caste, and has its roots deep down in the race elements of the Indian people. It is impossible to go into the question of castes—as it is difficult to guess the number of them, but there are about 3,000, and each one has a distinct name for itself. These different peoples may not intermarry and most of them may not eat together. The system of caste exercises a great influence upon the industries of the country. Each caste is, in the first place, a sort of trade guild. It insures the proper training of the youths: it promotes good feeling by social gatherings, and provides money for the great feasts and festivals. A favourite plan for raising money in one part of southern India is for the members of a trade



THE GREAT CARS IN PROCESSION .



"ONE BY ONE THE GREAT CARS OF THE GODS COME FORTH FROM THE SACRED PRECINCTS"

or caste to keep a certain day as a holiday, and to shut up all their stores except one. The right to keep this one shop open is put up for auction and the amount bid is expended upon a feast.

Hinduism is, however, not only a social league resting upon caste: it is also a religious alliance based upon worship. As the various race elements of the Indian peoples have been welded into caste, so the simple beliefs of the Veda, the wild doctrines of Buddha, have been thrown into the melting-pot, and a mixture of precious metal poured out as dross, and worked up later into the complex worship of the Hindu Gods. Of these Vishnu is essentially the brightest, apparently asking no offerings but flowers, and he now flourishes as the most popular deity of

the Hindus. Under the title of "The Lord of the World," his fame has spread throughout the eastern world, and his festivals are perhaps the most interesting of all such in that land of mysteries. I travelled far to see this Vishnu worship, this religious bond where everything that appeals to a tropical race is mingled with the legends of the cause and the creator of all things.

The great Indian sun has not yet risen, but the croaking of the crows heralds the beginning of another day in the East. The great day for the festival in honour of Vishnu is at hand. I rise from my couch in the Dak bungalow, "The Travellers' Rest," and call my faithful servant to prepare me for the day and to bring me my "Chota Haziri" or little breakfast of tea and toast. After

wandering through the streets crowded with men and women garbed in festival attire, covered with white robes and turbans, bracelets and huge ear-rings. I arrive at the Temple, and see the defiant ramparts of the old crested walls with a dado of coloured stone darkened by age. Already the Brahmins have crowned the heights with colours and wait for the procession. Clustering round the entrance are hundreds of Orientals chattering like the monkeys that sit in the trees at the further end of the street.

One by one the great cars of the Gods come forth from the sacred precincts where Brahmins alone may tread. The huge gilt structures, shining partitions made of cardboard and bamboo frame-work, covered with tinsel paper give impressions of magnificence. An orchestra of weird musicians plays something deafening. Some beat tom-toms, while others blow horns and trum-

pets. The gildings on the top of the car commence to shine, for the sun has risen in the heavens, and the cold damp feeling of the early Indian morn has passed away.

Now, everything is ready. There is a great noise and more beating of drums, and the cars begin to move. Old men whose chests are covered with snow-white down, and young boys with red turbans round their heads lift the structure upon their shoulders, and it is borne to the cart which is to carry it triumphantly to the God.

The huge thing trembles. The carts are drawn by oxen, and the beasts seem to understand their mission to-day, for they are adorned with flowers and garlands of jasmine. At every corner the procession is joined by children of the Sun, and they finally pass away out of sight, past the homes of Christians to their place of prayer, which we do not understand.

AT PARTING

BY MINNIE EVELYN HENDERSON

Is't thou my friend? Now come we to the parting.
 Hush, heart; have we not parted thus ere now,
 With no more surety of the morrow's meeting,
 Though paths and hearts were knit by friendship's vow,
 Than now when new ways lead thee forth far distant?
 'Tis not the parting hurts, but time and space.
 But let no thought of these touch on our present.
 Brave, as of old, bend low thy head with grace,
 And press upon my hand the old kiss gayly,
 As oft before, ev'n where we two now stand.
 Go now—I shall stand here, and ere the hill dips
 Turn thou but once to smile and wave thy hand,
 Then through the distance, low, let us repeat:
'Tis but good-night, dear friend—until we meet.

THE POETRY OF LOUIS FRECHETTE

BY JOHN BOYD

Poet of the French-Canadians
To thee I bear a tribute
With deepest admiration
Of all thy work conveys.
In strains inspiring hast thou sung
The legends of a people,
Of French-Canadians, our brethren,
In notes resounding told
The heroic deeds of old,
Of mighty hosts of heroes,
Of noble band of martyrs,
Of warrior, priest and patriot,
O glorious history of our country!
Proud is the land which bore such sons
To make her name effulgent shine,
Happy the land which has a poet
To sing them in such strains as thine.

The death of Dr. Louis Frechette, the French-Canadian poet laureate, called forth so many eulogistic references to his works that it would seem as if little remained to be said. But, perhaps, an English-speaking Canadian who is a lover and admirer of Frechette's poems may be able to say something that will give an idea, however imperfect, to English readers unacquainted with his French works, of the characteristics of Louis Frechette's genius and the importance of his works not only from a French-Canadian but also from a national viewpoint.

This is not the occasion to dwell upon the importance of poetry and the great service which Canadian poets have rendered and are rendering to their country in the face of much apparent indifference. But a passing reference will not be out of place. In a young country, such as Canada, it is perhaps only natural

to expect that material considerations, the development of the country's resources and the expansion of its trade and commerce, should engage absorbing attention. But while these no doubt are very important in their way the danger must be guarded against that they are not regarded as the end but simply as a means. Thoreau's declaration that "there is nothing, not even crime, more opposed to poetry and philosophy, ay to life itself, than this incessant business," is no doubt one of those "extravagant" statements which he was fond of employing to emphasise important truths, but certainly care needs to be taken to again quote from the author of "Walden" that we are not "warped and narrowed by an exclusive devotion to trade and commerce and manufactures and agriculture and the like which are but means and not the end." The supreme need of this age in America, an eminent critic has said, is a practical conviction that progress does not consist in material prosperity but in spiritual advancement; utility has long been exclusively worshipped; the welfare of the future lies in the worship of beauty. These words are applicable not only to the United States, but also, though fortunately in a less degree, to our own country. Especially timely and appropriate, therefore, was the noble plea made by Dr. S. E. Dawson before the

Royal Society of Canada for more attention to the humanities as was also the striking address delivered by Dr. Peterson, Principal of McGill University, before the Canadian Club of Charlottetown, P.E.I., in which he declared that poetry required more attention in our schools, as its study would tend to counteract any material and utilitarian tendencies that may wish to force themselves into undue prominence in our present day education. Poetry, in fact, as has been well said, is the most precious possession of man, and to quote the noble words of Matthew Arnold "we should conceive of poetry worthily, and more highly than it has been the custom to conceive of it. We should conceive of it as capable of higher uses and called to higher destinies than those which in general men have assigned to it hitherto. More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us." What more stimulating and ennobling influence, indeed, could be had than the study of poetry in which, as Frederic Harrison so eloquently says, "we see transfigured the strength and beauty, of humanity, the joys and sorrows, the dignity and struggles, the long life history of our common kind." Canadian poets, therefore, such as Heavysege, Sangster, Lampman, Roberts, Campbell, Bliss Carman, McLachlan, Mair, Isabella Valancey Crawford, Frederick George Scott, John Reade, Duncan Campbell Scott, Drummond, George Murray, to mention only a few of the conspicuous names, have rendered and in many cases are still rendering service of incalculable value to the Dominion. And in any consideration of the subject it will not do to overlook the importance of the works of our French-Canadian poets, which furnish a rich tributary to the river of Canadian song. It was an essentially true remark made by Dr. J. D.

Logan on the occasion of Dr. Frechette's death that when, as in Canada, two races must become one people, nothing aids so much in bringing about unification as those individuals who by deeds of distinction in any field compel the one race to respect the other. The works, therefore, of French-Canadian poets, of Cremazie, of Gerin-Lajoie, of Pamphile Lemay, of Nérée Beauchemin, of Louis Frechette, of William Chapman, of Albert Lozeau, of Emile Néligan and of others merit the attention not alone of their compatriots but of all Canadians. In the present article attention must be confined to a brief consideration of the works of the French-Canadian poet whose loss we were so lately called upon to deplore.

To most English readers Louis Frechette was known chiefly by his charming English prose work, "Christmas in French Canada," by his interesting series of articles on French-Canadian folk lore, and by minor contributions. It was a happy inspiration which opened the pages of *The Canadian Magazine* to the distinguished French-Canadian litterateur and thus made his merits better known to English readers. But despite the undoubted charm of his English writings it is to the poems of Louis Frechette that we must turn to have any adequate conception of his genius. Unfortunately, to most English readers his French works are practically a sealed book; to those capable of reading them they cannot fail to prove a rich treasure.

In any consideration of Frechette's poems, as well as of the works of French-Canadian poets in general, it is essential that Goethe's words should be always kept in mind:—

Who the song would understand,
Needs must seek the song's own land,
Who the minstrel understand,
Needs must seek the minstrel's land.

If this is not done much of the

spirit of French-Canadian poetry may appear alien to English readers. In Frechette's poems, for instance, as well as in the writings of other French-Canadian poets, frequent references are to be found to the glories of France, to the French flag and to the beating of the heart for the old mother land of the French-Canadians. From a superficial view this might appear anomalous. But let us be just in our conceptions and broad in our views. Let us imagine the positions reversed and a people of British descent placed in one portion of a Dominion over which by the fortunes of war the Tricolour would wave instead of the Union Jack. Would they then forget that British blood flowed in their veins or cease to remember with pride the glories of British history? Assuredly not, if they did they would be craven and despicable. The French-Canadians would be worthy of little respect if they forget their glorious traditions or cease to cherish an affectionate regard for the country beneath the sod of which the bones of their forefathers rest or to take a pride in her great history and her present high position among the nations of the world. But this is far from indicating that the French-Canadians have any desire to change the Union Jack for the Tricolour. Each flag has to them its peculiar significance, each evokes distinctive feelings; one under which they have obtained the fullest liberty has their respect and good-will, the other arouses the entirely natural feeling of race pride and love.

Nearly a century and a half have passed since the cession, and yet the French-Canadians are animated by a race pride which is perfectly natural, are proud of their glorious traditions and loyal to their faith. As Frechette says:

Ils possèdent encore, après cent ans
d'orage,

Ces deux nobles joyaux de leur bel héritage;
Et leur langue et leur foi!

By keeping these considerations in view a better understanding of the spirit of Frechette's poems—a spirit they have in common with other French-Canadian poetry—will be had.

Of Louis Frechette's life it is not necessary to write in detail. As traveller, journalist, politician and *litterateur* he has his stirring experiences, some of which had a marked influence on his writings. One of his poems, *La Voix D'Un Exilé*, issued in Chicago in 1867 and copies of which are now exceedingly rare, was inspired by the longing for his native land while he was living in the Western States. But this poem was an exception, his best known works were inspired and written in his own country. From his early years Frechette appears to have found the need of metrical expression. He was but twenty-four years old when he published his first book of poems, *Mes Loisirs*, a small 12mo. volume of 200 pages, issued in Quebec in 1863. The volume contains forty-four poems written between 1858 and 1863 or between the poet's nineteenth and twenty-fourth year. There is a freshness and charm to these early poems that make them appeal especially to the reader. They were as the poet designates them:

Charmes de mes soirées!
Charmes de mes hivers!
Illusions dorées.

While not without an occasional note of deep feeling his first poems bear the impress of the poet's youthful ardour and enthusiasm. They seem to come directly from the heart. "I write," he says in the preface to his first work, "from pure relaxation, from love of art, without ever following any rule than the caprice of the moment, any path than that where my imagination

leads to, any star than that of the inspiration which is born of circumstances." It is to this naturalness that much of the excellence of Frechette's poetry is due. From the very outset Frechette recognised the divine mission of poetry:—

Divine poésie,
O coupe d'ambroisie,
De nectar et de miel!
Voix pleine de mystère,
N'es-tu pas sur la terre
L'écho des chants du ciel!

He sent his poems forth with the high hope that they might have:—

Pour tous les pauvres cœurs déshérités du monde,
Un mot d'amour, un mot d'espoir!

It is significant that the first of his poems is dedicated to Cremazie to whose inspiration he was so much indebted. The subjects of his earliest poems are diverse. There are *L'Iroquoise*, treating of an old legend of Lake St. Peter; *La Premier De L'An 1861*, in which the poet voiced the loyalty of the French-Canadians to the Church during the troublous times in Italy; *Alleluia*, a poem on the Resurrection; *Les Héros De 1760*, in which he sings of the exploits of Levis and his brave companions in arms; *Les Pins De Nicolet*, reminiscent of college days and the *Fête National* on the national fête day of the French-Canadians. There are also a number of stirring songs and numerous verses to relatives and friends.

Naturally in any consideration of Frechette's poems most interest will attach to the work which enjoyed the rare distinction of being crowned by the French Academy, *Les Fleurs Boréales* and *Les Oiseaux De Neige*. The day on which the works of a French-Canadian poet were crowned for the first time by the foremost literary body of Europe was indeed a notable one not only for the poet but for Canada. From that day Frechette's fame was assured. The poems which were pub-

lished in Paris in 1881 the year they were crowned by the Academy are contained in a 12mo. volume of 264 pages prefaced by a portrait of the poet, which recalls the days when the writer first met him, then in the full flush of his young manhood. The opening poem of the series is *La Decouverte Du Mississippi*, in which the poet pays a glowing tribute to Joliet and the other valiant pioneers:—

Humbles soldats de Dieu, sans reproche et sans crainte.

There is also a long poem on Papineau and his great struggle for the rights of the French-Canadians:—

Il fut toute une époque, et longtemps
notre race
N'eut que sa voix pour glaive, et son
corps pour cuirasse.

There are other poems dealing with historical and miscellaneous subjects and many verses to intimate friends. The charm of Louis Frechette's poetry is most conspicuous in some of his short poems. In *Les Oiseaux De Neige* he struck a rare note of tenderness and sweetness. What more beautiful and charming could be found, for instance, than the verse on *Les Oiseaux Blancs*:—

Du froid, de la neige,
Des vents et des eaux,
Que Dieu vous protège,
Petits oiseaux!

What a simply beautiful line is that with which *Les Oiseaux De Neige* closes:—

Le faible que Dieu garde est toujours
bien gardé.

In another poem, *L'Année Canadienne* inscribed to his father, the poet sings of the beauties of the various months of the Canadian year. The volume also contains many poems on the beauties of nature and numerous *amitiés* and *intimités*.

Louis Frechette's best known work and the one which is regarded

by many of his compatriots as his greatest is *La Légende D'Un Peuple*. This is a series of poems contained in an 8vo. demi volume published in Paris in 1887 and prefaced by a sympathetic introduction by Jules Claretie, the distinguished French litterateur. *La Légende D'Un Peuple* has been well described as the epic of *La Nouvelle France*. Frechette in this work, as Charles ab der Halden, a French critic who has written sympathetically of his works calls him, is the "Garneau of poetry, a noble and fine task worthy of a great writer." The work consists of a "prologue" and three "epochs," the prologue an apostrophe to America in general, the first "epoch" treating of the deeds of the early French pioneers, missionaries and warriors, the second of the heroic struggle in the last days of French Canada, and the third with later events and personages such as Chateauguay and De Salaberry and the patriots of '37. Space will permit of but a brief mention of Frechette's other poetical works. They include *Pele-Mele*, a collection of miscellaneous poems and *Feuilles Volantes* or, as we would say in English, loose leaves, containing a long poem on Jean Baptiste de La Salle, founder of the Christian Brothers, and poems on various subjects. Among the number is a fine tribute to Matthew Arnold which was read at a banquet given to the English poet and essayist during his visit to Montreal in 1885—this again showing Frechette's broad sympathies. He also paid a noble tribute in verse to Queen Victoria and wrote a poem of welcome on the occasion of the visit to Montreal in 1901 of the then Duke of York, now the Prince of Wales, who was so lately with us again. Frechette also tried his hand at playwriting, *Felix Poutre*, an historical drama in four acts treating of events during 1837.

What after all is the key to Frech-

ette's poetical power? Like Francis Coppee, the French "poet of the people," he was a singularly clever technician but while the technique of his poems is admirable and his versification, for the most part, harmonious, something more is needed to explain its power. Form and harmonious versification are excellent in their way, but as Matthew Arnold so strikingly observes, a nation may have versifiers with smooth numbers and easy rhymes and yet have no poetry at all. While form makes a large part of the beauty of poetry, yet, as Nathan Haskell Dole, an American critic, whose studies on poetry are especially illuminating, remarks, poetry is more than form. To form, in fact, must be added the thought and spirit which constitute the soul of poetry. The soul of Louis Frechette's poems is the lofty patriotism which pervades them. It was, in fact, in dealing with the heroic events of French Canada as in his *Légende D'Un Peuple* that Frechette struck his highest notes. As he himself said in speaking of Cremazie, it is patriotism which crowns the poet and his own poems are vibrant with patriotism. In inspiring strains he has sung the glorious deeds of the heroic pioneers, missionaries and warriors, whose exploits are the pride not only of the French-Canadians but of the whole Dominion. The heroic deeds of old inspired his best efforts:—

Lève ton front, ô ma Patrie!
Contemple le ciel radieux!
Le soleil d'un jour glorieux
Luit sur ta bannière chérie
Peuple, déroule tes drapeaux,
Débris d'une héroïque histoire;
Va rêver aux vieux jours de gloire,
Sur la tombe de tes héros!

* * *

Nous avons notre vieille histoire,
Il est encore des jours de gloire:
Nous pouvons être des héros!

The fire of patriotism is, in fact, the dominant characteristic of

Frechette's poetry. He glories in the history of his people, the Canadian soil, made sacred by the blood of heroes, is to him the most precious in the world, and he foresees a glorious future for his country:—

Sol Canadien, que j'aime avec idolâtrie,
Dans l'accomplissement de tous ces grands
travaux,
Quand je pèse la part que le ciel t'a
donnée,
Les yeux sur l'avenir, terre prédestinée,
J'ai foi dans tes destines nouveaux!

Frechette, it is true, wrote no song that appeals to the French-Canadian heart like Cremazie's *Drapeau de Carillon* or to Gerin-Lajoie's *Canadien Errant*, one of the most touching songs ever written—the song of the French-Canadian banished from his native land.

But Frechette's work looms large as a whole, and as the French critic has so justly remarked, the inspiration animates all, preserves all. Frechette's genius was not confined in its range. He sang sympathetically of the beauties of nature, the great natural spectacles of the earth; Niagara, the Saguenay, Cape Eternity, the Thousand Islands, all inspired him to song. The mystery of the impenetrable forests appealed to his nature:—

O mes belles forêts que j'aime!
Vastes forêts de mon pays!

The sense of the deep mystery of life, which so appeals to all poets, also found expression in his poems:—

Qu'est-ce donc, ô mon Dieu, qu'est-ce
donc que la vie,
Ce banquet séduisant où notre âme ravie
Porte une lèvre avide aux coupes des
amours?
C'est un nom qu'une main a tracé sur le
sable
Et qu'une âme insaisissable
Efface et détruit pour toujours!

He cherished the poet's dreams and illusions:—

O mes rêves chéris! mes rêves adorés!
Rappelez-moi toujours mes souvenirs
dorés!

Love and friendship inspired some

of his most charming verses, such as
Un Petit Mot D'Amour:—

Soupirs, brises, murmures,
Vibrant sous les ramures,
A la chute du jour!
Rien ne vaut l'harmonie,
La douceur infinie,
D'un petit mot d'amour.

Or of a flower he would sing:—

Talisman de l'amour, symbole d'espérance.

Frechette's travels and varied experiences made him a man of wide sympathies and broad views, and much of his poetry is, therefore, marked not only by a beauty of expression, but by a strength and depth of feeling that could only spring from a wide knowledge of human nature. As Senator David, who, by his own writings, has done so much to enrich French-Canadian literature, has so justly observed, Frechette did much "to enrich our language, to deepen our sympathies, and to broaden our views of life." His warm and affectionate nature is shown by the numerous tributes to friends contained in his poems, what John Reade, with the sympathetic appreciation of a fellow poet, has so beautifully called "voices of the heart."

Whether Frechette will be considered a great poet may be left to the future to decide. As Charles ab der Halden wrote while the poet was still with us, Frechette's work is yet too close to our time to allow of its being estimated as it will be by history. His poems, like the work of other poets, are not without their defects, beauties being balanced by faults. But certainly much of his poetry possesses that good sense, which, a high authority has declared, forms the body of poetic genius, the fancy which is its drapery, the motion which is its life, and the imagination which is the soul, that is everywhere and in each and forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole. Many of his poems, too, possess that high and excellent

seriousness, which, as Matthew Arnold observes with Aristotle, is one of the tests of true poetry. Some of Frechette's poems were the subjects of a rather lively polemical discussion, in which the poet was warmly attacked and as warmly defended. It was charged that much of his work was largely imitative. But what poet, it may be asked, does not owe much to the influence of his predecessors and contemporaries? As James Russell Lowell says, "Children learn to speak by watching the lips and catching the words of those who know how already, and poets learn in the same way from their elders." Frechette as a youth was a personal friend and disciple of Cremazie, and in one of his earliest poems he frankly acknowledges his indebtedness to the inspiration of that great Canadian poet, saying, as Reboul said of Lamartine, "*mes chants naquirent de tes chants.*" Some of Frechette's poetry, too, shows the influence of Victor Hugo, of whom he was a warm personal friend and admirer. But Frechette was no mere imitator shining by reflected glory. His poetical productions possess an originality all their own; many of his creations are clothed in beautiful form and appeal directly to the heart of the reader. And after all, why should invidious comparisons be made between the works of Louis Frechette and those of other French-Canadian poets, who all have done noble work though perhaps in varying degree? Time, which is the great regulator of all reputations, will dispassionately set the place of each. But, as Sainte-Beuve so beautifully observed, "there is more than one chamber in the mansions of my father, that should be as true of the kingdom of the beautiful here below as of the kingdom of heaven":—

But the great Master said "I see
No best in kind but in degree,
I gave a various gift to each
To charm, to strengthen and to teach."

Nobody had a truer or more sym-

pathetic appreciation of the work of his fellow poets than Frechette. Throughout his poems are to be found warm tributes to Cremazie, Pamphile Lemay, Nérée Beauchemin, and other French-Canadian writers. Nor were his sympathies confined to his compatriots; he had also a true appreciation of the work of English-Canadian writers, as was evidenced by his sympathetic preface to Drummond's poems. Jealousy or narrowness, in fact, had no place in the make-up of Louis Frechette, as it cannot have in the thoughts or feelings of any true poet. If any further proof were wanted in this respect, the noble statue of Cremazie, which stands in one of the most beautiful of Montreal's many beautiful squares, is an enduring monument, not only to the memory of the gifted singer of the *Drapeau de Carillon*, but to the large-hearted and sympathetic nature of Louis Frechette.

French-Canadian poetry, as has been said, forms a rich tributary to the river of Canadian song. Unfortunately, French-Canadian poetry and English-Canadian poetry are, at present, to some extent marked by a distinctive spirit, but it will not always be so. If there is one defect in much Canadian poetry, it is the absence as its dominant characteristic of that truly national note—national not in any narrow or restricted sense, but in the sense of the widespread Dominion.

Every Canadian can applaud the sentiment expressed by Frechette in his poem on the occasion of the Duke of York's visit, when, speaking of Canada, he says:—

Voilà ce peuple né de la lutte suprême,
Plus que tout autre il a résolu le problème
De la sainte fraternité.

When English-Canadian poets shall be broad and sympathetic enough to sing with pride of the glories of French Canada, and when French-Canadian poets shall sing of the glor-

ies, not of French Canada alone, but of the greater Dominion, then, indeed, we shall have a truly national poetry. But even with its present limitations, French-Canadian poetry is a repository of rare beauties, and amongst French-Canadian poets Louis Frechette is not the least.

Fortunate in his life, Louis Frechette, despite the painful suddenness of his end, may be said to have been also fortunate in the time of his death. He had almost completed the Psalmist's allotted span; he had enjoyed rare literary distinctions, and was spared to see his works admired and appreciated by his fellow-countrymen. To those who knew him, he left the memory of an affectionate and sympathetic friend, and to his country he bequeathed works which will be an inspiration to future generations. His remains were followed to their last resting place by a sorrowing multitude of his compatriots, including many prominent representatives of the professions, letters and arts, while English-Canadian literature was represented by its esteemed doyen, John Reade, who has such a warm and sympathetic appreciation of Louis Frechette's work. A personal reference may here be pardoned. The lines with which this article opens were written while Louis Frechette

was still alive, by one to whom his poems have been a source of pleasure and inspiration, and who had meant to use them in connection with a small effort which he had intended to dedicate to the French-Canadian laureate. Louis Frechette's career had closed before the work was completed. The lines are now given simply as showing the feelings his poems were capable of arousing in one English-speaking Canadian who had read and studied them with sympathetic interest, and the imperfection of the utterance will be excused by the sincerity of the tribute. What more fitting close to this imperfect article, in which an attempt has been made to give an idea of Louis Frechette's poetical works, than the sympathetic tribute of another French-Canadian poet, Bourbeau Rainville, whose words will be re-echoed by every Canadian who has any personal knowledge of Frechette's poems:—

Athlète de l'idée et du verbe sonore,
Peintre de la nature, analyste du cœur,
Artisan des beaux vers et du rythme vain-
queur,
Poète du terroir dont le pays s'honore;

Nous qui t'avons aimé dans ta force et ta gloire
Nous te conserverons ta place dans l'histoire.
A nos enfants ravis nous apprendrons tes vers.

*Vous signerez toujours au fond de nos pensées :
Et, plus tard, remontant vers les siècles passés,
des cœurs bressailleront à votre souvenir*

Louis Frechette.

THE ART OF CURTIS WILLIAMSON, R. C. A.

BY H. MORTIMER-LAMB

I REMEMBER reading, not long ago, a newspaper article in which it was deplored that Canadians are entirely unappreciative of art, and so utterly imbued with the spirit of commercialism that their eyes are closed to the perception of the finer things of life. In proof, it was shown that with few exceptions those Canadians who had distinguished themselves in literature or art had not been content to abide in their own country, but had either been forced or had chosen to seek in other lands that recognition and preferment denied them at home. This is, in a measure, true, but it is a truth that might just as aptly apply in the case of any other new or sparsely populated country. Culture is born of leisure, and the refinements of existence, the love of the beautiful, or taste in literature or art usually require for their development a more congenial and peaceful environment than that engendered by the pioneer's hard struggle to win a foothold from the wilderness and tame nature to minister to his needs. Those who mean the low standard of our national taste forget, moreover, that a very large proportion of Canada's population is composed of the least educated classes from European countries, who have settled here within the last twenty years; that we have as yet practically no class of leisure, and last, but not least, by reason of geographical situation and distance, we are prevented from ex-

periencing those influences or of sharing those advantages which in other countries serve in so great a measure to promote and foster the love and just appreciation of art and tend to improve the standard of public taste. But, bearing in mind these disabilities, it may be asserted that the condition of art in Canada is far from deplorable; on the contrary, there is a great deal on which we may properly congratulate ourselves. It is, for example, a matter for just pride that, notwithstanding the disabilities to which I have alluded, Can-



CURTIS WILLIAMSON, R.C.A.



Painting by Curtis Williamson, R.C.A.

AN INTERIOR

adian art is at present well represented by a group of perhaps five or six artists whose works may be characterised as both original and distinguished. To describe a work as original is, while according it the highest praise, to at once stamp it as unpopular, for originality is ever regarded by the public with suspicion, even with abhorrence. This is the very simple explanation why meritorious work is here disregarded; while mediocrity or worse is too frequently encouraged. James Morrice must needs go to Paris and Horatio Walker to New York to win recognition and honour; but we have men still resident in Canada of whom we have equal reason to be proud, but whose art remains at present unappreciated except by the few.

Among Canadian artists Mr. Curtis Williamson is pre-eminent as a figure painter; while, at the same time, that breadth of view, force and in-

sight which he brings to bear in the treatment of figure subjects, finds also adequate expression in his powerful and convincing landscapes, on the rare occasions on which he is moved to paint them.

Curtis Williamson is happy in that he has never been compelled to consider or pander to popular taste. He has painted to please, or rather to express, himself in his own way, refusing to prostitute his art for the sake of popularity or gain. True, in some sense, the spur of struggle and poverty is not a detriment; but to the man of real genius, of true, artistic instincts and fine sensibilities a sordid environment may easily paralyse or kill inspiration or originality. Thus, one wonders, would the gentle, sensitive Corot have con-

tinued to dwell in his happy and peaceful dreamland if he had been forced to trouble himself with the harsher facts of life? But, as to Williamson, probably under any circumstances he would have refused to bow his neck to the yoke of convention; or, if for a space he had succumbed to temptation, like Millet, he would very speedily have realised his error.

There is a very general similarity in the early careers of most painters. That of Curtis Williamson is not remarkable. He was born in Ontario, and his father, Mr. W. S. Williamson, of Liverpool, is likewise a Canadian. As far back as he can remember, he tells me, he was "afflicted with a desire to make shapes of people and things"; but it was not until he had nearly arrived at man's estate that he seriously considered following art as a profession. After working for a period in the studio

of a Toronto painter, where he became proficient in the art of stretching canvases and painting backgrounds, he went to Paris to become a student at Julian's Academy under Constant and Lefebvre; but after rather a year of studio routine he forsook the attractions of the Latin Quarter, and going into the country, took up his abode near Barbizon, there entering into the life and learning the patois of the peasants, until in feeling he had, as he says, almost become one of themselves. Here he first began to paint in the characteristic and individual manner by which his works may now be distinguished. Mere prettiness does not appeal to Curtis Williamson any more than it can to any artist having in him the possibility of greatness; and even in his earlier efforts we may discern this contempt for the superficial and obvious. A painter must necessarily be also a poet, a seer, a thinker; otherwise what can he say to us that we do not know ourselves? The charm of Mr. Williamson's work, apart from the technical skill shown in its execution, and which merely enables him to express himself as well as he does, is its mysticism and its dignity. To most men those dark gloomy interiors of the peasant huts at Barbizon would suggest nothing but discomfort and squalour, but the eye of the artist is more discerning; the rich luminous shadows; the glorious play of golden light as the beams filter through the tiny casement; the refined and rich tone of the smoke-darkened walls, relieved here and there with notes of vivid colour; the blue of the plates, the red of the copper utensils—these are what appeal to the art sense; but more than



Painting by Curtis Williamson, R.C.A.

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that, here among the patient, toiling people of the fields one is brought more directly in contact with fundamental things. No one has realised this so expressively as Millet, and who in the presence of that great artist's masterpieces has not experienced feelings of mingled elation and heaviness of heart, evoked by the master's interpretation of the cry of the earth?

There is no doubt that Mr. Williamson's residence among the peasants of Barbizon exerted a powerful and beneficial influence on his work, and equipped him for his career more adequately than could years of academic teaching. Mr. Williamson exhibited his first picture in the Salon when he was twenty-two years of age, but he has never since greatly concerned himself with exhibitions, partly for the reason that his work rarely satisfied the high standard at which he aimed; and again because he has



Painting by Curtis Williamson, R.C.A.

A YOUNG WOMAN OF LAREN

been somewhat indifferent to public opinion, or, to quote a remark of his to me on this subject, he preferred "to dig things out his own way regardless of the popular point of view." Nevertheless, whenever Mr. Williamson has exhibited, he has won appreciation, and, besides exhibiting in the Salon, his work has appeared in the National Academy of New York, the Pennsylvania Academy, and some other exhibitions of note; while, too, he was awarded a silver medal at the St. Louis Universal exposition for

his fine picture, "Klaasje," recently purchased by the Dominion Government. This is the third example of his work to hang in the National Gallery at Ottawa, while the Ontario Government possesses one.

After returning to Canada for a short time, in 1896 he again went to Europe, and remained abroad for about ten years, producing a number of sincere and convincing pictures, chiefly of interiors and figure subjects. He has spent the last three or four years in Canada, working dur-



Painting by Curtis Williamson, R.C.A.

THE MIST, NEWFOUNDLAND



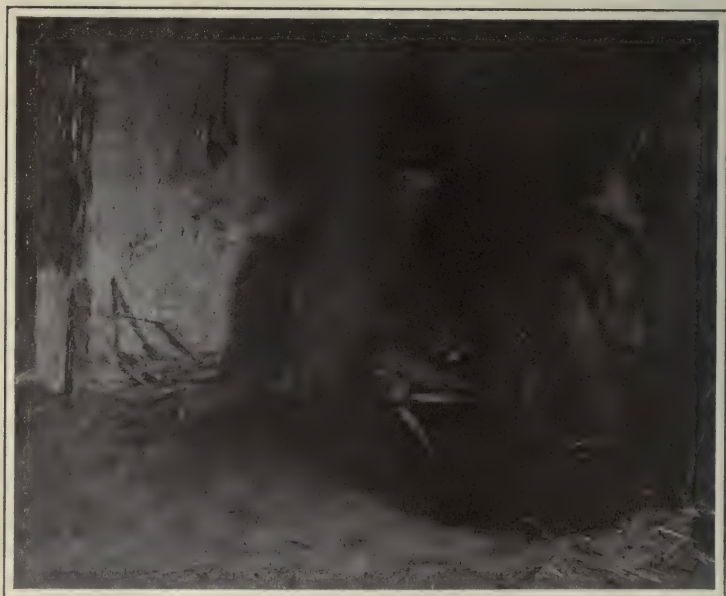
Painting by Curtis Williamson, R.C.A.

A RIFT, NEWFOUNDLAND



Painting by Curtis Williamson, R.C.A.

THE GULF



Painting by Curt's Williamson, R.C.A.

AN INTERIOR

ing the winter months in his studio in Toronto, and in the summer afield. The result of a visit to Newfoundland last summer was the production of three magnificently handled and forceful landscapes, which breathe the very spirit of that grim fog-begirt island.

Mr. Williamson has no regular method of working, but, according to the mood he wishes to express, lays the paint on either with a sledge-hammer directness or feels his way with a sort of indefinite smudge. And, although it is his constant endeavour to seize upon big truths of both form and colour, he cares most to express the feeling or spirit his subject inspires. In short, he is a man of intense feeling, of broad sympathies, and of high ideals; but impatient of conventional restraint and despising humbug in any form. He has in him all the makings of a great artist, the ability to grasp and the skill to execute; and we look forward to the time when his powers will be fully matured.

This brief article is manifestly written in the spirit of appreciation and not with critical intent; but it may not, perhaps, be amiss to note that heretofore a characteristic of Mr. Williamson's work has been that he has sought rather the quality of gloom than of light. Until quite recently many of his pictures were painted in a very low key, and were somewhat lacking in those luminous qualities which are the enduring charm and wonder of the works of Rembrandt and some other of the old masters. Of late, Mr. Williamson appears to have been working in the direction of a higher key of colour, and



Painting by Curtis Williamson, R.C.A.

OLD MAN OF LAREN

some of his more recent works, notably the Newfoundland landscapes to which I have already alluded, possess beautifully luminous and atmospheric qualities.

Canada is essentially a paintable country, and to an artist of Mr. Williamson's temperament it should offer a wide scope. No painter has yet expressed the spirit of the great north-land; none, perhaps, has possessed the power of insight which such a task would demand. Mr. Williamson has so far spent most of his life abroad, and is steeped in the traditions, the poetry and peace of the old world. He has not yet had time to bring himself into sympathy and close accord with unfamiliar and possibly less congenial conditions; but that will come, and we may hope one day to be able to regard him as pre-eminently the painter of our national life.

THE LATE MRS. SULLIVAN

BY A. CLARE GIFFIN

IT was wash-day. The Sullivan back-door exhaled a cloud of steam and the back-yard echoed to the shouts of Basil Underwood and Elaine Delafield, the youngest members of the family. In the midst of it all, Mrs. Sullivan toiled with desperate energy at the family wash. It was about ten o'clock in the morning and things had not gone smoothly; so that much-enduring woman was not in the best of temper, and was anything but pleased when a small, white-haired, dark-skinned child appeared before her and said:—

"Aunt Marier, Paw wants to see you."

"Land o' Goshen, child, what's yer Paw want o' me, at this time o' day? Ef he ain't got nothin' to do hisself, I have, an' he needn't be a-wastin' my time."

"He's out by the gate, an' he won't keep you more'n a minute, Aunt Marier."

"Why don't he come in like a Christian? Bill always is runnin' round the country wastin' his own time an' everyone else's," went on Mrs. Sullivan angrily, as she wiped her hands on her skirt and started for the front gate for her interview with the unwelcome Bill. On her way she found time to give Basil Underwood, who happened to stand in her path, a slight corrective tap, and this so relieved her feelings that Bill found her most unexpectedly friendly.

"Well, Marier," he began as she appeared, "I ain't been over fur quite a spell."

"Puttin' in pertaters?" queried Maria.

"Well, no; 'tain't that exactly. I—I—in a way I ain't liked to come Marier. I kinder have to stay 'round home these days." He stood, scraping the gravel sheepishly with his feet, and Maria's curiosity increased tenfold. Bill as the possessor of a secret was something new.

"Why, Bill. What's the matter? Shorely, now, that new wife o' yours ain't afraid o' bein' left alone? An' why ain't you puttin' in your pertaters?"

"Well, I'm doin' what I can, with-out goin' too far from the house."

"Fur the land's sake, Bill," exclaimed Mrs. Sullivan, impatiently, "speak out an' say what you mean. You've got me all worked up an' excited now, but I ain't got no time to waste while you're tryin' to come to the pint."

"Marier, I'm goin' in to set down 'an' have a drink. There's no use me tryin' to tell you out here."

Almost frantic with excitement Maria led into the kitchen, where Lola Deferris, kept home from school to help, was reading "The Fatal Wedding" while the dishes stood unwashed in the middle of the table.

"Lola, you take them two children outside, an' keep 'em quiet while I talk to yer Uncle Bill," commanded Mrs. Sullivan, indicating Basil and Elaine with a sweep of her hand. Slowly and reluctantly Lola led them out and Mrs. Sullivan spread her ample form in an old rocking chair.

"Now, Bill, go ahead an' let's hear what's the matter."

Bill scratched his head, looked uneasily out of the window and then, as his redoubtable sister-in-law began to look impatient, plunged desperately into his story.

"It's Lucy!" he said explosively, "She ha'nts the house an' frightens Mary Ann."

"Mary Ann's a fool," jerked out Maria, "an' you're another, Bill Sullivan, to come 'round here tellin' me such a yarn an' wastin' my time. If Mary Ann was half as good a wife fur you as poor Lucy was, you wouldn't be let make sich a fool o' yourself."

"But she does ha'nt the house," persisted Bill.

"Ha'nt! What in the name of goodness would poor Lucy want comin' back to that old shack o' yourn? 'Twouldn't be to see Mary Ann nor you nuther."

"Mary Ann's afraid it's on account of her beatin' the children."

"Then what's she beat 'em fur? An' what in the name o' sense do you an' Mary Ann think I'm a-goin' to do fur you? Lucy won't go fur my tellin' ef she won't go fur Mary Ann's looks."

"The children's awful bad, an' Mary Ann she's gotter keep 'em down somehow," Bill heaved a weary sigh; "anyway I don't know what to do; do you calkilate you might come over Marier? Mary Ann she sez to me, sez she, 'Bill you git Marier to come over, an' she'll do somethin'."

Maria thought a moment. It was certainly a temptation to investigate this mystery; moreover, it meant a holiday from the cares of her family. She would leave the wash till she came back. Constance Eulalie, the mainstay of her mother and at present out on an errand, would get the dinner for the children and tea for the men if necessary. Yes, it could be done.

"Bill, I'm an old fool to walk 'way

over to the Clearin' with you because Mary Ann thinks she's seen a ghost. It's all o' five miles an' them roads is awful bad; an' I ain't got one mite o' my wash done up. Mary Ann's an awful helpless woman! But I'll go."

She rose from her chair and opening the back door, called in the exiled members of the family.

"Lola, I'm goin' over to the Clearin' with your Uncle Bill. You wash up them dishes an' tell Con when she comes in to git your dinner an' your father's tea when he comes in from the mines. Ef I'm not back to-night I'll be stayin' at Mis. Jim Jones's an' I'll be back in the mornin'; an' tell Con to put that there wash to one side an' we'll do it up to-morrer; there ain't no call to work all the time."

With this excuse for her summary desertion of her home and its duties, Mrs. Sullivan went into the little closet off the kitchen that served as spare bedroom and family wardrobe, and presently came out again, brave in a red silk waist with not more than four split seams, a blue cloth skirt with a train effect at the back, compensated by an equal shortness in front, and a large black hat with a pink feather.

"Now, Bill, I'm ready. Call that there lazy 'Mericus o' yours an' let's get off."

Americus Vespucius Sullivan was called, and the three set off along the rough wood-road to the clearing. The spot had been cleared by a Loyalist regiment from North Carolina as a site for a town, and there had been great hopes of prosperity. But somehow the hopes had not been realised, and the first settlers had died, or drifted away, leaving no one to take their places, and now the sole heirs of the vanished project were Bill Sullivan, his father and two other families, who farmed in leisurely fashion the few spots not yet overgrown with trees.

The road to this remote spot, from

the prosperous little mining and fishing village of Goldham was hardly more than a rude trail through the woods. Mrs. Sullivan had little chance to talk with Bill on the way and by the time they reached the Clearing she was simply bursting with curiosity. At some distance from the house they were met by the easily-alarmed Mary Ann, a thin sharp-faced woman with mouse-coloured hair and weak looking blue eyes, whom Maria frankly despised, and whom she dominated both by physical weight and by mental superiority.

"There she comes," said Maria as Mary Ann toiled up the hill towards them. "Now, ain't she helpless?" But Mary Ann flung herself impetuously on the rescuer.

"Oh, Marier! Sez I to Bill, 'Ef you kin git Marier there 'll be something done, you mark my words.' Sez Bill, 'I'll go fur her now, Mary Ann, an' you go up to father's an' stay tell I come back!' An' so I did; an' now, Marier, ef the thing walks, you kin see it fur yerself."

"Ef it walks!" sniffed Maria.

"It's me it ha'n'ts," complained Mary Ann, with just a touch of pride in her voice.

"Well, I pity its taste. What in the name o' sense Lucy wants hangin' around this place," and Maria looked scornfully at the bare room that they had just entered, "is more'n I kin make out."

"First night it came I'd beat little Bob the day before," ventured Mary Ann timidly, looking at a pale miserable-looking child who had come in.

"Well, I suppose that might bring her back," said Maria doubtfully. The atmosphere of Goldham was altogether too prosaic to nourish a belief in ghosts and she was naturally a practical woman. Nevertheless the unquestioning belief of Mary Ann was having its effect.

"Old Mr. Sullivan said he most knew that was why it came," continued Mary Ann, as she hurried about getting dinner for the guest.

"When did it come the first time?" asked Maria.

"More'n a week ago; the night after I beat Bob fur firin' rocks at Mis Jones's Sally. It came in the night and stood at the foot of the bed an' called me; it was all shinin' like's if it was on fire."

"That was how you saw it I s'pose?"

"I guess so, fur it was pitch dark. I 'most died with fright an' next day it came agin 'bout dinner time, an' stood at the back door a-glarin' at me."

"Did Bill see it agin?"

"Yes, an' it nigh about skeered him to death. I had a need fur to beat that there young-one, Bob, an' the night after, there wur Lucy standin' at the foot of the bed an' a-callin' fur me."

"Well, an' did that stop you beatin' Bob?" asked the now deeply interested Maria.

"I should say it did! Why she wur a-scarin' the life outen me! But she ain't stopped it fur all that. Day 'fore yestidy she was standin' at the back door when I come in from milkin'. Old Mr. Sullivan wur with me an' he seed her too. An' this mornin' when I come down to make the fire, there she wur, a-standin' an' sighin' by the stove."

"Must be cold where she is," mused Maria, "an' she don't seem to want to see Bill much."

"How d'ye do, Marier?" said a new voice, and Bill's father appeared at the open door. "Air you a-goin' to see what's to be done about Lucy's ghost?"

"Well, Mr. Sullivan, I don't see much ez I kin do. I can't ask her to come an' stop with me."

"Don't you go makin' a mock of ghosts, Marier; like enough she'd come ef she could hear you."

"Now, Mr. Sullivan," exclaimed Maria, seeking support in her fast disappearing scepticism, "you don't shorely believe in 'em?"

"O' course I do!" he answered

vehemently; "ain't I been a-seein' 'em all me days? Ain't I seen 'em all sizes an' kinds an' colours? White ghosts, an' red ghosts, an' black ghosts? With their heads an' without their heads? Didn't I see Lucy day before yestidy? She wur in a white dress flowin' all loose an' she had a black belt on, an' somethin' black 'round her neck, an' black welwet bands 'round her wrists. No, don't go tellin' me there ain't no ghosts; it's agin natur, an' it's agin religion. More'n fifty year ago, old Mr. Blackwater hisself showed me the verse in the Bible that when you read it to 'em the ghosts has to go; an' then you say there ain't none!"

"Well, p'raps there is, I don't disdeny it," returned the would-be doubter, now almost convinced. Then an idea came to her. "Mr. Sullivan," she said abruptly, "ef there's a piece you read to git clear o' ghosts, why don't you read it to Lucy next time she comes?"

"Marier, yer a smart woman, ef you have got new-fangled notions. Git me the Bible, Mary Ann."

"There ain't none here," said Mary Ann, who had listened wide-eyed with admiration to this combat of superior intellects. "Bill had to send it up to Jim's fur Aunt Sally's funeral and they ain't brung it back yet."

"Send fur it then," said the resourceful Maria. "Bob, you run an' git the Bible fur your grandfather; hurry now!"

"An' while he's gone, set in an' have some dinner. 'Mericus go call yer father," said Mary Ann, already looking brighter at the prospect of a release from the persecutions of the late Mrs. Sullivan.

Bob was soon back with the Bible and after dinner the whole party sat down to wait for the sole remaining necessity for the laying of Lucy's restless spirit—that is to say, Lucy herself. But Lucy did not come. Perhaps because she knew she was wanted (and as Bill remarked, "She

wur always a contrary woman"), perhaps because the room was too crowded, having four grown people and eight children in it, not to mention two dogs and a stray hen; later on, old Mrs. Sullivan and Mrs. Jim Jones joined the party, but even this did not bring Lucy. All were rapidly becoming impatient, and at last Mary Ann, who was fast losing faith in the exorcism method of disposing of spirits, rose and went into the pantry, remarking as she went:

"Well, I'm a-goin' to git tea."

She opened the door and then screamed wildly, and fell back into the arms of Maria. There was a general exodus towards the outside door, but Maria stood her ground; for, as she said later:—

"It warn't me as Lucy come fur!"

With the courage born of this conviction, she called boldly to the retreating exorcist:

"Now's the time to read your Scriptur, Mr. Sullivan. Here she be!"

The old man crept slowly back into the room, now dusky with the approaching twilight; in a quavering voice and with one eye on the pantry door, he read the passage. A crash was heard from behind the closed door, and both Maria and the exorcist promptly fled. But there was little doubt that the ghost had fled also, and Mary Ann found next morning that it had overturned a pan of milk in its flight.

But Mrs. Sullivan was then on her way home, after a most pleasant visit with Mrs. Jim Jones. She said little about the incident when she had returned to the bosom of her family, for she had an uncomfortable feeling that the well-informed Con might laugh at her superstition; but she waited anxiously for developments. She had not long to wait. About a week later, one fine morning while she was preparing to spend the day with a neighbour, she heard Mary Ann's querulous voice at the door:

"Marier, for goodness sakes give me

a cup o' tea. I'm nigh beat out!"

Maria emerged from the inner room and looked at her visitor in horror. Mary Ann was red and heated as to the face, and her garments were torn and muddy.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed the hostess breathlessly; "Hev you jest come from the Clearin'?"

"Jest this mornin'," replied Mary Ann, worn out, but evidently enjoying the situation and the excitement that her appearance was creating. "We're movin'!"

"What in the name o' sence fur? An' where to?" Maria was bustling

about getting the cup of tea.

"On account o' Lucy," wailed Mary Ann. "She didn't go fur no Scriptur verses! She came twict last week an' nigh skeered me to death. Sez I to Bill yisterday, 'there ain't no use talkin'. I ain't goin' to be plagued to death. We got to move.' At first he wasn't willin', but I didn't give him no peace till he come over here an' rented that little house o' Mr. MacLean's out on the road. An' we're movin' in there to-day."

"Will you hev sugar?" asked the almost speechless Marier as she passed her guest the cup of tea.

"STORM STILL"

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

Drenching the moors, and through the forest-glooms,
While thunder booms,

The rain is roaring;

With lightning-glares the heavens shiver,

The giant branches thrash and quiver,

The birds go scudding, screaming, soaring.

For Love, for Love is dead and gone for aye,
So all things say,—

Yea, all things, all things,—

While with fixed eyes and arms upraised in power

An old mad king hurries the fatal hour

With cries, defiance and callings.

Storm still, storm ever, until the day is done,
And, one by one,

The stars are shining:

Though Love be dead, see Love's wan ghost appearing,

And through the silent Dark her pathway clearing,

On bruised and baffled Lear declining!



THE WITCH OF THE YEAR

In cloak of gorgeous crimson
 Enwrought with leaves of gold,
 Draws near with magic footstep
 Ere comes December's cold,
 The spirit of the forest,
 Whose eyes have caught the brown
 That gleams in woodland waters,
 Where leaves of Autumn drown.

A glint of topaz splendour
 Her nut-brown hair has caught,
 Her smile of elfish sweetness
 Of mortal care knows naught.
 She lingers on the hillside
 Where purple shadows throng,
 And boatmen on far waters
 Have heard her evensong.

O'er lakes of pine-crowned Northland
 She throws the spell of dreams;
 The echo of her laughter
 Thrills down Canadian streams;
 When hush lies on the forest,
 And fairy worlds are near,
 She comes—the dusk October,
 The Witch of all the year.

J. G.

* * *

WHERE WOMAN LINGERS

A RECENT article has pleasantly set at rest any doubts concerning the essential femininity of the modern woman. The international exhibitions for the last forty years have usually displayed the productions of woman's art or skill in a section or

department especially reserved for the sex which does not vote. A writer in the *Youth's Companion*, commenting on the extensive display of woman's work at the Franco-British Exhibition of this summer remarks:

"Here are educational sections where by charts and records and specimens the work of women teachers is illustrated; yonder are large spaces given to industrial progress and to the exhibits of art which might well attract the thousands of young women studying art in England and France. All these sections show a mere sprinkling of women who are interested in the story of the march of civilisation.

"There is one place, however, where one must go early to find standing room; it is the display of dresses! From the throng of patient, waiting women about the gowns and blouses all day long, the philosopher may learn something of the sex, although it may not be easily recorded in statistics. It will be a world-old truth—sometimes obscured, but never lost—that the Daughters of Eve is the most powerful organisation in human society, and that when dress is the question there is no disagreement among them as to its importance, whatever they may think of any phase of its fashion."

There is no reason to fear that the freak who smokes ciragettes, drinks whiskey and soda and wears coats

of masculine cut is likely to be imitated by any large number of her sisters. Woman is innately fond of the dainty things of life and finds fluffy ruffles much more to her fancy than Quaker or masculine garb. There once was a "rational dress" organisation which was going to induce women to wear a plain uncorsetted costume, ugly and sensible shoes and altogether be a practical and uninspiring person. However, this society does not seem to flourish, if, indeed, it exists to-day. The average woman (bless her foolish soul!) hates anything in the nature of severe and substantial garments, but will go far to behold a "chiffon creation, embroidered in the most fascinating design." The frilly feminine is in the majority, and is likely to crowd the dress displays until the very last exhibition is held.

* * *

A NEW ENGLAND POET

FREQUENTLY we hear a lament over the vanished graces of the salon. The magazines of the United States have inquired at sundry times when such an institution as the informal reception, where science, wit and literature mingle, will be established on the northern half of this exceedingly commercial continent. According to the *Boston Transcript*, the home of the late Louise Chandler Moulton was a good example of a salon such as we read of in the Old World. There was no provincialism in Mrs. Moulton's experience of life. The *Transcript* says:

"It was the habit she had of keeping in touch with London and Paris by annual visits of several months during the height of the season in those capitals that enabled her to keep literary folk here acquainted at first hand with the ever-renewed procession of literary lions in the great centres. . . . It must not be lost sight of, in considering the merits of a life lived as Mrs. Moulton's was—from girlhood to age—and a grace-

ful and beautiful old age she knew how to make it—that the literary life is quite the exceptional one in this country."

The latter remark applies even more strongly to Canada than to the United States. The appreciation of literary art is more evident in Boston than in any Canadian community, and Mrs. Moulton's influence went far in upholding certain standards of taste and culture. Her poetry is above the turmoil of the street, far removed from the scene of barter and gain. She is not among the greatest poets of the last century, but her voice was true and clear to the last. Her requiem poem seems to be that exquisite slumber song, from which, since her death last August, these lines have often been quoted:

"Then hold us fast, sweet Death,
If so it seemeth best
To Him who gave us breath
That we should go to rest.

We lay us down to sleep:
Our weary eyes we close;
Whether to wake and weep
Or wake no more, He knows."

* * *

WHEN WOMAN SPEAKS

THIS paragraph does not relate to the woman who talks, for her name is indisputably Legion—but to the woman who undertakes to address an assembly, whether in church or hall. There is no necessity, in this day, to vindicate the woman who desires to say a few words to the public. There was a time when such a member of her sex was discussed as if she were a monster. She was represented as hideous and strident, a being to be shunned by all lovers of grace and decorum. To-day on this continent there are Daughters of the Empire, members of the National Council, women of all sorts of associations who show no hesitation in making their views publicly known in a manner both modest and convincing.

"But would you have every woman speak in public?" asked a horrified man when I was expressing admiration of a certain "Daughter's" style of address.

"Certainly not," was the prompt reply, "and neither would I care to hear most men speak to an innocent public." By the way, the startled gentleman is one of the deadliest speakers who ever attempted to impress the public heart and appeal to the public purse.

During the last few months I have heard the repeated criticism that the Canadian woman who "makes a few remarks" does not speak distinctly. I fear there is only too much reason for the charge. I have listened to many Canadian women in meetings of various nature and those who could be heard, easily and pleasantly, were in the minority. It is by no means necessary to shriek in order to attain a hearing. Distinctness and the "low, sweet voice" which King Lear loved are entirely compatible. In this respect, the late Frances Willard, one of the gentlest, rarest natures which our times have known, was a model to all who would make their views known to a public assembly. Her voice had a clear, penetrating quality which yet was of flute-like sweetness. Such a voice is not often bestowed, but if a woman feels that she has the desire to speak from the platform, large or small, she should cultivate the virtue of distinctness, for nothing is more annoying to the listener than half-articulated remarks. There is no sense in the excuse that the speaker is nervous. A woman who is too nervous for distinct utterance in a public address should confine her remarks to a private audience, before whom, no doubt, she would suddenly regain her courage. When a woman arises to make an address, her audience has a right to assume that she has something to say and that she knows how to say it. She should expect no special consideration, either as speaker or writer,

account of her sex; neither, in the event of successful achievement, should she be condemned by that abominable bit of dishonesty—"good, for a woman."

* * *

THE UNDESIRABLE IMMIGRANT

IS it not time for whatever powers control immigration to establish a rigid system of deportation for incapables? So far, the Dominion inspection appears to be a farce and the consequence of such laxity is deplorable. On the streets of Halifax, St. John, Montreal and Toronto there may be seen daily recent arrivals from Europe, whose imbecile expression is sufficient indication of unfitness for a life outside the walls of an "institution." Last winter there were many such creatures among those who were aided by the charitably-disposed in Canadian cities, and it is just as well to protest early in the season against allowing any more such immigrants to enter a country, where "the survival of the fittest" is the only doctrine. This may sound harsh, but the truth is often stern.

Several women's societies made vigorous complaint last winter regarding the burden imposed on the community by unemployable immigrants. Canada is not a country for either the weakling or the dull-witted. To the immigrant who has a clear brain and willing hands it offers golden opportunities, but there is no room for the mentally inefficient. The older countries may keep their dregs at home—it is paying Canada a poor compliment to send out the criminal or weak-witted. The time has come for plain speaking on this question, and the women of the community are immediately interested, as the burden of charitable work usually falls on them. The Ontario Government has lately taken active steps to protect and shelter feeble-minded women and has also striven to check immigration of such undesirables. One province cannot do a great deal in

the latter regard, however, and it is high time for the Dominion immigration department to cope seriously with the situation.

* * *

WORDS ABOUT WOMEN


IT is somewhat amusing to note the disapproval of modern woman's ways expressed by some of the braver editors in the United States. As has been remarked, this sort of criticism is just what one might expect after a flood of absurd adulation. For many years the "American" woman was praised early and late in terms which must have excited the foreigner's merriment. Diana, Minerva, Venus and Juno were poor things in comparison with the girl from Chicago or Milwaukee. Now some of the writers and novelists are prepared to be as ridiculous in the other extreme and are describing her as a domestic failure and a tiresome bundle of nerves. Neither the hysterical praise of the cheap novelist or the gloomy condemnation of Mr. Herrick is fair to the "American" girl, who is remarkably like other Daughters of Eve, although she may be more capable of finding and making her own way through the world than her sisters in Asia and Europe.

Woman is not nearly so frivolous, even in social life, as she is painted. The sensational papers across the border profess to be profoundly irritated when the daughter of a prominent financier in Gotham becomes the wife of a titled foreigner and are doing their yellow best to show that such alliances are unhappy. As usual, it is the exception which is seized upon


as the rule. The reason many wealthy women of the United States prefer life in Europe is that the men of political and diplomatic circles abroad are more disposed than the men of this continent to treat woman as a congenial companion. It is well known that in Great Britain women are more widely informed on political and scientific subjects than are the women of Washington or Ottawa. It is likely that Mrs. Chamberlain, Mrs. Cornwallis-West (Lady Randolph Churchill) and Countess von Waldersee have had much broader and more interesting careers than they would have known in their native land. The day may come when the United States financier will learn that the "first use of dollars is to conceal the dollars," and that woman's nature demands something more than a cheque-book, convenient as such a dainty publication may be. If the men of New York and Chicago do not like to see so many fair women from the land of the free going to Italy, Germany, France and England, as titled brides, let them become more than mere business men, learn to talk of something more than shop, and the aspiring maidens may be induced to remain at home. But the business man of the United States, even if he attain unto millions, is too often deadily dull and uninformed. Hence, it is no wonder that the daughters of the wheat baron, the sugar king or the pork prince turn to Europe for relief and picturesqueness. In the meantime, the discussion of the "American" woman goes on with a briskness that shows how exhaustless is her variety.

JEAN GRAHAM.





Current Events



BY

F. A. ACLAND

AN interesting, though not very practical, point was raised by Mr. H. J. McKinder, an Englishman (or shall we say a Scot, looking at the name?) of some distinction, who is visiting Canada and who delivered an interesting address before the Ottawa Canadian Club the other day. Mr. McKinder's theme was "International Politics," and in an hour's talk he said much that was true and interesting, and presented many points in political and diplomatic world policy in a light new to many of us in Canada. Particularly he dwelt on the immensity of the responsibility resting on Great Britain in the necessity she feels, and has felt now more or less continuously since the days of Elizabeth, of maintaining the balance of power in Europe and preventing the undue development or aggrandisement of any single power, be it Spain, France, Russia or Germany, as it has successively threatened to be. It was in following out this thought that Mr. McKinder incidentally suggested the probability of the centre of the Empire being at no distant date removed to Canada, because of the assumed certainty of the population of Canada soon exceeding that of Britain. The thought is not, of course, new, and was present in the minds of some when Philadelphia was still a British city and might have had aspirations to be the seat of Empire. Lately the idea has been at various times suggested on both sides

of the Atlantic. We take much for granted, indeed, in the first place, in assuming that Canada will at any conjecturable date equal the population of Britain, much less surpass it so far that the removal of the seat of government could become a practicable question; we take much more for granted in assuming that the other commonwealths and dominions of Greater Britain, which presumably will not have stood still while Canada advances so proudly, will allow the palm of empire to pass to Canada; much more again, in assuming that the people of the parent lands will ever consent to part with one iota of their own absolute control over the British Isles and over the army and navy that exist above all other things for their protection; but perhaps we take most of all for granted, and err most in assuming, as Mr. McKinder appears to have done, that it is or should be an ambition of Canada to seek such distinction. Space does not permit to follow the thought into its various obvious bypaths, but a moment's reflection will show the absurdity of attempting to propagate in Canada imperialism of such a brand. Only we may take it for granted that India will never be ruled from Montreal, and that the maze of European diplomacy will never be watched from Toronto as it is to-day from London, unless, indeed, the British Isles have actually ceased to be a factor in the situation. Such extravagant sug-

gestions or predictions tend to injure the sound imperialism that consists in trying to increase the feeling of imperial unity and in being ready always to resist the ever-present tendency to discord and misunderstanding among the members of the Empire.

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A much more distinguished visitor from Great Britain now in Canada is Lord Milner, who has come here avowedly to learn what he can of the possibilities of this part of the Empire, and of the sentiments of its people. Lord Milner is one of the great figures among the British statesmen of the day, though belonging to the party which is at present in opposition. In many quarters he, rather than Mr. Balfour, is believed to be the man on whom the mantle of Chamberlain has fallen, as the most forceful figure in the foreground of British politics. He has taken a bolder attitude than Mr. Balfour on tariff reform, and generally speaking, is of a more resolute and uncompromising nature. Whether these qualities would have proved more successful than did Mr. Balfour's pliancy and finesse in controlling an unruly House of Commons or healing the wounds of a shattered party, it is impossible to say. Lord Milner's rôle in politics is in the easier atmosphere of the Lords. If the present Liberal Government is defeated at the next general election, it is likely that Lord Milner will take high rank in the Unionist Cabinet—Foreign Secretary possibly. Colonial Secretary he would probably prefer to be, but such an appointment would create unpleasant feelings in South Africa, where lately in the Transvaal Legislature there was an astonishing outbreak against him. Whether Lord Milner acted with the highest wisdom throughout the difficult South African crisis, must of course remain always a matter of debate, since we can not know what would have resulted from a less resolute and decided course—whether bet-

ter or worse—but his career and character are more than commonly attractive and Canadians will welcome the present opportunity of coming into closer contact with so great a man.

* * *

We have often had in different parts of Canada intermittent agitation for a system of medical inspection in our schools, but so far without large results. Great Britain is furnishing many precedents nowadays in legislative departures, most of them designed especially to ameliorate the condition of the masses, though the measures enacted sometimes suggest a degree of crudeness in conception or impracticability in operation; but with respect to this matter an admirable scheme appears to have been worked out by the British Board of Education that might well be studied carefully by those in control of our own schools. The subject seems to have been dealt with wholly as one of departmental regulation, but the new regulations are under compulsion to the extent that non-compliance will forfeit the annual grant. The objects aimed at by the medical inspection of children as advocated here and as about to be instituted in Great Britain are two-fold in character, relating on the one hand to the welfare of the individual and on the other hand to that of the children. In the former case it will include the detection of defects of sight and hearing likely to lessen the child's quickness of capacity as a pupil, and the detection of such imperfections of teeth as may result in impaired digestion and consequent imperfect development of bodily strength. It is quite safe to say that in this important matter the greatest benefit may result from a careful inspection of the children of the humbler citizens of every community, and even in many cases of those far removed from poverty, where the neglect of eyes, ears and teeth is a common failing. The class of inspection resulting more im-

mediately to the benefit of the community is the more obvious one of the detection of diseases or objectionable conditions communicable to others, as well as of intellectual deficiencies which may interfere with receptivity and hence require a modification of the teaching processes which may be suitable for the bulk of the children.

* * *

A large latitude is left to the local authorities in the matter of the treatment of the cases detected, the central authority being prepared to consider any well conceived scheme adapted to the special requirements, even, as expressly indicated, to the extent of sanctioning expenditure for the establishing of school-clinics, analogous to those existing in Germany, for the further and more scientific examination of defects which cannot be satisfactorily dealt with on the school premises. Years ago Lord Rosebery warned England that the foundation of the true Imperialism was to be found in the development of an Imperial people, and it is satisfactory to note that some well-directed efforts to this end are being made, and in the best possible of all places—the common schools of the country. There is not perhaps in Canada the same necessity for action in this matter as in England, where the proletariat of the vast cities lives under conditions tending more decidedly to evil conditions than fortunately do those of our own community; but an investigation of the subject here would probably show that such a system could be introduced in Canada also with great advantage. No greater benefit could be bestowed on Canada than a careful attention in this way to the development of the physical type—and with it in many cases, the mental—to the highest attainable ideal. It may be added that Montreal has set an excellent precedent, so far as individual cities are concerned, and has appointed a num-

ber of physicians to carry on a system of medical inspection during the present school year. Other cities might follow the example of Montreal until action on a larger scale can be taken.

* * *

Mr. Lloyd-George appears to have scored heavily with his new Patents Act in Great Britain, and not a word of criticism comes from the Unionist party concerning a measure which, whether it is protection in the political sense of the word or not, has the effect of protecting British industry to an extraordinary degree; this at least for the moment, though what the ultimate effect may be it is not possible at present to say. The new law decreed that subsequent to August 28th last all patents taken out in Great Britain must be worked in that country. The consequence has been already that many foreign manufacturers who have hitherto sent their goods into England ready made are now looking for factory sites with a view to manufacturing their products at home. English newspapers publish interviews with dealers in factory sites and with others, showing how extensive this movement has already become. Moreover, it frequently happens that since a manufacturer's interest in a patented article will induce him to establish a factory in Great Britain under the new law, he will find it convenient and profitable to manufacture there also other articles than those patented. Meantime the spectre of unemployment overshadows industry and promises still to leave the problem unsolved; for the moment, in fact, it may be said to be more acute than ever, since the safety valve afforded by immigration has ceased to work, and for many months past the influx into Great Britain has equalled or exceeded the exodus. Germany seems to be the country which is most affected by the new law, and many industries are being promptly removed from Germany to England; sometimes, too, it must be admitted.

the workers are also coming over from Germany. Foreigners protest, but on the whole are compelled to admit that Britain has in this matter of patents only fallen into line with the rest of the world. It is perhaps a little odd that a government elected on Free Trade principles first and foremost, and warmly attached to the *laissez-faire* theory, should have afforded this striking instance of paternalism, and gives the faintest colour to the rumour among English Unionists that Mr. Lloyd-George is not among those members of the British Cabinet whose conversion to tariff reform is hopeless.

* * *

Some of the problems raised in the operation of the machinery of the Old Age Pensions Act in Great Britain are decidedly curious. The Local Government Board has issued an elaborate series of regulations and instructions as to the working of the Act, but unforeseen situations are arising on every hand. The Act itself provides that those who have received poor relief within a certain period should not be eligible for the pension. There must be some therefore who will be excluded from the pension by the narrow margin of a few weeks. The happy idea of making a refund has occurred to the friends of one old gentleman of seventy or over, who has been receiving an allowance under the poor law, and the aged pauper has written a letter to the Board of Guardians having charge of such matters, stating that his son-in-law will pay back the amount he has already received as out-door relief and will maintain him until the first of January next, if this course will render him eligible for the pension list, which then comes into force. The situation has proved somewhat puzzling to the Board, who have referred it to the legal experts for settlement. This is an illustration of the type of questions coming up for decision all over the United King-

dom. In this particular case the new Act has not dried up the springs of charity as critics of the act had suggested would be the case, but has had the contrary effect. It will be an interesting study in ethics to watch the operation of the law, however, in this and other respects, throughout the country. In the meantime the 25,000 postoffices of the three kingdoms, where the claims are first filed, are said to be flooded with applications, and whatever demerits the law may have, we may confidently assume that many an aged heart will be the lighter for the assured income, tiny though it may be, which the owner will possess for the rest of his life after the beginning of 1909.

* * *

The world has grown so small that international and even national politics have themselves grown like the cables that have caused the shrinkage of the earth, and a touch upon them at any point is quickly felt in the most distant lands. Thus, the *coup d'état* of the Sultan in granting a constitution that he might save his throne, is likely to increase the immediate difficulties of England. The Young Turks, to whose perseverance the new state of things is due, thank England for the ideals she has held up to them and for the encouragement she has in various regards rendered their cause. But apart from the increased unrest which the establishment of a parliament by the Mohammedans of Turkey is likely to create among the Mohammedans of India, the revolution at Constantinople will create a curious problem with regard to Egypt. This latter country, though ruled by England, and benefitting greatly by the guidance and protection she has received from Great Britain during the last twenty years, is yet nominally a portion of the Turkish Empire, and the Egyptian who has been under British training so long, will ask if he is to be denied that measure of free-



MR. R. L. BORDEN,
LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION



SIR WILFRID LAURIER,
LEADER OF THE GOVERNMENT

THE BIG GUNS IN ACTION

dom and self-government under King Edward which the Turk will now receive under Abdul Hamid. To say that Egypt is better ruled as it is, is not of course to the point. That is precisely what Charles I. and Louis XVI. said in their respective days and countries. All Europe has taken it for granted that Turkey was not fit for representative government; yet suddenly the Young Turks win everything, and win, moreover, with a minimum of disturbance and bloodshed. The Egyptian will have a good case to make out, and the radical government of Mr. Asquith will find it difficult to refuse what the Sultan has granted. In fact, behind this problem looms also the large one of the occupation of Egypt. It was well, possibly, to occupy Egypt while the government of the Turkish Empire was a despotism, but when Turkey

executes a volteface and becomes a limited monarchy, modelled after Great Britain herself, such an excuse necessarily disappears. Europe has become more than reconciled to the occupation because it has increased the value of all Continental investments in Egypt, but to many Englishmen themselves the ethics of the occupation policy will appear extremely doubtful.

* * *

The Dominion election campaign will be within a few days of its close by the time these lines are printed. It is not proposed here to discuss the respective merits of the policies presented to the electors, but a word concerning the leaders of the two great parties will not be out of place. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the distinguished Liberal leader and Prime Minister,



MR. GEORGE T. BELL,
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT G.T.R., WHO
HAS BEEN APPOINTED PRESIDENT OF
THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF
GENERAL PASSENGER AND
TICKET AGENTS

has been before the public for considerably over a generation, sat, in fact, in the Mackenzie Government precisely thirty-two years ago. Sir John Macdonald alone of Canadian statesmen, past and present, has exceeded or equalled him in the number and extent of purely personal triumphs, triumphs won by virtue of sheer personal popularity, while the great events of his long premiership must always associate his name in Canadian history, like that of his great predecessor, with the present all-important formative period of the Dominion. Mr. Borden, the Conservative leader, is fifteen years younger than the Premier, and did not enter parliament until the Liberal regime

had commenced. Though not possessing perhaps the same large degree of personal magnetism that characterises Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Borden is an imposing and statesmanlike figure in Canadian public life, treating the great problems of the day in a moderate and thoughtful spirit, and should the course of events bring him in due time to the premiership, the high office will be filled with all honour and dignity. The atmosphere is clouded for the moment with charges and countercharges of wrong or doubtful transactions, but there is ground for deep satisfaction in the fact that the two leaders who confront each other at the polls are men whose honour and integrity have never been questioned, and whose patriotism and highmindedness of motive cannot be doubted.

* * *

To a Canadian railway man, Mr. George T. Bell, general passenger agent of the Grand Trunk Railway, comes the distinction of being appointed President of the American Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents. This organisation was formed at Pittsburg in 1855, and it is therefore the oldest railway organisation of the kind in the world. Almost every chief passenger officer of every important railway and inland navigation company in the United States and Canada is a member, and its annual meetings afford them special opportunities to become familiar with growing facilities in transportation and newly-developed resorts and sections of North America. It aims to consider questions affecting passenger travel along the broadest possible lines, and to secure uniformity and improvement of methods and to extend them beyond the restricted limits to which the operations of territorial passenger associations are necessarily confined.



The WAY of LETTERS

How curiously wrought is this.
 The builder followed well My chart
 And worked for thee, not for the world's
 Here are the outward virtues, true! (wild heart
 But see how all the inner parts are filled
 With singular bliss:
 Let it aside
 I shall come here again at eventide.
 Duncan Campbell Scott

Part of an autograph stanza from the poem "The Builder" by Duncan Campbell Scott

IN the whole range of Canadian fiction one might search a long time for a character study of equal charm with "Anne of Green Gables," a novel that easily places the author, Miss L. M. Montgomery, in the first rank of our native writers. The story of Anne, of her "ups and downs" in life is excellent in technique, development and consistency. It contains much genuine, quaint and wholesome humour, and it also appeals in a very intense way to the best human sympathies. Anne is indeed a most interesting and entertaining person, and she might well be placed with the best character creations in recent fiction. Her environment, a pictur-

esque section of Prince Edward Island, is thoroughly Canadian, and Miss Montgomery presents it in a piquant literary style, full of grace and whole-heartedness.

Anne is an orphan who, owing to an error, is sent instead of a boy from an orphanage to live at "Green Gables" with Marilla Cuthbert, a spinster, and her brother, Matthew, a bachelor, both persons of rather set and precise notions of propriety. Anne is an extremely impetuous girl, and early in life she is bowed down in sorrow with red hair and freckles and an angular form, almost as angular as Marilla's. But she has a very accommodating imagination, a faculty



MISS L. M. MONTGOMERY,
AUTHOR OF "ANNE OF GREEN GABLES"

that relieves her of many a heartache. She is continuously seeking "scope for imagination." On her first morning at "Green Gables" she looked out from her bedroom window and saw an apple tree in full bloom. Her delight was unbounded, and she expressed it generously to Marilla, whose appreciation of picturesqueness and romance is not very keen.

"It's a big tree," said Marilla, "and it blooms great, but the fruit don't amount to much never—small and wormy."

"Oh, I don't mean just the tree, of course it's lovely—yes, it's radiantly lovely—it blooms as if it meant it—but I meant everything, the garden and the orchard and the

brook and the woods, the whole big dear world. Don't you feel as if you just loved the world on a morning like this? And I can hear the brook laughing all the way up here. Have you ever noticed what cheerful things brooks are? They're always laughing. Even in wintertime I've heard them under the ice. I'm so glad there's a brook near "Green Gables." Perhaps you think it does not make any difference to me when you're not going to keep me, but it does. I shall always like to remember that there is a brook here, even if I never see it again. If there was not a brook I'd be haunted by the uncomfortable feeling that there ought to be one. I'm not in the depths of despair this morning. I never can be in the morning. Isn't it a splendid thing that there are mornings? But I feel very sad. I've just been imagining that it was really me you wanted after all

and that I was to remain here for ever-and-ever. It was a great comfort while it lasted. But the worst of imagining things is that the time comes when you have to stop and that hurts. . . .

"The world doesn't seem such a howling wilderness as it did last night. I'm so glad it's a sunshiny morning. But I like rainy mornings real well, too. All sorts of mornings are interesting, don't you think? You don't know what's going to happen through the day, and there's so much scope for imagination. But I'm glad it's not rainy to-day because it's easier to be cheerful and bear up under affliction on a sunshiny day. I feel that I have a good deal to

bear up under. It's all very well to read about sorrows and imagine yourself living through them heroically, but it's not so nice when you really come to have them, is it?"

The author is a resident of Cavenish, P.E.I., and is a young woman of unusual ability as a writer. (Boston: L. C. Page & Company. Cloth, \$1.50.)

* * *

A CANADIAN GIRL IN LONDON.

In "Cousin Cinderella (A Canadian Girl in London)" Mrs. Everard Cotes, a Canadian writer who has produced a number of entertaining books, has scarcely succeeded in adding to her reputation. One cannot help greatly regretting that the book does not develop well, because it starts out in a delightful manner and gives promise of something quite out of the ordinary. The first part is distinctly humorous and original and makes one feel that here is a writer who will give us new impressions. But these qualities do not last, and the book soon becomes decidedly commonplace. The Canadian girl is thrown into the whirl of society over there, and she and her brother cut quite a figure. These two seem to be rather too egotistical to be typical Canadians, and the brother, who is supposed to be quite a strong character, is in-reality something of a weakling. The jockeying of American and Canadian gold for old country titles is forced and hackneyed, and the love affairs are like lukewarm weak tea. Nevertheless, the book contains some pointed observations. For instance, when the Canadian girl is writing about her brother, she says:

"Graham often remarked that there was one great, hopeful and satisfying feature about the English—you could always quote their own authors against them. Graham thinks that to recognise a defeat, even nationally, is the most interesting stage toward overcoming it, and that one reason why you enjoy life so much in Eng-

land is because they are always walking round themselves there and suggesting improvements."

Again, her observations when shopping in London are amusing. She writes:

"Our first essential was a grocer, and we mentally chose one with a postoffice. Not all grocers have post-offices in London, but nearly all post-offices have grocers, so much so that I shall always associate the catching of the American mail with a smell of cheese and coffee. It gives the stranger a false idea of grocery custom. What he thinks is the grocer doing business is, nine times out of ten, only the King doing stamps or issuing money orders, or taking parcels at the very last minute for the country post. . . . I am not able to say whether it is the grocery that takes in the postoffice or the postoffice that takes in the grocery, whether they go shares, on the understanding that they recommend each other, or whether the Government simply pre-empts the left side going in of any clean, respectable-looking grocery, and says: 'Out with your sugar barrels; I am coming here!'" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company, of Canada. Cloth, \$1.25.)

* * *

"THE MACKENZIE RIVER BASIN."

As a result of the Government expedition of 1899, when Treaty No. 8, or the Great Treaty, as it is called, was made with Indians of Northwestern Canada, Mr. Charles Mair, the well-known Canadian writer, who accompanied the expedition in the capacity of secretary, has published a most comprehensive volume entitled "Through the Mackenzie Basin." That part of Canada is of particular interest just now and it promises much by its vast resources in timber, minerals and agricultural lands. The volume, therefore, is invaluable to all who are looking to that part of Canada. It contains also notes on the mammals and birds of Northern

Canada by Roderick Macfarlane, a retired chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and there are appendices dealing with the Franklin expedition and Parliamentary reports on the MacKenzie River Basin. It is profusely illustrated. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

* * *

A NOVEL OF DENUNCIATION.

Miss Corelli's latest work of fiction, "Holy Orders," outdoes any of her former startling productions in the matter of sweeping denunciation. This writer's imaginative power is so extraordinary and her earnestness is so intense that the reader wishes she were capable of saving restraint. Without the least touch of humour, Miss Corelli is quite incapable of seeing her own absurd extremes and consequently regards her critics as a benighted band of envious failures.

The present volume is concerned with the evils of the liquor traffic, chiefly as they are manifest in the village of Shadbrook, in the Cotswolds, where Minchin the brewer, with his poisoned beer, makes havoc among those who are deceived thereby. The story of Richard Everton's efforts to reform the besotted villagers is told with a vividness which occasionally deteriorates into third-class melodrama. Richard Everton, the hard-working vicar, has a wife, Azalea, as lightsome and airy as her name, who falls a victim to the murderous fury of a man whose wrongdoing she has exposed. The criminal is run over by a reckless motorist and dies before the law overtakes him. There is also a feminine villain, Jacynth Miller, more beautiful and more shamelessly wicked than any other of her class appearing in recent fiction. This young person, although born in the humblest surroundings, leads a spectacular career, achieving a millionaire husband by the name of Israel Nordstein. The merry matron goes a-ballooning with a social free-booter, Claude Ferrers, who betakes himself to the brandy bottle and falls dead in the balloon. The corpse is

finally toppled over into Ireland while Jacynth finds a grave in the Irish Sea.

Thus it will be seen that the narrative does not lack for thrills. Richard Everton ultimately induces Shadbrook to reform, and the story ends in a hopeful hour. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.25.)

* * *

A CANADIAN ARTIST IN HOLLAND.

A book for grown-ups to enjoy and youngsters to revel in, is "Little Sam in Volendam," rhymes and pictures by Estelle M. Kerr. Miss Kerr is a Toronto girl whose clever work has won appreciation from all acquainted with the younger group of Canadian artists. She has studied in Holland and France, and possesses both ambition and originality. In this volume the author presents seventeen delightful illustrations for rhymes which have a humour and rhythm all their own. The verses by Miss Kerr are such as might have grown in that "garden" where Robert Louis Stevenson sowed his immortelles. A charming bit of song is "The Windmills":

"A tall thin windmill came one day
to live in Volendam,

The short Dutch windmill laughed
and laughed, as only Dutchmen
can.

The windmill from America, just
waved his arms and said,—

'Now if you watch me, you will see
the laugh's on you instead,

For though you are so picturesque
and steady, you must know,
The winds that blow across the sea
have whispered that you're
slow!'"

There have been few books for the small reader which are as full of quaint and delicate attractiveness as these glimpses of Holland which we catch from "Little Sam in Volendam." These rhymes and pictures will make a gift book which every youthful Canadian ought to possess by the twenty-fifth of December, at latest. (New York: Moffat, Yard and Company).

Within The Sanctum

THE trail lay warm and almost white under the full light of an October sun. It was a thing tempting enough for coyotes' feet, a good thing to stay by, for with admirable patience in its evasion of *couleés* and sloughs and bad places it led past tracts wide widowed of their saffron sheaves, through landscapes dotted to the horizon with stooks of gleaming grain, and on to the wild prairie, where a lone coyote, at home now to pursue his scent of carrion, slunk slowly from this common way of mankind, a spot of moving gray against the gray of waving grain, and betook himself to farther hills, leaving, as the only other instance of wild life in so wild a region as this, the hawk whose blue-gray wings expanded in happy harmony with the paler blue of the sky beyond. And we, too on carrion bent, bore off from the beaten track, getting away from the obviousness of man's intrusion and seeking shores where wild geese abounded, and duck and plover and snipe and curlew and gull quacked and piped and whistled and screeched in the riotous abandon of their several ways. But the honk-honk of the wild goose was to fall like weird music on barbarous ears, inspiring instinct that seldom lies dormant in man, the primal instinct of conquest and capture. When it did fall, how thrilling was the sound, and how majestic and belittling of mere pigmies of earth appeared that long V-shaped line in the very arch of heaven!

The shores we sought are distinguished by the name of Red Lake,

and we found them towards the setting of the sun, in a valley under the Cactus Hills of southern Saskatchewan. In reality they do not embrace a lake, the body of water being only several hundred acres in extent. But they give grace to the presence of a thousand wild geese and likewise hospitality to man. And man goes there, frequently enough, now that the place is known, and he becomes witness of a scene so enthralling and stupendous in the breadth and simplicity of its lines and contrasts that it might be wondered why aestheticism, by sheer force of supremacy, does not in this instance subdue vandalism. Little else but slaughter could have been expected of the red man who earlier trod those shores, but his was a hunt for food, and he was a real part of the picture. He appeared in primitive garb, and his means of capture were crude and simple. With him it seems more like the meritorious survival of the fittest, in a contest where the odds were fairly well distributed. But modern man comes with modern fowling pieces, and what he lacks in ability to stalk is more than counterbalanced by the strength of his powder and the penetration of his shot.

Thoughts like these were scarcely entertained when we first saw the myriad of geese resting on the water. They had just come in from breakfast in the stubble of the settled lands to the east, and lust of capture held sway, for primitive man again asserted himself. The subversion of many of those attributes that we re-

gard as marks of civilisation was apparent in mere attitude of body, and crouching and creeping came as second nature. With what thrills of anticipation we separated in order to come upon the prey from different sides! There on the water sat the geese, with their sentinels on guard—alert, keen and extremely sensitive. Honking and squawking went on incessantly, and we received with ludicrous disdain the feeble pipings of more diminutive fowl. There were moments of exquisite tension, with extreme fear of a premature alarm. What were a hundred or five hundred or a thousand wild geese if they should fly past beyond gunshot? A method of procedure, with an alternative, was suggested, and it was concluded that the geese must be approached to within gunshot before the general rise from the water, or bagged in the fly-past overhead. So we crouched and crept and even crawled. The shore had no generous allowance of reeds, and to come within gunshot of the geese meant complete exposure while wading out two hundred feet from shore. It therefore looked more like taking chances on overhead shots.

Although there was but little appreciation of the fact at the time, there is nevertheless a pleasant mental picture of other game than geese on Red Lake. Ducks flew past as if happy in the knowledge that the fowler was after big game, and that therefore no harm would come to them. Little bands of snipe ran hither and thither in what ordinarily would be regarded as extreme peril of their lives, and curlew, fat, round curlew, bobbed about, giving chances for taking three or four at one shot.

But with what disdain such game was now regarded! And with what contempt these underlings of the feathered ones had learned to regard us! A shot at them would have set the whole atmosphere aquiver with honking and flapping of wings, and so a close guard had to be maintained on the trigger.

It was soon seen that to stalk a flock of nervous, suspicious wild geese was no easy matter, and wonder might have arisen with a consideration of the difference between the chances for success held by the red man and those of the white man. The sling, the flint-headed spear and the bow and arrow of the red man were effective in their day, but how they must have been backed up by skill and cunning!

But man, as we see him, with all his reason and invention and astuteness, taxing his resources in the hope of capturing these creatures of the wild, presents a lamentable spectacle, a spectacle that is modified to a degree by the element of sport he is prone to weave into it. He soothes conscience with the thought that fair play prevails, and in most instances he really thinks that he gives the bird a chance for its life. But the spectacle presents something more than this: it suggests the terror in which man himself dwelt before those forces we call civilisation began to prevail. In that time man lived in constant fear that some arch enemy would swoop down and slay him. And so lives the wild goose to-day. Evasion of danger is one of the goose's first necessities, and in feeding or in resting it must maintain a strict surveillance of its environment. It has the disadvantage of always acting on the impulse of instinct. Man knows its habits and its instincts, and he employs his decoys and mock whistles to lure it on to destruction. So knew we, but having no decoys or whistles, we took open chances and fared accordingly.

It was high noon, and the sun shone down upon man and goose alike. Seemingly our presence had not caused alarm, but we were as yet several gunshots away from the flock, at the farther side of the pond. The geese sat upon the water in a great group, and with the aid of binoculars some of them could be seen with upstretched necks floating

majestically up and down, as if on sentinel duty, while others sat with head under wing or bill thrust down into the mud at their feet. As we spread out to surround them, there was every evidence of detection, for many more heads went up, and there was a perceptible flurry in the main ranks. The slight startling of flocks of wild ducks here and there along the shore served as a warning, so for a spell we lay low and awaited the calm. Odours of slough grasses rose with the least breath of air, and faint tinklings came, just as if a herd of cattle pastured near by. A long-abandoned buffalo trail led up the side of the hill, and imprints of coyotes' feet were many on every hand. Firing could be heard away over the hills, making it seem as if the ones with the decoys and hides in the stubble field were still bagging the game.


Presently a faint sound of honking could be heard, and in the distance, just above the horizon, a dozen black specks appeared against the sky. The specks grew larger and larger, until they developed into wild geese in flight. The flock circled above the water several times, and then, spreading their wings, slowly descended, and a moment later dropped with a splash, to be lost among the myriad of others that already blackened the water.

Meantime, we had been creeping nearer, and were now almost ready for action. Not that we were within

gunshot of the geese, but their actions manifested uneasiness, and the departure of three or four, notwithstanding further arrivals every minute, gave warning that danger had been feared and that any second the whole mass might rise and fly away without a single shot reaching them. Honks of alarm arose above the pipings of inferior fowl, and it was a hard heart that could not soften at thought of these creatures of the wild being harrassed on land and on water and chased from feeding ground to resting ground and back again. The whole mass did rise, but not until the sun was about to disappear below the Cactus Hills and little birds on the muddy brink had sought their night places. But the rising of the geese was followed by a confusion of terrified honks, and the flapping of wings could be heard for miles. Gunshots followed in rapid succession, and for several minutes the whole valley reverberated with conflicting sounds. The geese formed into several flocks, and flew out over our heads in great haste and alarm. Several of the first flock lay dead or wounded on the ground, and while they were being picked up, the pond and the valley settled back to nurse the superb afterglow of a western sunset. And as peace once more lay upon the scene, away in the far distance could be detected the V-shaped line of migrating fowl, while a faint sound of alarm reached our ears:

"Honk-honk!"

The Editor



What Others Are Laughing at

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.

"What little boy can tell me the difference between the 'quick' and the 'dead'?" asked the Sunday-school teacher.

Willie waved his hand frantically
"Well, Willie?"

"Please, ma'am, the 'quick' are the ones that get out of the way of automobiles; the ones that don't are the 'dead'."

—*Labour Clarion.*

* * *

DESCRIBED LONG AGO.

Jiggsby.—"How well Shakespeare described this apartment of ours."

Snagsby.—"How do you mean?"

Jiggsby.—"Weary flat, stale and unprofitable."

—*Cleveland Leader.*

HOW DID HE?

A man carrying a looking glass said to a newsboy, "Come here and look into this glass and you will see a donkey."

"How did you find that out?" retorted the boy.—*Tit-Bits.*

* * *

IN MOURNING.

Edith.—"Mama, mayn't I play the piano a little to-day?"

Mother.—"But, my dear, your grandma has only been dead a week and—"

Edith.—"But I'll play very softly, mama."

Mother.—"Oh! very well; but be careful also to use only the black keys."

—*Philadelphia Press*

* * *

PAT WANTED THE JOB.

Pat, intent on emigrating, as he was out of work, stops before a news-stand and reads a placard with "Situation in Egypt" upon it.

"Sure, I've come about that situation you're advertising."

"What situation do you mean?"

Pat (pointing to the poster).—It's the wonn in Egypt I'm after."

"Pooh! That's on the state of affairs—"

"Sorra a pennysworth I care whose estate it's on. Bedad, I'll take it."

—*Australian Life.*



ONE WAY TO FIGURE

ARTIST—"I got more than I expected for that landscape."

FRIEND—"Why, I thought your landlord agreed to take it in lieu of rent?"

ARTIST—"Yes, but he raised my rent."



THE PSYCHICAL RESEARCHES

MISS FLIGHT: Don't you think that a deficient being, who does not yield to ethical or therapeutic suggestions from extraneous sources, is merely a subliminal consciousness, not yet attracted by the sweep of cosmic currents?

MATTER-OF-FACT GENTLEMAN (trying to make the best of an evening of torture): Well, yes—(thinks for a moment for a word)—in the concrete. —*Life*

PLENTY OF TIME.

The minister of a certain parish in Scotland was walking one misty night through a street in the village when he fell into a deep hole. There was no ladder by which he could make his escape, and he began to shout for help. A labourer passing heard his cries, and, looking down, asked who he was. The minister told him, whereupon the labourer remarked, "Weel, weel, ye needna kick up sic a noise. You'll no be needed afore Sawbath, an' this is only Wednesday nicht."

—*Pittston Gazette.*

* * *

A COMPETENT TEACHER.

A well known judge of the Court of Sessions was administering the oath to a boy of tender years, and he asked him, "Have you ever taken the oath? Do you know how to swear, my boy?" The simple reply was, "Yes, my lord; I'm your caddie."—*M.A.P.*

MOUNTAIN BRAND.

"Praise to glory, the South is going dry!" shouted the temperance advocate, waving his arms. "It will bring sunshine into Southern homes."

"Yes, and moonshine, brother," spoke up the little man who had been sitting in the end row.—*Puck.*

* * *

BOTH OBJECTIONABLE.

Towne—"They are two fellows I hate to play poker with, Meanley and Kraft."

Browne—"O! I know Meanley's always a hard loser, but what's wrong with Kraft?"

Towne—"He's always an easy winner."—*Piladelphia Press.*

* * *

ONE OF THEM.

Book Agent—"Good morning! Are you the lady of the house?"

Bridget—"I'm wan o' thim."—*Life.*

THE MERRY MUSE

INCONSEQUENT

By JAMES P. HAVERSON

I sometimes think it hardly fair
That I am here while you are there;
Still I am perfectly aware
You might come here or I go there

And I would just as soon be there,
Or here; or have you here or there.
So I suppose I scarcely care;
In fact, it's neither here nor there.
* * *

GOOD MORNING

Good morning Brother Sunshine;
Good morning, Sister Song.
I beg your humble pardon
If you've waited very long.
I thought I heard you rapping;
To shut you out were sin.
My heart is standing open;
Won't you
walk
right
in?

Good morning, Brother Gladness;
Good morning, Sister Smile.
They told me you were coming,
So I waited on a while.
I'm lonesome here without you;
A weary while it's been.
My heart is standing open;
Won't you
walk
right
in?

Good morning, Brother Kindness
Good morning, Sister Cheer.
I heard you were out calling,
So I waited for you here.
Some way I keep forgetting
I have to toil and spin
When you are my companions;
Won't you
walk
right
in?

—J. W. Foley, in the *New York Times*.

LIFE

Life's a game of go and hustle, life's
a thing of rush and bustle,
Life's a play of brain and muscle.
Life's all jump and buzz and whirr;
Life's a game at whose beginning all
the world is set a-spinning,
That the very thought of winning is
itself a splendid spur.

Life's a thing of rough-and-tumble,
life's a thing of laugh and grumble,
Life's a thing of grab and fumble,
life's a thing of jolt and jar;
Life's a stretch of daisied meadows,
life's a thing of glints and shadows,
Life's a thing of maids and widows,
smiles and tears, and there you are

But who plays the game a-loving,
lifting, helping, never shoving,
Laughing, singing, turtle-doving
through its jars and outs and ins,
With a wife, and little laddie or wee
lass to call him daddie,
Doesn't do so very badly; he's the
chap who truly wins.

—J. M. Lewis, in *American Magazine*.

* * *

KNITTING

Estelle Kerr, in "Little Sam in Vol-
endam."

It is always thought quite fitting
For a Dutch girl to be knitting;
Talking, walking, standing, sitting
All the time she has her knitting!

Idle girls make idle wives
And they lead untidy lives,
So the boys will think it shocking
If you cannot knit a stocking!

* * *

A DIFFICULT RECIPE

One cow's milk for the baby,
Ordered Dr. Summersall;
But how did he think the baby
Would manage to hold it all?

R. R. J.



Drawing by J. W. Beatty

See page 104

"SUDDENLY SHE SANK TO THE GROUND"

THE

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OUTSIDE THE LAW

BY THEODORE ROBERTS, '

AUTHOR OF "RED FEATHERS," CAPTAIN LOVE," ETC.

IT was mid-day, and the sun, small against the pale azure of the December sky, shone colourless as water and bright as fire. It was like the eye of a god, perhaps—staring, inscrutable, inhuman, blinding, and yet clear as ice. Or was it like a hole in the thin shell of the world's roof, through which poured the radiance of those vaster spaces beyond the changing of our days and nights, beyond the courses of the stars?

Jacques Chauveau, pressing up the southern slope of the ridge, his *racquets* scarcely indenting the packed snow, wondered vaguely if the sun were more like a great eye or like a window in the floor of Heaven. A man who tramps the wilderness will busy his mind with many such unprofitable questions. If he has been out long enough, he may even speak to the wind, or to some gnarled old tree, or to a hare leaping in the underbrush beside the trail. He will lighten his solitary journey by all manner of queer and effortless meditations, and look upon the very snow as something possessing a personality to which questions may be put and remarks addressed. The placid heart is open, at such times, to the reception of Nature's own moods. The eye is alert; the mind deliciously at peace and in a state midway between dream-

ing and interrogation; and the spirit, sitting high and apart from the body that toils along the trail, hears the singing of the air-currents and the passage of strange things upon the wind.

Jacques Chauveau went up the southern slope of the ridge of hardwoods which rises between the headwaters of Pierre's Brook and Little Chief River. He owned a shack on each brook, and had a line of traps and dead-falls set in each valley; and now he was making a short-cut across from the Little Chief to Pierre's. It was a great country that he took toll of, wide, wild and beautiful, and alive with the furred animals of the north. And yet a man might travel that wilderness for days and not see even so much of its furtive life as the brush of a fox. Pierre Chauveau, an elder brother of Jacques, had trapped that country for many years. But Pierre had died, or vanished from the knowledge of his friends, a year ago. He had worked alone, even as Jacques now worked alone, through the same swales and forests and across the same snow-sheeted barrens. The wilderness had taken him. He had not returned to the post in spring, by way of the swollen rivers, his canoe laden deep with peltries; nor yet had he straggled in later, as many

a woodsman has done, half-crazed, starved, like one escaped from a great prison. He had gone to his far trapping-grounds, before the time of ice and snow, and he had not returned, as was his custom, on the swollen waters of spring. Even Jacques, his brother, had ceased to wonder at it, and now travelled the same hills and valleys with a quiet heart, taking furs for the same great company.

The mind of Jacques Chauveau was at peace, as if in a partial slumber, and the spirit of him sat apart and alert. He went up the slope on his long *racquets* and reached the brow of the ridge where the timber was all of great maples and birches. It was then, swift as light, that his spirit—the alert and immortal soul of the man—awoke his mind and heart.

He halted short in his stride and gazed about him at the bright and silent forest. Here ran aisles, white paved, between pillars of gray boles, with the untinted fire of noon-tide gleaming high and low. Here was no wind. Not a twig moved in the fine traceries overhead, and no life of bird or beast or man stirred on either hand. The sunlight, the snow and the naked trees environed him with silence and stillness that were like an enchantment; but a voice was crying at his shoulder, keen and clear—a voice so in tune with the silence of the forest and the bright, still air, that the trapper knew he heard it only with the ears of his spirit. A soul cried aloud to a soul—the spirit of Pierre, the dead man, to the spirit of his brother. The body of the trapper stood straight and motionless, amazed, chilled by the wonder of the thing, scanning the empty wood with wide, unseeing eyes. But the spirit of the trapper heard, clear and undeniable, the voice of the dead crying for vengeance. And the name of one Red Strickland was cried by the voice, and a story of treachery and murder was told.

At last, Jacques felt the strength of his muscles again and the coursing

of the blood in his veins. He knew that he had answered the voice and had promised to avenge his brother. He moved forward, slowly at first, like a devout mourner in the presence of the dead; but presently he strode swiftly and assuredly on his way. His mind was awake now, busy with plans for the undoing of Red Strickland. The voice was quiet; but somewhere in the forest to the left a woodpecker beat its quick tattoo.

Jacques Chauveau returned to the Company's post on Rainy River in May, with a fine freight of fox, otter, beaver and marten skins. All the way down the swollen streams, while he drifted indolently, toiled on the portages, "snubbed" his canoe down the churning rapids, or lay by his solitary fire in the night watches, he had pondered the matter of the voice. And when he stepped ashore after the last day's run and was welcomed by the women and children, and the trappers who had reached home before him, he greeted them all, Red Strickland included, without any sign of emotion save pleasure. His plans were mature. The wilderness would see vengeance done, and the spirit of Pierre, that prince of comrades and foresters, would rest in peace.

Jacques had a quiet talk with the man in charge of the post, on the day after his return from the winter's trapping. The factor heard the story of the voice without surprise, for he had been born and bred in the northern wilderness and had himself taken furs, alone, in those wide and desolate places. As he believed in God, so did he believe in many another thing unseen. To be told that the spirit of a murdered man had cried aloud in the wilderness, into the ears of his brother, did not amaze him. He had heard and believed stranger things than that.

"I have known you these ten years, Jacques, and you have never told me a lie; so I do not doubt what you tell me now," he said. "But if Red Strickland is to be punished as a mur-



Drawing by J. W. Beatty

"JACQUES CHAUEAU, PRESSING UP THE SOUTHERN SLOPE
OF THE HILL"

derer, the law must do it. The law will ask for proof—and it will think you a madman if you tell about the voice. You have no proof, Jacques, that the lawyers and the police would listen to without laughter. No one knew that Red Strickland was anywhere near Pierre's country. Nobody saw them together at any time during the whole winter. Even if you should find—if you should find the body of Pierre, it would prove nothing, by law, save that he is dead."

"I care nothing for the law," replied Jacques. "I do not look to the law."

"There'll be no fighting in this post, nor anywhere near it," said the factor, sternly. "I'll have no knifing nor shooting here, lad."

The trapper looked him straight in the eyes, and slowly disclosed the plans over which he had busied his brains through so many solitary hours. The factor listened quietly, but with intent interest, and his blood chilled as he listened.

"Then you do not mean to kill him yourself?" he queried, at last. "You will leave vengeance to—to Pierre?"

"Yes," replied Jacques. "We will tie him in that place for one night. If he is alive in the morning, then may he go about his business. If he is dead when we go to look at him after that night on the ridge, then 'twill be that Pierre has taken his own revenge. I promise you that my comrade and I shall not strike him."

"If he should die, then what about his woman?" asked the other; but he needed no answer to that question, for the state of affairs between Red Strickland and his wife was well-known to all the dwellers at the Post. Strickland was a beast; the woman no better than a slave.

"Lavois will go with me, in my canoe. We will take him away at night, when you sleep—and maybe we will bring him back. Whatever happens, it is nothing to concern the law. The police will never hear of it."

"I am asking no questions," said the factor, "and will forget what you have told me. The thing is none of my business, anyway." He lit his pipe, looking kindly at the trapper over the flaming match. "Lavois is a safe man: He does not chatter," he added.

II.

Jacques Chauveau and his trusted friend Lavois entered Red Strickland's cabin shortly before dawn. Strickland was asleep, heavy with drink, so they gagged and bound him with but little trouble.

"What do you mean to do with him?" asked the woman, grasping Jacques by the arm.

"Do you care what we do with him?" asked the trapper.

"No," she cried. "No, I do not care."

She followed them down to the canoe.

"You mean to kill him," she whispered. "But why do you take the trouble to carry him away in a canoe?"

Receiving no answer, she continued: "Take me, too. I want to see what happens. By God, I hate the beast! He beat me to-night with his belt."

"We cannot take you," said Jacques. "We go a long journey."

"Yes, you will take me," said the woman. "I want to go. I want to see him killed, with my own eyes. If you do not take me, then shall I send word to the police, though I have to walk the sixty miles to the fort. They are great men, the police. You would soon be in prison—and, before very long, you'd be hanging by your necks."

Jacques Chauveau made no reply until Red Strickland was placed in the canoe. Then he turned to the woman.

"Julie, you would knife him yourself, if you were not such a coward," he said. "You hate him and you fear him, and the women have heard you praying to the good God to kill

him in the woods, when he was away on his trapping grounds, so that he might never come back to you. Now, why do you say that you will tell the police if we take him away?"

"I must go with you," she whispered. "I must see him dead, with my own eyes. I must see his body without any life in it, or I shall watch and listen for his return until the day of my death."

The men argued with her; but to no avail. At last Jacques told her of the voice, and of the tale of treachery that had rung in his ears, and of what he and Lavois intended to do with the murderer.

"If the spirits of dead men could harm him, then he would have died long ago," cried the woman. "He has slain more than Pierre—many more—and he has tried to murder my eternal soul."

So having no choice in the matter, they took the woman with them on that long and arduous journey from the post to the high ridge which lies between the head-waters of Pierre's Brook and Little Chief River. They saw madness grow in her, hour by hour; and on the last day of the outward trip she screamed with terror if the man in bonds but so much as glanced at her.

The time was close upon sunset when Jacques and his comrade led Red Strickland up the slope of the ridge. The woman followed, her eyes aflame, her poor, servile shoulders twitching, now with horrid laughter



Drawing by J. W. Beatty

"JACQUES HAD A QUIET TALK WITH THE FACTOR"

and again with hysterical sobbing. Jacques and Lavois also showed signs of weakness. The prisoner, however, though sullen, appeared fearless and

undismayed. The ordeal through which he was to pass had been explained to him, and he was of far too coarse a fibre to fear the spirit of Pierre Chauveau. He had never seen a ghost or heard the voice of one. Men had foiled him, and threatened him; but, once they were dead, he feared them no longer. Then, why should he feel any anxiety about spending a night in the woods where he had killed Pierre, more than a year ago. Pierre was not dangerous, dead or alive. He would sleep very well, he thought, despite the binding ropes; and in the morning they would free him, as they had promised. He knew Jacques Chauveau and Lavois to be men of their word. He smiled covertly as he thought of the foolish journey they had made and the useless trouble they had taken. As for the woman, bah! He would give her one more taste of his belt, and then go away to another part of the country, where he would never again see her frightened, silly face.

It was dusk in the high forest when they bound Red Strickland, comfortably seated on the ground, to the trunk of a straight young maple. Then, without a word, they returned to their camp at the foot of the slope, the woman following close upon their heels. For a few hours the men sat and smoked their pipes, starting nervously at every sound of the wind or the furtive life of the wilderness; but the woman straightway carried her blankets to a considerable distance from the fire, arranged boughs for her bed, and lay down.

In the first pale light of morning,

the trappers and the woman went up the slope. As they neared the tree to which they had bound Strickland, Jacques halted and extended his hand.

"See!" he whispered. "He hangs forward! His head is on his breast!"

They advanced slowly, forgetting the woman in the dreadful fascination with which the sagging, half-seen figure of Red Strickland drew them forward. Suddenly Lavois screamed an oath.

"His throat!" he cried. "His throat is cut!"

Jacques reeled and stared. He had expected to find the man dead, but not gashed and bloody. He had thought a spirit's revenge would leave no mark of violence. A peal of insane laughter came close at their heels.

"Poor dead Pierre would not hurt anyone," cried the woman, with awful, senseless mirth. "I did not leave it to poor Pierre. I came up in the night time, and I found him asleep. So I woke him and—then I killed him with his own knife. And I heard Pierre calling and calling. But *he* would not have killed him. He would not hurt anyone. Oh, I know Pierre Chauveau!"

The men stared at her, horror-stricken and bewildered.

"Yes, I know Pierre Chauveau," repeated the woman, in lower tones. "He was very gentle. He would not hurt anything."

Suddenly she sank to the ground and hid her face in her thin, toil-worn hands; and, for several minutes, the only sound in that place of high trees and growing radiance was her pitiful sobbing.



WHEN I BOUGHT A HORSE

BY ROBERT E. KNOWLES

Author of "St. Cuthbert's," "The Undertow," "The Dawn at Shanty Bay," Etc.

FOR almost a year I had been in the trough of the wave. I mean with regard to my physical health, much impaired as it had been by a little incident of travel. I know that travel is commended, especially by the transportation companies, as a cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to, to use a brand new phrase that has just come to me, and which it gives me no little satisfaction to think will make its *début* through the columns of *The Canadian Magazine*. And I had previously been inclined to endorse this prescription. At least, I had always considered travel beneficial to myself; for others, I recommended diet—except that I recall advising railroad travel to a maternal relative by marriage, and my motive was misjudged.

But travel proved far from helpful to me a year ago last February. I was making my homeward way as best I could, my heart outleaping to my waiting treasures, my whole frame nestling comfortably in the smoking apartment, where the air is always fresh and pure, when suddenly the engine wearied of the beaten path and betook itself to a route more rural and scenic than a mere man-made road affords. It sought the forest, the stream, the gurgling icy brook that meandered in the valley far beneath; and five coaches followed like a flock of sheep, some irresistible at tachment bearing them on.

As a consequence, I was in the trough of the wave for months, as has

been said. I rallied so slowly as to lose ground. Friends, relatives, creditors, undertakers, final-year divinity men just ready for a call, all noticed what poor headway I was making. The *couleur de rose* was fast fading from my cheek, the war-horse glitter from my eye; I seldom or never ate anything, except at meals, and more and more frequently would I smuggle the undercrust that our new cook had devised out to where our neighbour's dog waited in sanguine expectation, our own dear canine turning sadly away as he remarked that his faithless owner had none for him; but it should be told in my defence that ours was a new dog, warm from the hand of a departed friend, while our neighbour's was old and hadn't long before him at the best. He is gone now, like his murderer the cook.

I tried ordinary doctorism for a while, but without avail. Bye and bye our family physician fell into the habit of telling funny stories when I went to see him with a new epitaph on my fast decreasing face; wherefore, like our domestic canine, I too turned sadly away, having several old almanacs at home myself. Then I tried a Toronto specialist, having been left a small legacy by a departed aunt, whom we had long feared would die sooner or later. This seemed to agree well with the specialist, who shortly afterwards went to Europe, leaving a very wounded bank account, not his own, to recover as best it could. Then I tried home-

opathy till I became so expert in the treatment that I could jerk seventeen pellets into my mouth at dinner without the most observant guest detecting it. This I pursued till our little house was littered with empty phials mysteriously marked—but no improvement came. Then I tried osteopathy, strongly urged thereto by a church official who declared it had cured him of what he called "the shingles;" and for three weeks I recalled the sensations of a quarter of a century ago when I used to be the pivotal point in a Rugby scrimmage. From the hands of the osteopath I came forth subdued and chastened, thoroughly worked and kneaded, indifferent to every form of assault and battery, but unhealed. Shortly after this, I was waited upon by an exponent of the Christian Science faith, who proceeded, as a preliminary measure, to persuade me that there had not been an accident at all. I hurriedly assured her that such a diagnosis would be fatal to my relations with the offending railway. She retorted that it was purely a question of "mind over matter," to which I rejoined that, to my mind, it was a matter of head over heels. Our interview survived this passage but a little while.

"Ye'll no' be better till the railway settles wi' ye," remarked one of my Scottish friends; "an' I dinna blame ye—I hae my doots if ony man's foreordained to get weel afore the railroad's brocht till repentance."

But he was wrong. For the railway did finally settle, and my solicitor sailed the next week in the best stateroom on the *Lusitania*, his daughter going forth beside him to disburse her share of the spoils.

By this time, doctor and solicitor already gone, my last hopes were likewise making preparations for departure—and I began to fear that I too would join the exodus. I didn't wish to, for I knew I would leave my wife a widow—but almost nothing else; besides, modest as I am for a man with

so much provocation to the contrary, I couldn't reasonably see where a fitting successor would be found if I should cross the bar.

And it was just at this juncture that light came to me from an unexpected quarter. A brother cleric, the minister of a country parish, had come to spend the day and to linger a few more; his wife was with him, and their children—of whom, since his salary was seven hundred a year, there were eleven—were qualified, so they told us, to look after themselves for a month if necessary. This intelligence threw me into a violent chill and rendered recovery more unlikely than before.

But the good brother proved my benefactor.

"What you need is a horse," he assured me solemnly; "when I was a young minister, I suffered greatly from palpitation of the gizzard—too hard study and too little salary, the doctor told me—and he charged me seventy-five cents for an examination that didn't last over an hour," he added mournfully; "and my congregation just about that time presented me with a horse—they got it cheap; the treasurer of the congregation was a little short in his accounts; and he cleared out and left us—so I used to ride on it, because they didn't give me a buggy. And it made me well," he said smilingly. "It was the exercise, you see; there was a great deal of arm work about it—and a little with the legs too. Anyhow, it cured me; the horse died of the blind staggers, but I was so strong by that time that I was able to drag him about an eighth of a mile myself and start him down the gully, so he'd roll into the river. You'd be able to do that too, sir, if you'd get a horse—you've got lots of trees around the house," he said, referring to the arm exercise, as he nodded toward the willows on the lawn.

To make a long story short, I began a thorough investigation of the whole subject, reading all I could find

on the mutual relations of horse and man. I wrote to a few friends who were both horsey and healthy. I asked the specialist his opinion, once when I met him on the street car in Toronto, thinking it only fair that I should have some slight return for the bronze my gold had given to his cheek, and he responded with a remarkable quotation that practically decided me.

"There's nothing for the inside of a man like the outside of a horse," he said, twirling a gold-headed cane that I knew perfectly well was an indirect gift from me. "At least, that's what a great man said once. I forget just who—it wasn't me. But if you really want my opinion—"

"Oh no," I interrupted fervently, "I don't want an opinion—what do you think of the separate school system in Saskatchewan, doctor?" I hurried to ask, feeling that no question could be more surely economical than that.

But this opinion of inside versus outside, whoever the great man may have been that uttered it, sank deep into my mind. For the inside of me was the very thing that needed healing; I suffered from constant disquietude within, and, while not trained to the love of horses, I would not have hesitated to ride a coil of barbed wire if I had felt sure its hidden properties would filter in to my advantage.

So much did the formula possess me that I quoted it one evening in my study to four or five of my elders who had dropped in to enquire for my health. Just as we were finishing a little collation at ten o'clock, they implored me to refrain from all eating between meals; and they unitedly advised me to retire early as they were bidding me goodnight between twelve and one.

"I've almost decided to buy a horse," I told them proudly as I rose and stood with my hands behind my back and my back to the fire, the most natural of all attitudes known

to pride. "Dr. Gibson, in Toronto, says some great man said there's nothing for the inside of a man like the outside of a horse. I can't help wondering who said it," I went on wistfully; "I don't suppose any of you could tell me," as I looked around upon my colleagues.

There was a long pause. "It sounds to me like Milton," said one dapper little man, the principal of the public school, "only Milton was a poet, and it don't rhyme very good."

"Carlyle, him that wrote books, used to ride a horse," volunteered a worthy farmer whose father had come from Ecclefechan, "but he had a terrible insides for a' that, if a' reports is true."

"Whoever said it was right as far as he went," one middle-aged man suggested seriously; "at least, if there's any part of a horse good for a man, it'll be the outside part. Everybody knows . . ."

"Aye, that's juist the pint," interrupted a canny Scot, "but is ony pairt o' the beast guid for ye? My wife's faither had a horse fa' on him yin nicht; it fell on him wi' it's out-sides tae—but it didna dae him ony guid, I tell ye. The cratur'll break yir neck, I'm dootin'—the outside o' an alligator is mebbe guid for the inside o' a man—but I'd be sweart tae mount yin; the remedy's waur nor the disease, times."

"There's one thing sure," a long silent elder ventured to contribute, "an' that is, that a horse is a terrible intelligent animal. I've read somewhere that when the Duke of Wellington was buried after he was dead, his horse walked behind him, whinnerin' for its oats; you see, he knew fine it was dinner-time."

All of which discourse was far from illuminating. Evidently to others too; for, the very next morning, he of the Doric renewed his visit in quest of information.

"I was talkin' wi' the wife, sir," he began earnestly, "aboot what yon great man said—an' I cudna juist

mind if it was the ootside o' a man that's guid for the inside o' a horse, or the inside o' a horse that's guid for the ootside o' a man; an' Kirsty, she said ye cudna get the ootside o' a horse until the inside o' a man—an' I cudna deny that—so we got them a' mixed up wi' yin anither, an' I thoct I'd juist come an' ask ye which was t'ither," he concluded despairingly; and my effort to explain brought on symptoms of the relapse I was trying to avoid.

But the prescription (inside versus outside) kept on demanding my attention, even if we could not locate its source. Great men are hard to find, as everybody knows. Wherefore, without further research, I boldly announced one day that it was my intention to buy a horse. Then my troubles began; for no greater interest could have been aroused if I had expressed a purpose to buy the Klondyke. For three long weeks I rose up and sat down amid the atmosphere of horse. I was horse-beset from a hundred different quarters. At least forty-seven different men, most of them actuated by friendship's impulse only, and many of them dissolved at the prospect of parting with their pets, had the very animal that would suit me. He is gentle as a kitten—thus was I assured of each in turn; a lady could ride him; he'd have got a prize at the show only one of the judges wanted to buy him and thought he'd get him cheap; he'll stand anywhere for hours. They all loved trolley cars, their respective owners told me, and nothing pleased them more than to doze with their faces up against a locomotive; as for an automobile, the sight of one threw them all into a state of perfect peace. They were almost all for combination purposes, would drive a little better than they rode and ride a little better than they drove. Good feeders, every one—yet not wasteful or extravagant. But the most remarkable coincidence was in regard to age. With one or two exceptions only, every horse

among them was "coming five this spring." What a horse freshet there must have been five years ago this May!—together, then, they dawned, as if with one accord, and ever since had grown in beauty side by side. Yet I scorned the impulse to doubt the accuracy of the various chron-iclers; every man of them had it marked down at home, and besides, every man pointed out that, whoever was to be deceived, I stood immune, "Couldn't afford it," they said one by one—"twould be a mean man that'd do a minister." Besides, this deal was between man and man, and the commercial feature was utterly absent, excepting, of course, the one consideration of paying for the horse—but that was a mere technicality, an incident in a transaction otherwise purely personal. One morning a worthy parishioner, rural bred, appeared at the back door before I was up. Hastily robing, I hurried down to where he stood beside one of the saddest-looking jades that ever groaned beneath a collar. "Whoa there!" he kept repeating in stern tones to an animal that looked as if it had begun to whoa when first it saw the light. The weary creature, not knowing how to further obey, leaned a little harder against the fence by which it stood, turning a questioning eye upon its owner as he continued his appeal.

"This yin'll suit ye fine," began my visitor. "He's fair graun for funerals. I hae a gey sporty yin at home—but it's no becomin' to see a minister gaein' to the funeral o' a deid man wi' a beast that's skipping an' jumpin' aboot like a rabbit. The fowk'll think ye're enjoyin' yirsel'," he urged. "But this yin—she gangs along like she was sayin' ower the catechism or a bit o' a psalm till hersel'."

I thanked my would-be benefactor, but I left the patriarch to her devotions.

Different men have different opinions. The next day I was conveyed by another friend to his stable, his

eulogies solemnly pronounced as we went along, to survey a horse of a different color. This steed was led out of the stable by the groom, or rather the groom was dragged out by the steed, the creature pausing only long enough to cast on me an eye that marked me for its own, and said more plainly than words could have done: "Come on, if you think you're fit, and we'll soon settle it between us."

"There's nothing so humiliating to a congregation," said this different friend, "as to see their minister slouching along on a broken down nag that he ought to be helping home; they lose all pride in him. Besides, this here horse'll make you forget your pastoral cares," he added, proud of the adjective, jumping aside meantime to give his beauty the right of way; "she's as playful as a kitten—see how she frolics like a lamb," he pointed out as the brute performed a kangaroo leap two or three times in quick succession. I inwardly opined that the cleric who bestrode his pet would probably forget his pastoral concerns for all time to come, and turned sadly away as the jocund creature bore the groom onward to the structure whence they came.

It was a telephone message, urgent and confident, that sent me flying to the station one delicious morning, gathering up a local liveryman as I went. This latter was to protect me against the wiles of the professional horse dealer; for I was on my way to Toronto to do battle with two men, partners in the business, whose names are known wherever horse is found. One of them had gradually grown gray, the other bald, in the service of humanity.

"You need to watch them fellows," said my friend the liveryman, as the train rolled along; "can't never tell the real natur' of a horse with them fellows—you haven't got another cigar on you, have you; thanks, I've got a match—if they're too wild, they give 'em a swallow of stuff that dopes

'em, an' if they're too tame, they tie 'em to a post an' lick 'em for five minutes afore they fetch 'em out." With kindred cautions he beguiled the time till we arrived in the bustling city.

Before we reached the sale-stable we had annexed one or two additional counsellors. Walking up Yonge street we encountered a parish worthy who was in the city on what he vaguely described as "important business. But I'll go along with you," he said, "and be of what little help I can. You see, it's a kind of a congregational affair, in a certain sense," added our friend, Daniel by name, "and I'd never forgive myself if you and Jack here made a muddle of it."

Two or three blocks farther on we descried one of the soberest of our deacons gazing intently at the posters setting forth the charms of "The Real Widow Brown;" as soon as he could be recalled, he enquired the nature of our business in the city. "I had an engagement with the Minister of Agriculture about seed grain," said the good brother, widely known as Martin, "but a man's reg'lar minister comes first—I'll just go along and give you a hand; two heads is better than one. Would a man be able to see pretty good in the thirty-five cent seats, d'ye suppose?" as he cast another wistful glance at the Real Widow Brown.

It was not long before we stood, an awed and silent assembly of four, in the presence of "The Firm."

I took to both men from the start. One was Scotch-Canadian and a Presbyterian, both credentials quoted to me by himself at the earliest opportunity.

"This here horse," he said, taking his stand beside a noble looking bay, "is a perfect treasure. I wouldn't sell her to any man for the price I'm askin', unless he belonged to our church. Sam there," nodding toward his partner, "was goin' to sell her last week to a Bishop. But I wouldn't have it. I said it would be an extra

hundred to anyone that prayed out of a book."

Sam grinned. "I'd hate to have it on my soul to sell her to a Presbyterian preacher," he said; "there's times when the best o' them ain't in no fit condition to ride—that's one o' the principal parts of Jerry's religion," smiling toward his partner nevertheless in a way that spoke of pure affection.

"She got first prize at the New York show," said Jerry, ignoring the gibe and extracting a square substance from his breeches pocket, pausing only long enough to make a serious dental incision. "The judges was all sorry there wasn't nothin' better'n first to give her, they was," revolving the fruit of the incision deliciously. "That's when I bought her. I was awful sorry for George Vanderbilt; he come up with a wad the size of her hind hock just after I got her—an' there was tears in his eyes when he turned away. I felt awfully sorry for him," he concluded, turning aside for an operation that must have been a great success, judging by the splash.

About the same time, my friend of the livery profession summoned me aside by a quick furtive wink: "How d'you like her?" he asked solemnly.

"I like her well," replied I, gazing wistfully upon the object of our conversation as the Scotch-Canadian led her out into the lane, all four of us following with unwandering gaze. "What do you think of her yourself?"

"She's not a bad beast—but Daniel here says he had a horse just the same size and colour, that fell dead with the heaves."

"Does she heave?" I asked excitedly.

"No, she don't yet—but you can't never tell what they'll do after you buy 'em. These fellows in the city knows how to keep 'em from heaving—he says she's just comin' five this spring; that's what they always say."

"How old do you really think she is?" I asked vehemently, this new occasion for anxiety startling me suddenly.

He summoned Martin. "How old's that mare? he enquired sternly, for he had seen them both conducting an exhaustive examination.

"I make her comin' twelve," said Martin confidently, "and I done the very best I could for her."

"She'll never see sixteen again," was the despondent verdict of the remaining brother, he who had forsaken his important business. "She's got an aged eye."

"A kind of a careworn look, hasn't she?" the liveryman said pityingly.

"I don't think her digestion's very good," ventured he of the Real Widow Brown; "she looks kind of like as if she was onrestless inside of her."

"She's a blood," I said, clutching at a last straw.

"I'm afraid she is," agreed Daniel dismally. "Them bloods always looks at you like as if they was goin' to knock the daylights out of you if they got a chance. And if she's a blood, they're terrible expensive to keep. They won't eat straw."

"An' ye have to put beddin' under them every night—they'll kick the stable down if they don't have a feather tick," said the deacon, all interest in matters theatrical vanished now in his intensity.

"These city fellows is terrible liars," said the liveryman, wandering a little from the point.

"Don't care for nothin' but the money," affirmed one of his colleagues; "if them there fellows heard next week as how that there mare kicked your brains out on the grass, they'd just smile and say you seemed a nice sort of man when they seen you last. Now it's different with one of our farmers—if it was a farmer, he'd go to your funeral and look as sad as if the corpse belonged to him. An' he'd be sad too; he'd be real sincere an' sorry. If I was you, I'd buy from a farmer, sir."

"I won't come to any decision just now," I broke out resolutely at last; "I'll telephone my wife about it."

Whereat we dispersed, my counsellors leading the exodus with right good will, "the firm" eyeing us sadly as we retreated. The thoroughbred meantime resumed her fodder in a way that indicated a certain very familiar form of internal disquietude, which recurs, even with humans, at stated intervals.

The liveryman cast a contemptuous glance behind us as we neared the door: "Her tail's amputated half in two in the middle," he said scornfully.

"They done that to keep it from fallin' out," declared Daniel the counsellor.

"Nearly all bloods has rat tails," affirmed the deacon; "they runs to ears," as we passed out to the street.

I repaired to the nearest telephone pay station, resolved to lay the whole question before my domestic divinity. Inwardly, I was decidedly of the mind that the purchase should be made, especially as the Scotch-Canadian Presbyterian had offered to give me a fortnight's trial of the horse. But the price was an exalted one, and I thought it best to consult the chancellor of the exchequer, in whose judgment I reposed implicit confidence.

"Hello," I cried at length, when the wire had been captured after a long conflict; "is that you, dear?"

"Who's speaking?" answered a cautious voice.

I identified myself after a fashion that must not be printed.

"Are you speaking from Toronto?"

"Yes, dear. I wanted to consult you about buying a horse. Do you think * * * *?"

"How much does it cost?" said the tender voice, breaking in with the age-old feminine enquiry.

"They're asking three hundred for it."

"Oh, no, I don't mean that—how

much does this cost, this long-distance talking, I mean?"

"I don't know—half a dollar, I think. She's a regular beauty * * *."

"And that only allows us three minutes, doesn't it? Doesn't it seem ridiculous—our time must be almost gone now. Is it a nice quiet horse? What are you going to bring Charlie?—he says he wants a rubber ball."

"Do you think we could afford three hundred?" I pressed, for I could hear my watch ticking in my pocket.

"Mercy, no! But don't let us talk more than three minutes—it's extra after that. Why, three hundred'd get us a mahogany centre-table, and a davenport, and a cheval glass, and a Turkish rug for the parlour, and a pianola, and one of those things the Clarks have for holding wood and coal, and a new set of furs, and a Tiffany lamp for the hall. Mercy, no! Don't you think our three minutes 'll soon be up?—it's these little extra expenses that count up, you know."

"I wish I could see you," I said desperately, "and talk the whole thing over with you."

"I'll come," the cheery voice rang out; "I'll come down on the morning train. I'll come down and spend the day."

"Spend what?" I said faintly.

"Spend the day—I'll spend the day."

"Oh!"

"What?"

"Will you promise not to contract Eatonitis?" I asked timidly.

"Contract appendicitis? Mercy, who?" cried the sweetest and most sympathetic of all human voices; "who's got it now?"

"No—Eatonitis," I said—"about spending, you know. I was afraid you'd spend more than the day."

Then the old business-stained wire echoed to the peal of a silvery chime. I know the centrals listen; I caught the face of a man who was on the wire—he was an inspector, I think, and it glowed like the countenance of

an Englishman who hears the dinner-gong on an Atlantic liner.

"Well, I guess we'll have to say goodbye," said the still laughing voice. "Meet me at the station—our three minutes must be nearly up—and don't forget Charlie's rubber bull. Oh, just wait a minute—he wants to speak to you. Come here, dear, here's daddy—don't put your mouth into the telephone, Charlie."

Then followed a process which, to judge from the preliminary sounds that I subsequently had to pay for, resembled nothing so much as the first hitching of a fractious colt. After Charlie had been finally reduced and adjusted and aimed and discharged, the net result was this:

"Oo, ee, aa, daddy—bing Tarlie yubber bull. Yow—yow, I wont—yah, yah, go-way, muddy; Tarlie talk daddy—boo-hoo, boo-hoo," as the final wrench was effected, the recessional still echoing in solemn melody as he was borne off in the arms and legs of the intrepid attendant.

"Doesn't he talk splendidly, daddy?—he's going to be a public speaker too, isn't he? Do you think our time's nearly gone? Oh, I had a letter from mother this morning—and she's thinking of coming to spend the summer, and * * * *."

"Our time's up," I said in a firm courageous voice, resolved that no sign of pain should escape me.

"I think it must be—and they charge you for every extra second. Well, goodbye; I'll be down on the morning train. There isn't any excursion rate on just now, is there?—we must keep down expenses, you know. Goodbye Daddy."

"Goodbye dear," breathlessly.

"Goodbye, and if you should be in Murray's * * * *."

The shades of evening were falling when the bell boy rapped at my door.

"A telegram for you, sir," he said.

It was from my wife: "Come home at once. Don't buy. I've struck a bargain. Collect."

I collected. Duly delivered by next morning's train, I hastened homeward with conflicting visions of the bargain about to be revealed.

At the manse gate stood Charlie and his mother, both radiant. And the canny Scot, previously described, stood beside them—the same he was who had been in sore perplexity concerning the relative attitudes of man and horse, external and internal, and who had made a second pilgrimage to me in search of light.

"Oh daddy, we've got the loveliest horse," my wife informed me jubilantly. "It's a kind of a pony—and I promised the man we'd buy it. So he just left it on the lawn. It's lying down; it seems to be so glad it's here. And the man said he wouldn't sell it to anyone but us. It's a beautiful colour—a kind of a dark tan—and we'll have to get a carriage just the same shade, won't we? And it just loves children; Maidie Kerr was on its back—it's a kind of a saddle horse too—and little Charlie walked behind, holding on to its tail and paddling it with his little shovel. And it seemed to enjoy it just as much as the children; it just walked along so nice—once it did prick up one of its ears, but the man said that was just because it loved to hear little children's voices. The man could have sold it to four different people yesterday—so he said he couldn't wait till you came home, and that's why I closed the bargain. And it'll eat sugar out of your hand—then it looks as if it wanted more—it's the cunningest thing. Come and see it, daddy. We're going to call it Traveller—that was the name of General Lee's war-horse, you know."

We passed on to the lawn below. The canny Scot purposely walked beside me. He had seen the animal before, and I know his rugged heart went out to me in his own strong and silent way.

"I've found oot wha said yon, about the inside o' a horse an' the outside o' a man," he informed me.

"Who?" I asked absently, caring little now.

"It was a king," he replied triumphantly; "one o' thae deevilish bad kings they had lang syne. 'My kingdom for a horse,' he bellered, when they told him he had to hoof it. That's about the same thing as ye said to us that night; it'd be his insides the king was thinkin' about, when he said it, nae doot. Kirsty found it in a book."

We were in full view of the reclining quadruped. I thought at first it was a small wheelbarrow lying on its side, but a slight movement in our direction soon identified it as the purchase. I stood transfixed, gazing compassionately. Charlie had toddled ahead and was already busy feeding it some tender grass. My friend the Scot wandered slowly down beside it. I saw, like one in a dream, that he was opening its mouth and gazing in. My wife followed to the shrine, and I was left alone.

The Scot rejoined me in a moment. "There's yin guid thing about the cratur," he said slowly; "it'll never bite wee Charlie wi' its teeth."

Deep silence reigned again. The Scot again broke it. "Was it the ootside o' a horse you king body said was sae guid for the ootside o' a

man?"

I nodded, having no heart for more.

"A man'd need to hae an inside aboot the size o' a humble bee, to get ony guid frae yon," he said solemnly, pointing with his foot toward the purchase.

My wife was coming up the terrace toward us, casting admiring glances backward as she came.

"Don't you think Traveller's a pretty name?" she said as she drew near.

"Yes," I said, still gazing. I thought of poor General Lee lying cold and still beneath the silent sod.

"Yes," I repeated, "it's a pretty name."

"Oh, daddy," she suddenly digressed, "I've got bad news for you."

"What?" I said, interest in life returning slowly.

"I got another letter from mother this morning; and she's not coming after all—she going to California instead."

"It's a lovely horse, dear," I said, giving her a hand to help her up the terrace.

"I knew you'd like it; a woman that can choose a good husband can be relied on to choose a horse too," she said sweetly.

"It's a beautiful horse," said I.



"A BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON"

(AN APPRECIATION)

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

ONLY three of Browning's dramas have ever been staged, including "Strafford," "Colombe's Birthday," and the present play, "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," which was presented under Macready's management in 1843, and under Phelps' in 1848, in both instances scoring a decided success in the minds and hearts of its finer-grained auditors, where scoring is most worth while. Joseph Arnould, a friend of both Browning and Alfred Domett, writing to the latter shortly after the first performance, declares that

"The first night was magnificent. Poor Phelps did his utmost, Helen Faucit very fairly, and there could be no mistake at all about the honest enthusiasm of the audience. The gallery (and this, of course, was very gratifying, because not to be expected at a play of 'Browning'), took all the points quite as quickly as the pit, and entered into the general interest and feeling of the action far more than the boxes—some of whom took it upon themselves to be shocked at being betrayed into so much interest for a young woman who had behaved so improperly as Mildred. Altogether, the first night was a triumph. I was one of about sixty or seventy in the pit, and we yet seemed crowded when compared to the desolate emptiness of the boxes. The gallery was again full, and again among all who were there were the same decided impressions of pity and horror produced. The third night I again took my wife to the boxes. It was evident at a glance that it was to be the last. My own delight, and hers too, in the play was increased at this third representation, and would have gone on increasing to a thirtieth; but the miserable, great, chilly house, with its apathy

and emptiness, produced on us both the painful sensation which made her exclaim that she could cry with vexation at seeing so noble a play so basely marred. Now, there can be no doubt whatever that the absence of Macready's name from the list of performers of the new play was the means of keeping away numbers from the house. Whether if he had played and they had come the play would have been permanently popular is another question. I don't myself think it would. With some of the grandest situations and finest passages you can conceive, it does undoubtedly want a sustained interest to the end of the third act; in fact, the whole of that act on the stage is a falling off from the second act, which I need not tell you is for all purposes of performance the most unpardonable fault. Still, it will no doubt—nay, it must—have done this, viz., produced a higher opinion than ever of Browning's genius and the great things he is yet to do in the minds not only of a clique, but of the general world of readers. No one now would shake their heads if you said of our Robert Browning, 'This man will go far yet.'"

And in his "Personalia" Edmund Gosse tells us that

"When the curtain went down the applause was vociferous. Phelps was called and recalled, and then there arose the cry of 'Author!' To this Mr. Browning remained silent and out of sight, and the audience continued to shout until Anderson came forward and keeping his eye on Mr. Browning said, 'I believe the author is not present, but if he is I entreat him to come forward!' The poet, however, turned a deaf ear to this appeal, and went home very sore with Macready, and what he considered his purposeless and vexatious scheming. 'A Blot in the 'Scutcheon' was announced to be played 'three times a week until further notice'; and was performed with entire success to

crowded houses, until the final collapse of Macready's schemes brought it abruptly to a close."

Of two contemporary newspaper notices, one from *The Literary Gazette*, has it that

"At the end the applause greatly predominated; but still we cannot promise the 'Blot' that it will not soon be wiped off the stage,"

while the other, from the *Examiner*, is

"... not sanguine of the chances of continued patronage to 'A Blot in the 'Scutcheon.' People are already finding out, we see, that there is a great deal that is equivocal in its sentiments, a vast quantity in its situations, and in its general composition not much to 'touch humanity.' We do not pretend to know what should touch humanity, beyond that which touches our own hearts, but we would give little for the feelings of a man who could read this tragedy without a deep emotion. It is very sad; painfully and perhaps needlessly so; but it is unutterably tender, passionate, and true."

Interesting accounts of the Browning-Macready misunderstanding in relation to this performance may be found in Gosse's "Personalia," Mrs. Orr's "Life and Letters of Robert Browning" (revised), and in "Robert Browning and Alfred Domett."

Of the revival in 1848 Mrs. Browning wrote as follows to her friend, Miss Mary Russell Mitford, from Florence:

"We have been, at least I have been, a little anxious lately about the fate of the 'Blot in the 'Scutcheon,' which Mr. Phelps applied for my husband's permission to revive at Sadler's. Of course, putting the request was a mere form, as he had every right to act the play, and there was nothing to answer but one thing. Only it made one anxious—made me anxious—till we heard the result, and we, both of us, are very grateful to dear Mr. Chorley, who not only made it his business to be at the theatre the first night, but, before he slept, sat down like a true friend to give us the story of the result, and never, he says, was a more complete and legitimate success. The play went straight to the heart of the audience, it seems, and we hear of its continuance on the stage from the papers. So far, so well. You may remember, or may not have heard, how Macready brought it out and put his foot on it in the flash of a quarrel between man-

ager and author, and Phelps, knowing the whole secret and feeling the power of the play, determined on making a revival of it in his own theatre, which was wise, as the event proves. Mr. Chorley called his acting really 'fine.'"

Critical opinion concerning this drama has been strangely divided. On the one hand, Prof. W. J. Alexander considers it "unnatural and repugnant," and Miss F. Mary Wilson feels that "the impression is one of staginess, slowness and ineffectualness, almost as though the planned-out work of an inferior writer had been bequeathed to Browning to make the best of." On the other hand, Dickens wrote to his friend and biographer Forster:

"Browning's play has thrown me into a perfect passion of sorrow. To say that there is anything in its subject save what is lovely, true, deeply affecting, full of the best emotion, the most earnest feeling, and the most true and tender source of interest, is to say that there is no light in the sun, and no heat in blood. It is full of genius, natural and great thoughts, profound and yet simple and beautiful in its vigour. I know nothing that is so affecting, nothing in any book I have ever read, as Mildred's recurrence to that 'I was so young—I had no mother.' I know no love like it, no passion like it, no moulding of a splendid thing after its conception like it. And I swear it is a tragedy that must be played; and must be played, moreover, by Macready. . . But the tragedy I shall never forget, or less vividly remember than I do now. And if you tell Browning that I have seen it, tell him that I believe from my soul there is no man living (and not many dead) who could produce such a work."

And Arthur Symonds, a so much more warrantable critic than Dickens, pronounces "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon'"

"... the simplest, and perhaps the deepest and finest of Mr. Browning's plays. The Browning Society's performances, and Mr. Barrett's in America, have proved its acting capacities, its power to hold and thrill an audience. The language has a rich simplicity of the highest dramatic value, quick with passion, pregnant with thought and masterly in imagination; the plot and characters are perhaps more interesting and affecting than in any other of the plays; while the effect of the whole

is impressive from its unity. The scene is English; the time is in the eighteenth century; the motive, family honour and dishonour. The story appeals to ready popular emotions, emotions which, though lying nearest the surface, are also the most deeply-rooted. The whole action is passionately pathetic, and it is infused with a twofold tragedy, which hangs on a word, spoken only when too late to save three lives. This irony of circumstance, while it is the source of what is saddest in human discord, is also the motive of what has come to be the only satisfying harmony in dramatic art. It takes the place, in our modern world, of the Necessity of the Greeks; and is not less impressive because it arises from the impulse and unreasoning wilfulness of man rather than from the implacable insistency of God. It is with perfect justice, both moral and artistic, that the fatal crisis, though mediately the result of accident, of error, is shown to be the consequence and the punishment of wrong. A tragedy resulting from the mistakes of the wholly innocent would jar on our sense of right, and could never produce a legitimate work of art. Even, *Oedipus* suffers, not merely because he is under the curse of a higher power, but because he is wilful and rushes upon his own fate. *Timon* suffers, not because he was generous and good, but from the defects of his qualities. So, in this play, each of the characters calls down upon his own head the suffering which at first seems to be a mere caprice and confusion of chance. Mildred Tresham and Henry Mertoun, both very young, ignorant and unguarded, have loved. They attempt a late reparation, apparently with success, but the hasty suspicion of Lord Tresham, Mildred's brother, diverted indeed into a wrong channel, brings down on both a terrible retribution. Tresham, who shares the ruin he causes, feels, too, that his punishment is his due. He has acted without pausing to consider, and he is called on to pay the penalty of 'evil wrought by want of thought.' "

The present writer's opinion inclines towards Symons' view rather than Alexander's, though he would not, in a comparative study of Browning's dramas, rank "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon'" quite so high as does Symons. While it is true that Browning makes several concessions (which one does not quite like in pure drama) to conventional stage requirements, and while the play, on that account, exhibits occasional melodramatic tendencies, yet it is worth

so much more as a work of high creative art than as a theatrical performance that its stage-points prove, after all, only the slightest blots on its escutcheon. The double motive, first of all, is admirably indicated and interwoven—Thorold's love of honour, Mildred's love of purity. Though Mildred has ignorantly sinned and conventionally "fallen," yet her passion for purity is truer, completer, more understanding than is over-righteous Thorold's love of pride. The history of the relation of these two—for they are the prime persons of the play, protagonist and antagonist, and this crisis is developed during their increasingly tense situation in Act II.—the history of the relation of these two is the old history of professional good versus human instinct; of technical honour versus the blind errors of love; and of the consciously superior person, self-appointed vicar of the Eternal Will, versus her whose warm faith and affection have been hiding in a sort of golden maiden-mist the figure of the sworded angel that is now to meet her as she turns to re-enter Eden.

For Thorold, whom his retainers find precisely "what a nobleman should be," and who is Mertoun's boyish ideal of "the scholar and the gentleman," is yet more stained than Mildred, the dove whose pinion Mertoun has so rashly hurt. That is Browning's insistent implication and it is a very true and awful one. Thorold is proud of homage, of the recognition of his honour, rather than of the root principle and subtle genius of honour-in-itself. He is a correct traditional gentleman, but not a nature adequate to its present need. Kind and brotherly as his heart would have him be, he becomes, nevertheless, in habit and programme, imposingly statuesque, finely dead. Mildred has a keener and more just sense of honour than his own, for she subjectively agonises and hopes where he objectively resents and

condemns; she is even more Hebraistic than is he in her recognition of the inevitableness of law and fate:

"Needs
Must I have sinned much, so to suffer!"

"Oh why, why glided sin the snake
Into the Paradise Heaven meant us both?"

" . . . this will not be!"
Sin has surprised us, so will punishment."

But she is a warm Hellenist also in her love of life, of family, of Mertoun; in her romantic courage; her smiling rallies from despondency; her childlike trust in the fatherly indulgence of God. In brief, gloomed though her spirit is with a sense of impending punishment, she dimly sees behind its dreadful cloud the lining of redemption, and feels for this very reason constrained into a strange loyalty to the law of Nemesis, a loyalty she can less and less shake off. The souls of both brother and sister are torn with the tragedy of conflicting ideals, of an unwithstandable invasion of their highest goods, and their final recognitions of the great meanings behind the tragedy of each bring the play to an end:

Mildred—

"As I dare approach that Heaven
Which has not bade a living thing despair,
Which needs no code to keep its grace
from stain,
But bids the vilest worm that turns on it
Desist and be forgiven—I—forgive not,
But bless you, Thorold, from my soul of
souls!"

Tresham—

"Vengeance is God's, not man's. Remember me!"

The whole atmosphere and movement of the play may be strikingly keyed by Sidney Lanier's beautiful lines from "The Marshes of Glynn":
"God out of knowledge and good out of
infinite pain,
And sight out of blindness and purity out
of a stain."

Of the other characters, Guendolen and Mertoun, though dramatically subordinate, are drawn with skill and sympathy. Guendolen, particu-

larly, is a human woman—sisterly, loving, happy-hearted, quick-witted—whose ministry to Mildred at the moment of moments is almost tear-compelling in its imperative and affectionate power. Mertoun wins her early pleased regard, not only as the lover of Mildred, but also because she detects his zest and sincerity behind his half-timid acknowledgments of Thorold's worth and friendship. Mertoun is a being like to Mildred herself and worthy to be her lover, though with less sensitiveness to the record-tappings of spiritual telegraphy. He is incurably young, hopeful, romantic, brown-haired, blue-eyed, a very Romeo for looks and love. As Guendolen's nobility rises to its height in the presence of Mildred's suffering, so his bright spirit most gallantly expresses itself towards both Mildred and Thorold in the moment of his death. Austin is slightly drawn, and has but little place in either action or dialogue, save where dramatic necessity may prescribe his presence for the sake of emphasis of situation or convenience of arrangement. Gerard, the warrenner, loyal as the old hunter is loyal in "The Flight of the Duchess," is the technical pivot of the play, upon whose revelation to Thorold the crisis and catastrophe depend, and whose faithful breast is itself woefully self-divided in its own personal tragedy, as wavering now towards the formal honour of Earl Tresham's house and now towards the innocence-convincing goodness and beauty of his young mistress, Mildred.

There are some outstanding criticisms of certain manners and moments (or expressions of moments) in this drama that ought here, perhaps, to be presented and, if possible, answered.

In Mr. Henry Jones' paper before the Boston Browning Society—"Browning as a Dramatic Poet"—he writes:

"What a critic has a complete right to object to is that Mildred is presented to us in no other mood than this of sublime moral tension; and that, so far as she is concerned, the whole action takes place not in the ordinary world, but on 'Mount Sinai altogether on a smoke,' amidst the terrors of a broken law. I would repeat my belief that practically our only task here on earth is 'to learn thro' evil that good is best,' and that the drama at its height turns on moral issues. But, on the other hand, that lesson has to be learned in a natural environment, where the sun shines and the flowers grow, and men and women eat and drink, marry and are given in marriage. That natural environment is not to be found in this play. Shakespeare would have made it break in, so intimate is his touch on reality. When the moods and passions have swept his characters beyond the confines of ordinary life, the common world comes knocking at the door, and we have such scenes as that of the porter in "Macbeth," which deepens the tragedy and makes it real by letting in the contrast of the common light of day in its ordinary course. But Mildred lives throughout the play in another world from ours; or if it is our world, if our world is spiritual at its core and morality its essence, its natural veil is torn off by the poet. Her thoughts, her true self, had already passed beyond the walls of the prison-house. Her 'spirit yearned to purge

Her stains off in the fierce renewing fire.' And in consequence her death does not touch us like the death of Cordelia or Desdemona. She is not removed from our very midst, and we are not left desolate; for she was always far away, in a world not ours."

Though a page or two more follows, in which Mr. Jones develops his thought, enough has been quoted to show his meaning. Are his words quite fair? Does not his disappointment amount to a willingness to blame the nineteenth century Browning because he does not write in the manner of the sixteenth century Shakespeare? Is it not true that the instincts and interests of both writers and readers in our own time are immensely more subjective in point of pre-occupation than they were then, and that we are all willing now to take much for granted that it was necessary to impress particularly upon the minds of Elizabethan audiences concerning locale and en-

vironment? If our ancestors could not work out their spiritual problems without frequent specific assurances of the

"Good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth,"

because their superstitions made these problems more fearful though not more awful to them than to us—if they needed such tyings to earth, so do not we. With the Anglo-Saxon, to lose his grip on reality—and this was easy for him—was to become for the nonce a wild poet, beating his way about amid the dragons of the deep and the nicors of unknown lands. He was afraid—and in large measure for this very reason unable—to think much, though he felt profoundly. The Elizabethan temper marked an advance in dignity and self-confidence; but the Victorian imagination is, relatively speaking, weaned from the bosom of the old material Gaia, and can experience sustained adventure. Even so, Browning does not ignore the external realities in his dramas,—certainly not in this one. They are there, duly in their place,—he does not care to exhibit them or even quite record them. They are implied. One does not say of a plant that it grows in the earth; one only says that it grows. It is in the growth instinct and tendency that Browning is so intensely interested, in common with all moderns. Nor is it Shakespeare's earth-regard that makes him Shakespeare, prophet of all time, as well as interpreter of his own, but rather his ability often to persuade his auditors and readers away from earth, as none of his contemporaries attempted or was able to do.

Another objection has been raised, this time by Prof. W. J. Rolfe and Miss Heloise Hersey, to the age of Mildred. They write:

"Mildred is fourteen." In this extraordinary statement seems to be the chief dramatic blemish of the play. It taxes our credulity to believe that Juliet was only

fourteen; but with her we could at least fall back upon the theory that girls develop more rapidly in southern countries than in northern, and that they are married proportionately early. Here we are asked to credit the amazing statement that a conservative English Lord deliberately and indeed eagerly arranges the betrothal of his sister at the time-honoured Juliet age. It is interesting to note how completely Browning ignores his own limitations as to years. For instance, Tresham speaks of Mildred as 'imbued with love,' etc. If the English girl of the last century reached that point of culture at fourteen, what must she have been at forty? It is impossible to believe that Browning ever actually pictured Mildred as fourteen, though we see in the next scene why he wants to represent her as young as possible."

To this it may be replied that Browning is no more attempting to make a fact-point of the matter than of the ages of Pippa or Pompilia. It is not the poet's business to inform, but to interpret and inspire. All Browning cares about here is that we shall understand Mildred to be young, indeed, in body, and yet, on account of native instinct and family training, to be as unusual in mind as she is beautiful of feature. Even on the side of historical fact, it is perhaps worth while remarking that marriages were contracted at such early ages during the eighteenth and even the nineteenth centuries, in both England and America, oftener than would now be supposed. It does not seem to have surprised anyone that Poe married the Lenore of his "Raven," Virginia Clemm, in 1835, when she was but thirteen; and even more significant for us here is the love affair and probable marriage of Stella and the famous Dean.

In his "The Poetry of Robert Browning," Mr. Stopford Brooke expresses strong objection to Mildred's over-submissiveness during the library scene, in these words:

"One touch of the courage she shows in the last scene would have saved in the previous scene herself, her lover, and her brother. The lie she lets her brother infer when she allows him to think that the

lover she has confessed to is not the Earl, yet that she will marry the Earl, degrades her altogether and justly in her brother's eyes, and is so terribly out of tune with her character that I repeat I cannot understand how Browning could invent that situation. It spoils the whole presentation of the girl. It is not only out of her character, it is out of nature."

I am very far from wishing it to seem that I hold too partial or elastic a brief for Browning, but to my thinking this criticism is extraordinarily deficient in grasp and feeling. Out of character? Out of nature? The truth is precisely otherwise. In the dramatic romance, "Count Gismond," Browning's heroine asks: "What says the body when they spring Some monstrous torture-engine's whole Strength on it? No more says the soul." on which Mrs. Browning comments: "You never wrote anything which lived with me more than that. It is such a dreadful truth."

So with Mildred. She has not the power to withstand the shock of her proud brother's accusation; she is—and it is Browning's almost sole endeavour to present and prove her so—relatively, essentially innocent, and innocence from the beginning of the world has always been far less ready and able to justify itself in speech than has guilt. Her fine nature, too, sees that even mistake, like crime itself, must provoke its Nemesis—in Act I. Mildred has indicated more than once her prevision, her sense, of Fate. Now that Fate is suddenly upon her, she is stunned into acceptance of its reality, and is quite unable to challenge its right.

"The first shame over, all that would might fall."

If, on the one hand, vengeance belongs to God; so, on the other, she feels, must justification. It is true that a word would save her, but it is a word that Love cannot speak, for it involves her lover. Blameless as he is in her eyes, he must still be held blameless by all others, and she welcomes martyrdom instinctively,

unquestioningly, for his sake, as a pure, womanly, natural Mildred would surely do. The crisis lies in these words:

Tresham—

"Now dictate
This morning's letter that shall counter-
mand

Last night's—do dictate that!

Mildred—

"But, Thorold—if
I will receive him as I said?
Tresham—

"The Earl?"

Mildred—

"I will receive him."

And it is a crisis alike of extraordinary dramatic value and of human likeness. Neither Mildred nor Thorold can do other than so: they are in the clutch of circumstance.

The final point of censure that I wish here to notice is made by William Sharp, as follows:

"More disastrous, poetically, is the ruinous banality of Mildred's anti-climax when, after her brother reveals himself as her lover's murderer, she, like the typical young Miss Anglaise of certain French novelists, betrays her incapacity for true passion by exclaiming, in effect, 'What, you've murdered my lover! Well, tell me all. Pardon? Oh, well, I pardon you: at least I *think* I do. Thorold, my dear brother, how very wretched you must be!'

"I am unaware if this anticlimax has been pointed out by anyone, but surely it is one of the most appalling lapses of genius which could be indicated."

Now that is very unworthy and—I am glad to feel and say—uncharacteristic criticism on the part of this usually thoughtful and sensitive writer. All dramatic moments must be judged with careful regard to the steps that have conditioned them, and to the particular situation of the chief person or persons concerned. The Mildred of the crisis, who has sacrificed her reputation for Mertoun's sake, is not the Mildred who would hesitate to yield her life in the catastrophe, when Mertoun lies stiffening in death. Utterly unselfish, here as there, her love for Hen-

ry, even upon her first moment of awareness of his end, instantly leaps out towards his slayer in a sympathetic, vicarious sense of error and remorse. That such an instinct is psychologically true has been shown time and again in life as in literature. The first impulse of a finely unselfish nature, upon experiencing sorrow, is to compassionate fellow-sufferers. Add to this Mildred's sense of her own imminent death—a sense which would clear away all false resentments and half-forgivenesses, and ensure a quickened last insight into the things of human experience. And add again her willingness to yield to Fate the things that are Fate's. Mildred, like Caponsacchi, "finds out when the day of things is done." As to the speaker in "The Flight of the Duchess," so now to her—"there seemed nothing to do more." With Mertoun dead, she is already dead, and her forgiveness of Thorold is but the echo and repetition of her lover's excuse for his mistaken foe, who has now at last come to see

"through

The troubled surface of his crime and
yours

A depth of purity immovable."

A Tragedy of love and pride, of love that, unwittingly violating Love's canons, suffers Fate's penalty, yet in its very suffering finds Fate but another name for Love; of pride that brings being and seeming too close together, and so loses the subtler lights that each may cast,—this is the story of "A Blot in the Scutcheon." The two refrains of Mildred's motherlessness and of Thorold's stainlessness, touching the play now with tenderness and now with portent, though different in occasion, are one in meaning. They seem to say: Who loves, lives; and who lives, loves!

IN A SOUTHERN GARDEN

BY VIRNA SHEARD

LITTLE-GIRL walked very slowly through the grass toward the sundial to see what time it was. Once she stopped to pick a dandelion gone to seed, and blew the puff-ball, thinking it might tell her the hour, but after blowing thirteen times, only to find some pins of fluff still standing stiffly on the whity-green pin-cushion, she gave it up, and went on to the dial. When she had decided that it was half-past three, she walked slowly back to the house, swinging her pink sunbonnet, and sat down on the stone steps close to the gargoyle.

Usually Little-girl skipped and ran, or hopped and danced, but to-day she did not do any of those things, for it was so still and hot in the garden, and so lonesome.

Little-girl had often noticed this lonesomeness at night. It would come creeping through the rooms like a gray fog after she had gone to bed and Mammy had snuffed out the candle. It was there when she woke up in the middle of the darkness and heard the rain pattering on the roof and the wind rattling at the doors and crying to be let in; but it did not often come in the day time to the garden.

Under the magnolia trees an old peacock walked in solitary state, trailing his emerald and bronze tail. Now and then he paused to set his feathers aquiver, and to call fiercely that it was going to rain, but the child paid no attention to him, for that was what he always said. The sunlight sifted through the red silken cups of

the poppies that edged the walk, and they dazzled Little-girl's eyes so she looked away, and over the green of the lawn.

A broken fountain stood near the dial, with a figure of Pan among the reeds for its centrepiece. The child sighed, thinking how beautiful it would be to have a glittering spray of water raining up into the air and then raining down again with a cool splash against the basin. The brown, dusty figure, with the pipes held against his silent lips, wearied her.

She watched the grasshoppers play their long game of hide-and-seek, and listened to the katydids that suddenly broke out into argument in the big locust tree overhead, and as suddenly stopped. From the straw hives along the garden wall where the hollyhocks grew, came a low murmuring like the very far-off sound of the sea. Little-girl had never heard the sea.

It had all been just like this so many midsummer afternoons. Then Granny went to sleep in the darkened parlour and old Mammy nodded in her chair on the back porch. The shadow finger crept around the sundial; Pan blew soundlessly upon his reeds, and the heat shook itself free of the earth and broke the air into tiny hot waves. But it seemed to Little-girl that to-day the griffin and the gargoyle watched her. The griffin was carven of marble and rested majestically upon the side of the steps. His wings made a sort of balustrade very helpful to hold by in slippery weather. One could also sit on his back. The gargoyle finished



Drawing by A. C. G. Lapine

"A BROKEN FOUNTAIN STOOD NEAR THE DIAL, WITH A FIGURE OF PAN AMONG THE REEDS FOR ITS CENTREPIECE"

off the spout of the water pipe that ran down the side of the house close by the steps, and he was made of gray stone. His day of usefulness had sometime ceased, for the water pipe, like the fountain, was hopelessly broken, and when it rained now-a-days the rain dripped in around the windows, leaked down through the roof, and sent small rivers everywhere but along the pipe and through his open mouth.

The gargoyle had never appeared to trouble about this, nor had he at any time changed his expression, that Little-girl could remember. Now, though, undoubtedly there was something about him out of the common. The child gazed at him as one fascin-

ated, and then looked up at the griffin, for he also in a subtle indefinite way was stirred out of his usual calm. Once he certainly tried to wink at her and open his beak, and when she moved quickly away further along the step, glancing back at the gargoyle to see if he had noticed—the gargoyle goggled his eyes and distinctly smiled.

It was a wide and continuous smile, whole-souled and kind, but not becoming. Little-girl did not like to hurt his feelings by telling him so, and she waited to see if he would stop. After a few minutes she shook her yellow head gently at him.

"Oh! please don't," she said, rather uncomfortably.

"Don't what?" inquired the gar-goyle. "Prithee, don't what, my dear?"

"Don't smile," said Little-girl, colouring a bright pink. "Not so much, at least; I like you best plain."

A crackling laugh came suddenly from the griffin that seemed to rend him within.

"Dear me! I wish that you wouldn't either," exclaimed Little-girl gently, turning to him. "It doesn't sound natural some way."

"But it's so funny, you know," gasped the griffin. "So extremely funny. Oh, Marcus Agrippa! You like him best *plain*. Now, I, for instance, would prefer him *beautiful*."

"Of course," returned Little-girl, an indignant tremble in her voice, "I couldn't expect you to understand. I meant I liked him best just as he has always been—with his usual face."

The griffin roared again, with even more crackling, as of concealed fireworks.

"My, my!" he said at last, wiping his eyes, "the more I think of it the funnier it gets. It's the best I've heard for years."

Little-girl regarded him with displeasure. "He smiles quite as nicely as you laugh," she answered. "You sounded exactly as though you were breaking."

"Perhaps I did overdo it," he remarked. "Kindly trot around and see if any of the ribs on my other side are cracked."

"I'm afraid if they are they will have to stay cracked, for Granny says china cement won't hold, and it would cost too much to get you riveted, you know."

"I am aware of the condition of the exchequer," he returned, dryly.

"Anyway," Little-girl went on, "there was nothing at all to laugh at, and if it is risky you shouldn't do it. Granny would be most unhappy if you were to break; she wouldn't have anything happen to you for worlds."

The griffin winked. "I believe you," he said. "I am very old and valuable—very old, and very valuable. In other words, I am valuable because I am old, and old because I am valuable, you see?"

"I'm afraid I don't exactly," she said, looking puzzled. "It sounds mixed. Perhaps if you were to think it over and say it another way—"

"Think!" snapped the griffin, "think! Don't talk nonsense, child; I've done absolutely nothing but think since the stone age."

"The stone age?" Little-girl re-



Drawing by A. C. G. Lapine

"ONCE SHE STOPPED TO PICK A DANDELION
GONE TO SEED"

peated. "That sounds queer, too; I know about the middle ages; perhaps you mean one of them?"

"I mean stone age," said the griffin, with some heat.

"Oh, all right," she returned quickly, for he had ruffled up his head feathers. "It doesn't matter in the least. But about your being valuable—does Granny know it? She so often says we are poor, with just nothing but this old house and garden. We have corn-cakes very, very often; if we were rich we wouldn't you know, and if we had valuable things, why we would be rich, I should think."

"Odso! I'm as old as he is," remarked the gargoyle irrelevantly.

"Pardon me," said the griffin, turning to him with a cold stare. "Not within centuries, my dear boy—you are early English, or something of that sort. What is your date, do you remember?"

"It's 1580," answered the gargoyle promptly. "I finished off the water spout of an inn on Cheapside—a mightily fine inn. 'Twas there the Lord High Chancellor's players used to stop. Marry, I have seen Queen Elizabeth and the Queen of Scots, and James the First and Charles the Martyr, and the Merry Charles and —"

"Spare us! spare us!" cried the griffin. "Do not, I pray of you, grow reminiscent; nothing bores me like history. You undoubtedly have the 1580 accent. We will let it go at that. But let us settle the question of age while we are about it. I was chipped out in Athens and taken to Rome in the time of the Caesars."

"Which one?" asked the gargoyle.

"Several, several," returned the griffin airily. "Historical names are most tedious."

"Peradventure, thou be so old thy memory is gone," said the gargoyle. "It hath that look."

"My memory gone? My memory? Did you say memory?" he answered in a peculiarly calm voice.

"Oh! please, please, don't quarrel," cried Little-girl, as she noticed his claws moving in and out. "It is most uncomfortable for everybody when you do. I don't like you to talk about your ages, anyway, for I am quite new—I do not even go back to William IV."

"Thou can'st not help that," the gargoyle remarked, sympathetically.

"She don't want to," sniffed the griffin.

"She couldn't help it if she did want to," said the other. Little-girl shook her head at each of them.

"Oh, don't begin again," she exclaimed. "But please be good enough to tell me if one cannot be valuable even if one is not old?"

"Marry, yes," answered the gargoyle, "thou art."

"Well, I'm not so sure," put in the griffin, moodily. "She's a nice enough little thing—good combination of colours—yellow hair, brown eyes, peach-blossom pink and white face, and so forth, and, of course, there is a sentimental value attached to little girls, but what would she sell for? That's the point."

"Sell for?" said the gargoyle with a gasp. "Faith, who wants to sell her? Bethink you what the garden would be without her. Fancy this old house without her. Little-girl is the only young thing about it. Granny is old; Mammy is old; the peacock is old; Pan and the dial are very old. They sleep in the sun and dream of yesterday. Little-girl is the only one who dreams of to-morrow. They be all so old."

"But not so old as I am," said the griffin, yawning, "nor so valuable. I used to wait before the temple of Flora. Ay, between the flight of marble steps and the tall white pillars. There were the mighty carven doors, one on each side, and I saw the little maidens carry in the garlands of fresh flowers every morning. On festal days they wreathed my wings with roses. Then came calamity. My temple was torn down, and

I was carried across the sea. They set me upon the stone gate-post that stood without a strong castle in Devon, and they carved New English lettering below me, and the date of my removal—'tis easily found."

Little-girl leaned up and read, running her fingers along the deeply-cut quaint letters and figures, which spelt: "Roman Gryphon, 1160."

"What did you all the years?" asked the gargoyle.

"I have been on guard," he answered. "I guarded the Temple of Flora; I watched the Devonshire castle; I am on guard here. The man who chipped me from the marble talked to me while he worked. 'I will make you part lion, part eagle,' he said, 'for strength is best when it is of two kinds; the strength blent of the earth and of the heavens. So I will give you the strong body and the mighty wings, and I will consecrate you to the sun, the strength giver.'"

The griffin stopped speaking, closed his eyes and stretched slowly and softly, like a great cat. The gargoyle said nothing, so the child leaned over and touched his rough head.

"And you?" she asked, "what did the man say when he chipped you from the gray stone?"

The gargoyle sighed.

"It does not matter now, though it seemed to then," he said. "In very truth, 'tis strange it does not matter now—that I do not even hate him when I hated him so bitterly long ago. Many times I wished that he had never made me."

"Why?" said Little-girl gently.

"Because he made me as I am.



Drawing by A. C. G. Lapine

"THE SUNLIGHT SIFTED THROUGH THE RED SILKEN
CUPS OF THE POPPIES"

When he had the stone, and the chisel, and the hammer, it seemeth he might have carven a thing that was beautiful, or a symbol of strength, like the griffin, but he said: 'I will make you ugly,' and he smiled as he said it, and chipped away heartily; 'I will make you so fearsome and ugly that the children will either laugh or run away from you, and the women will close their eyes as they pass by you, and the men will point at you and call you my grotesque masterpiece. I will make of you a thing to keep evil spirits and mischievous goblins away from all houses where you are hung——"

"And have you?" asked Little-girl, eagerly; "have you?"

"Peradventure," he answered, "I cannot tell. I have watched by night



Drawing by A. C. G. Lapine

"DON'T SMILE," SAID LITTLE-GIRL
"I LIKE YOU BEST PLAIN"

and day, but have seen naught to fear, naught as mis-shapen as myself. The Angel of Life and the Angel of Death have entered the houses I have watched. They have both come to this house by daylight and dark, and I know them well. But they are angels and fear nothing, neither are they to be feared."

"Perhaps it is as Granny thinks," said the child, "and there are no evil spirits except those within us."

The gargoyle smiled, but Little-girl did not stop him.

"Then there are none here, dear Little-girl," he answered, "either within or without."

The katydids broke into shrill singing overhead, which stopped as suddenly as it had begun. The peacock trailed his emerald and bronze tail across the grass beneath the mag-

nolias. Now and then he set his feathers aquiver and called stridently that it was going to rain. The grasshoppers played hide-and-seek, and the air trembled in small hot waves from the ground. In the centre of the fountain Pan seemed to drop among his reeds and dream. The shadow-finger moved around the dial, and the dazzling blue dragonflies darted across it.

Then old Mammy came through the garden, her red turban nodding like a big poppy.

"Whar am you, honey?" she called in her soft throaty voice. "I reckon yo sure am lost dis time. Lilgil! Lilgil! if yo's hidin' yo betta come out right smart, for dis ole woman's 'bout done lookin' yander and nigh—"

Presently she came up to the steps and stopped.

"Dat blessed lamb," she muttered, stooping down. "Soun' asleep between de

ole grippin and de gargle. It am beauty an de beastes for certain sure. Here, yo baby, wake up; yo granny wants yo pretty soon—wake up."

Little-girl sat up and rubbed her eyes. "Is that you, Mammy?" she said.

"Is dat me? Mercy me, you think yo ole Mammy was a fairy or some sort o' angel yo been 'sociating with in yo dreams?"

"I see it is you now, Mammy. Will you please look at the gargoyle and tell me if he is smiling?"

The old woman glanced at the child anxiously.

"Yo sure hab a touch o' the sun, or yo isn't wide awake."

"Look and see, Mammy," insisted Little-girl.

Mammy turned and looked at the gargoyle. "He ain't smilin' none,

honey," she answered. "He hab jest dat no-friends-no-money look he always hab."

"Now look at the griffin and see if he is the same as always," said Little-girl.

"I got sumpin to tell you' bout dat ole grippin!" exclaimed Mammy, her face suddenly wrinkling into smiles. "Sumpin I come out in de gyarden to tell yo, when yo seem hid mos as well as Moses in de bulrushes."

"Look at him first, and see if he is at all—queer, please, Mammy," pleaded Little-girl.

Mammy looked, and then shook her head vigorously.

"No queerer dan usual," she replied. "He'd take de medal for queerness mos' anywhere, and dat's de truf. He ain't a right smart 'Merican eagle nor he ain't a out-an-out British lion. He jes naturally don't 'pear to know which side de fence he's on. But yo set up an listen; I got news—dats what I got. Now, den, am you listenin'? Well, dat ole grippin—"

"I would rather not hear anything about the griffin, if you please, Mammy. I am tired of him," she answered.

"So! So!" said the old nurse. "Well, if you don't want to hear nothin' 'bout de grippin, den I ain't got nothin' to tell you."

There was silence for a few minutes except for the humming of the bees. "You may tell me about him, Mammy," said Little-girl. "Sit down here on the step."

"Well, it's more like one ob dose book stories than life happenings, honey. Come here de odder day when yo was up in de garret playing lady in yo granny's gowns—an ole man, powerful out ob de ordinary, wid green glasses on his eyes and a white umbrella hat on his head, lined with grass green. He ask to see Miss Nellie—scuse me, yo granny, I mean—and den yo granny and dat ole man dey go all roun' de gyarden, an de ole man tote a spy glass. Here an'

dere dey stop an' admire de 'fixin's—but dey stop de longest by de gargle an' de grippin. De old man he seem bubblin' wid joy, an' he speered first at de gargle, den at de grippin, like dey was long-lost friends."

"Is that all, Mammy?" said Little-girl, yawning as politely as she could.

"No, mam, dat is not all. Dat ole man he tuk de most powerful fancy to de grippin, an' he says plump and plain he *mus'* hab him."

"What did granny say?" asked Little-girl, her eyes wide open.

"Yo granny she said, 'No! No! No!' An' she got dat white proud 'spression."

"I know," said Little-girl. "And then, Mammy?"

"Then, honey, de ole man he lose his temper, an' he rampage up an' down de lawn, an' he say he'll pay more money for de grippin dan anybody else'd pay for de whole house an' gyarden, an' after dat dey had it back an' forth cool an' perlite for a spell, but sort o' dangerous."

"And then?" said Little-girl.

"Then he went away, and yo granny she walk up an' down whar de old peacock is, an' den she come in an' 'sit in de parlour wid de blinds all drawn, like deres a funeral. An' de big clock ticked mightly loud in de hall."

The old woman paused; so long that Little-girl thought the story was over, but the soft voice went on:

"When to-day come, dat ole man he sent a letta sayin' he jest must hab de grippin, yo granny says, an' he sends de money wid de letta what he says de grippin's worth—no more, no less—an' de upshot is yo granny's goin' to send him de grippin an' keep de money, for she needs de money more dan she needs de grippin."

"Dat's de end, honey, only now I reckon you'll bof up an' go to de sea-side twill de heat spell's over."

"And is the griffin really, really valuable, Mammy?"

"I spec' he is, baby; I spec' he is. Ole an' valuable, an' dat de truf."

"He said he was," answered Little-girl. Then she smiled over at the rough gray head on the water spout.

"I'm glad the old gentleman didn't want the gargoyle," she said.

The two sat still on the door step in the golden light of the late after-

noon. Presently Little-girl sprang up, danced round in front of Mammy, and caught her hand. "Come!" she cried. "come into the house and get me a piece of bread and butter—if it isn't time for tea, Mammy, please."

"Dat I will," replied the old woman, rising stiffly. "An' I'll put sugar on it, too. I reckon we can afford dat to-day."

WHAT WOMAN ART THOU ?

By E. M. YEOMAN

What woman art thou in the churchyard here,
Alone in the even gloom?

O, I am a woman full of sin,
And I lie by my small babe's tomb.

But what woman art thou by a tomb that was filled
Full long and long ago?

O, my heart it dies for my small babe's eyes,
And I am spent with my woe.

But why are ye weeping here alone
By a tomb so old and small?

O, 'tis many a year since they laid him here,
And in sin I have spent them all.

But what woman art thou that smilest now
Through tears of thy misery?

O, my small babe's eyes have come out of the skies,
And he smileth down on me.

His hands they were pink as the meadow-rose,
Blue are his eyes like the sea;

And his face is bright like the morning light
With the love he beareth me.

But what woman art thou that weepest now?
And why are ye weeping now?

O, his blue eyes see in their purity
The sin-stains on my brow.

He dwelleth in God's dwelling-place,
Where but the pure go in.

And God shall see the stains on me,
And turn me away for my sin.

But what woman are thou that smilest now,
Dead on the cold, cold sod?—

O, a babe from the skies filled her heart with his eyes,
And she's gone away pure to God.

A MAN'S LOVE—AND A BOY'S

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE PENSIONNAIRES," ETC.

THE Man looked on the Woman, and said:

"She is plump and healthy and amiable and bright-witted; she has good manners; she knows good people; she has had a good home, and her father has a good standing in the community. As for me, I have now reached an age when I should marry; and Heaven has sent her to me to be my mate."

The Boy looked on the Girl, and he said: "She has eyes like stars, and I would rather walk with her than 'catch' for our team in a match."

The Man went to see the Woman. He put on his best clothes and his patent leather shoes, and he drew on his gloves before he took his cane, and he smiled at the florist's "young lady clerk" as she helped him pick out a telling bouquet. He liked to be seen turning in at the gate to the gray stone mansion, and he felt the cushioning of comfort and even the soft air of luxury as he waited in the hallway for the capped maid to take in his card, and he told the Woman, when he saw her, how well she was looking.

"I am feeling very well," said the Woman. "You don't mean to say that that is for me?" she added, as he handed her the bouquet.

"For some reason or other, I always associate flowers with you," he replied. "There is something unforced about you that suggests the simple coming up of a flower."

She pressed her face into the forced brilliancy of the hot-house; and then

drew it quickly out, for some of the "morning dew" of the watering pot still clung to the petals, and she had found it cooling just to dust a little powder on her cheeks when she was dressing.

"They are perfectly lovely," she said. "I have a passion for flowers. I love to gather them in an old-fashioned garden."

"Yes," he agreed, with an air of reminiscence, "snowballs and hollyhocks and bachelor's buttons and 'four o'clocks' and wild roses——"

"Ah! yes. A tangled dream of colour, isn't it?"—and she took an American Beauty from his bouquet and fastened it in her fashionably arranged hair.

Then there was chat of the "Have you seen?" and "Have you read?" variety; and the Man wondered whether the constant playing of the soft, white fingers of the Woman with the arm of her chair, was "nerves" or vitality.

Under the head of what they had "seen" came most things that are paid for at the theatre; and the Man was very decisive and positive in his opinions. He had not liked "The Way of a Maid," and he told her why; and then he pointed out to her that the excellencies which she had detected in the production were either the commonplaces of the drama or adventitious things dragged in, without rhyme or reason, in the making of the play. She looked at his impressive figure and confident face, and thought how dictatorial he was, and

wondered if she could ever stand it long enough to teach him that that air did not pay with her. He caught a glint of the hostility in her eye after he had beaten down her objections, and suspected that she might sulk when overcome in argument.

When they got to talking of social events, the names of the many good houses to which she went pleased his ear like music, and he began to despair a little of winning so great a social queen. Her face glowed with her evident success in abashing the confident Man, and she let a little of her triumph get into her tones. He perceived that she was boasting, and straightway took new courage. For, if she cared enough of his approval to boast of social standing in order to conquer it, then he felt that she must value his approval more than she did the social standing.

"I do not go much into society," he said, "I am too busy."

"That is what the Colonel says," she laughed.

The Colonel was her father.

"But I *am* busy," he insisted.

"So is the Colonel. It keeps him busy thinking of ways to appear busy when Mamma wants him to go out with her."

"Now, let me tell you," he said. "Last night I did not turn in until one o'clock."

"Why, where did you go after the vaudeville was over?"

He smiled appreciation of her roguishness.

"It was all vaudeville," he said. "A man was giving me 'a song and dance' touching his share in a real estate deal we're in."

"A sort of a break-down?" she asked, archly.

"Well, n-no," he said. "He's a slippery sort of a fellow; but I've got him"—a little grimly.

The Woman looked at his firm set lips, and hardly knew whether she shrank from him or was drawn toward him. There was a cruelty about him; but if it were always turned against

the world on her behalf, she would be safer. But if turned upon her—and she shuddered.

"The Colonel," she said, being for the moment off her guard, "is having great trouble over a real estate deal he is in. I feel quite worried about him."

"Yes," said the Man.

"Yes" is a little word; but when even a man of the world hears suddenly that what he thought was the firmest of ground and upon which he was about to trust his weight, is, perhaps, rotten, his alarmed interest may get itself expressed too plainly in a "yes" with a rising inflection. The Woman took alarm herself at it; but kept her eyes from shooting the glance she dearly wanted to at the face of the Man. A baby smile came, bidden, to her lips and she said, carelessly:

"Of course, I don't know anything about these things. The Colonel gets into a state when John don't trim the rose vine to suit him."

"Yes," said the Man; and he pondered.

"You would feel disappointed, I'm sure, if the Colonel were in real trouble," remarked the Woman cynically, now thoroughly mistress of herself, and looking at the Man out of level, questioning eyes.

The Man had not thought the Woman capable of such quick recovery, and so had let himself ponder a moment, as much off his guard as she had been. Now he knew his danger. Had she trapped him into a betrayal of what he had hardly known himself—that he was affected to some degree by the assured standing of the Colonel. For a tense moment his eyes searched hers; but he could not be sure.

"I am not certain," he said deliberately, still keeping his eyes on hers, "that I would not be glad if your father lost his money."

"Well, I shouldn't," she said, with a light laugh.

"It would winnow out your fair-



Drawing by George Butler

weather friends for you," he said, steadily.

"But they are some of the most amusing friends I have," she protested, still laughing. Was it at him? "I am no daughter of the cheap drama," she went on; "nor"—letting her laughter retire more within her—"would I suspect you of being a son."

He flushed a bit at this, and stood up. But she would not have him go yet; so she had him seated again tentatively to listen to a question she wished to ask. And there was an hour more of the gentle play, during which neither guard was lowered for a moment; and then the Man went away with a smiling face and an invitation to come again and a half-

"SHE HAS EYES LIKE STARS"

appointment at a garden party two days hence—and a doubt whether the Colonel was in a "deal" or not, or whether he cared in any case. The white, rounded, soft-skinned, full-breathing Woman left his mind at moments empty of all but desire.

The Boy went to see the Girl. He put on his "running shoes," so that

no one would suspect that he had set out to see the Girl—and, least of all, the Girl herself, unless he thought that she liked suspecting it, when he might tell her. He went boldly up the street that led toward the Athletic Grounds; but he had difficulty in turning the corner of the side street on which her mother's cottage stood.

But this was as nothing to his difficulty in stopping at the cottage. He had hoped to see her in the garden, when they would casually speak to each other, and then he would lean on the fence and she would come over, and—well, he did not yet know what he would like to happen after that. He could only tell after they had got talking together.

The Boy did not know the Girl very well; but she was "awfully pretty," and he always felt like blushing when she caught him looking at her eyes. Yet he always looked at her eyes when he looked at her; for there seemed no place else to look. She had not been around much where boys and girls get together, which was a pity; for then he could have seen her easily without this ordeal of going to her house to see her. One of the first things he would do would be to get her to come to the parties and places, where it would be easier to see her. He did not know that her mother, being a widow on a stinted allowance, would not let the Girl accept invitations she could not return.

The Girl was not in the garden and the verandah was empty; so the Boy walked past the house. But the street led nowhere that he could possibly want to go; so there was nothing to do but walk back again.

This time, the Girl was in the garden. She had just had time to leave her apron in the kitchen and tighten her hair-ribbon and get to the pansy bed, between seeing him pass down and his passing up again.

The padded step of his "running shoes" slackened. The Girl looked up. She put on a quite proper air of surprise, but a shy pleasure shone

softly through it. It was at her eyes again that the Boy looked; and, as they were alone, he did not look away at once.

"You are not lost, are you?" asked the Girl, being the first to speak.

"Oh, no," replied the Boy. He had not expected to find it hard to talk when he saw her, but he could think of nothing to say as they stood looking at each other.

"I thought perhaps you were," went on the Girl, after a little. "This is such an out-of-the-way street."

"I don't think so," said the Boy, crudely. His temper was rising now at his own dumbness, and it showed in a roughness of manner.

"Oh, yes, it is," insisted the Girl, with a touch of nervousness in her voice and face. The awkwardness of the situation embarrassed her; so she sank on her knees by the pansy bed.

"It never seemed to me so," said the Boy, sticking stubbornly to the subject. It was like an electric battery—he couldn't do anything with it, and he couldn't let go.

But the Girl in looking at her maze of pansy faces had forgotten the predicament of the Boy.

"Don't you just love pansies?" she asked impulsively, looking over her shoulder at him with a radiant face.

"Sure!" he cried, escaping that terrible subject of the "out-of-way-ness" of the street at a bound. "And you have a lovely bed of them there."

"You can't see them from out there, can you?"—quite innocently.

"Oh, yes," he said in his first impulse to be agreeable and not give trouble; and then the thought came to him that this might be an indirect way of opening the garden gate to him. So he added, "Not so well as you do where you are, of course."

The Girl got deliberately up in a slowly judicial air, and surveyed the pansy bed critically.

"Yes," she said, "I think this is the best view of them"; and then, as an after-thought, "Won't you come in and see what you think?"



"'I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU,' HE BREATHED UPON HER"

The Boy said nothing, but smiled to himself at the adroitness of his strategy. This was getting him right into the garden. The Girl felt that they had both been a little clumsy over the affair, but then boys never did see things at first sight.

Presently they were both admiring the purple and yellow and blue and prismatic blossoms, and agreeing with each other as to which were the most beautiful; and the Girl would stoop and lift one up on her slim, brown fingers, that the Boy might the better see its velvet face; and the Boy would see rather the round, soft, happy face she turned up to him above the soft ribbon at her throat—and the eyes that lay lustrous and shy and provokingly luring under his.

Then they moved away from the pansy bed and past the tall dahlias and the masses of "bleeding heart" and the bunches of striped grasses, and talked of how they spent their days—the long, slow-houred days of youth. She was mostly at home, helping her mother.

"Are you much help?"—smiling down at her.

"A great deal"—seriously.

"What do you do?"

"I keep the house tidy, and dust—and gather flowers for the table—oh, and lots of things."

"You work too hard," declared the Boy, paternally. "You should get out more—come to the parties and picnics and—all the fun."

A flicker of the frightened child was in the eyes that flashed at him, and away again.

"I get out enough," she said.

"No, you don't," declared the Boy, emphatically, stopping so she must turn and face him. "I nearly never see you anywhere."

A happy flush ran over the Girl's face. So that was what he was thinking of.

"Well, I don't go as often as I would like," she admitted.

"Why?" he demanded, not having learned yet that the question meant in kindness may be the cruellest thrust.

"Well," she began, and then stopped. "It doesn't matter," she went on lamely; "but"—looking quickly up at him with a suffused face—"it is not because I wouldn't like to see you more."

He moved a step nearer to her, and his lips were trembling. He had never before seen so far into the eyes. A sacred thing had been shown him, and his very soul was uncovered in the presence of it.

"Then," he said with a vigour which was required to force any speech from his lips, "I will not go either."

"Oh, but you must!" She seemed to be pleading with him.

"No!"—sturdily. A welling sense of his manhood and his power to stand with her was rising strongly within him.

Farther back rolled the curtain of her eyes, and deeper he looked. He was almost dizzy with the mounting sense of mastery which this yielding of the Girl's soul gave to him—a mastery that longed to be at the feet of the mastered.

"But," the Girl faltered, "I must not keep you away from all your friends."

"I will stay away from them if you do," was what the Boy said; but, in the saying of it, his voice went hollow. He had read that somewhere. That was like a novel, and it wasn't what he felt.

"But what will they all say?" the Girl was asking, though entirely conscious that she wanted them to say a good deal.

"Now, see here!" interrupted the Boy, dropping to his natural mood and assuming a little air of guardianship over the Girl, "We'll both go out more. It will be better for us both, and then no one can say anything."

"Oh, no," said the Girl, moving on.

"But why?"

"I don't want to."

"You said you did."

"Well, I don't."

"You have a reason," said the Boy, with deep reproach in his voice, "and you won't tell me."

"Well—I'd rather not."

"Oh, well"—the Boy carried his grievance openly.

"Mother wouldn't want me to."

The Boy was silent.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the Girl in low tones, "but you mustn't speak to me about it again."

The Boy turned and looked at her—and he was only a boy. This sweet cup of a girl's deepest confidence was at his lips; and, though he knew he ought to give it back to her untasted, he—was only a boy. So he said—"I never will—and I'll tell no one else."

"Well—we are poor, you know—and I can't give parties—and Mother won't let me go to the parties when I can't ask—you all—back here."

She stopped, but did not lift her face.

The Boy tenderly put his hand under her chin and, with gentle pressure, lifted it. The peerless eyes were swimming in tears, and the little mouth was tremulous. The Boy stooped reverently and kissed it.

"Oh!" cried the Girl, and she moved toward him; and he had her close in his arms, and the salt of her tears was on his lips.

"You love me?" she asked, lifting her stained face free to look at him.

"I love you! I love you! I love you!" he breathed upon her; and then their lips were tight together.

The Man found, upon enquiry, that the Colonel was in a "deal," and that the Woman's uneasiness about him was well-founded. Still the Colonel might come out on top. Then, even if he did lose something, the Woman was still the Woman, and she might make a better wife if she brought gratitude to the altar—gratitude to him for having saved her from falling out of the world she loved with a discredited father. But the discredited father! That would be a drag—and there were other women.



Drawn by George Butler

"YOU LOVE ME TOO, DON'T YOU?" HE DEMANDED "

The Man decided that his wooing had better saunter for a while. Had he not always understood that the wooing of one's wife was a season of delight to be prolonged?

Then he got a card to a little dance at Rosecliffe—the finest house in town—and he found the Woman there in a gown of dark effect, out of which her dazzling shoulders rose vividly. The Colonel was there, too, looking worried; and neither host nor hostess seemed to care whether he stayed with his worries in a corner or took them off to the smoking-room. The first set was made up without the Colonel—a hitherto unheard-of thing—and the Woman sat with set face, and her full bosom rose and fell irregularly.

The formal dance of social standing out of the way, the young folks chose their partners—but the Man waited. One of the golden youth, attracted by

the dazzling shoulders, chose the Woman. Being very young, he knew and cared nothing of the Colonel and his worries; but he found the Woman heavy and her swelling nudity a trifle gross. So the Man need not have felt his pang of deprivation.

But the next dance, they were together, and, after that, they walked in the outer hall.

"I am going away for a while," said the Woman.

"Alone?" he asked.

"Why do you think 'alone'?" she demanded.

"I know that the Colonel is too busy to go"—significantly.

"You know, then?"

"Yes."

Their eyes met for a full half-minute; then she said:

"Let us go back to the dancing room."

"Why?"

"So young Wilson will find me for the next dance."

"You have already had one with him."

"Yes; and I am going to have two others."

"You will make a fool of him if you are not careful."

She lifted her eyes defiantly to his.

"'Fool' is not a pretty word for it," she said.

"You wouldn't marry him?"

"He hasn't asked me."

"He will if you keep on"—looking with dazzled eyes at the flash of her white skin.

"He is a nice boy," she breathed.

"He is rich."

"Is he?"—sweetly. "Well, he is nice, anyway. I know that the Colonel depends on him to get justice done him in this awful 'deal' he is in."

"You wouldn't dare marry him."

The Man was red-faced and furious.

"Dare?"

"Yes. 'Dare!' You must marry me."

"You? But—you—you have never asked me even."

"Well, I ask you now," taking one of her hands and trying to draw her toward him. They were by now in a hidden corner of the great hall-way.

"I beg of you," he went on, feverishly: "Do come to me—do be mine."

She still kept her arm between him and herself, and struggled silently to get her hand released.

"I love you," he insisted. "You have known it all along. And now you are trying to drive me to madness. But I will have you—and I will have you now!"

"Oh! Mr. Mason!" and her face went up to his pathetically. Her defending arm fell back upon her own bosom, and he pressed closer.

"You love me, too, don't you?" he demanded swiftly of her upturned face.

"Yes"—and the tension of her face relaxed. It was as if an anxiety had been lifted from her life—as if a despaired port had been reached. She lifted her lips dutifully for her husband's kiss.

But he drew her to him, and buried his face in her neck.

DREAM

By JAMES P. HAVERSON

My dream, a garden where rich roses grow,
One royal poppy nods her splendid head,
And then the shadows shroud the western glow
As night-robed bearers of the day that's dead.

The glad, wild bird-songs in each vasty aisle
Of olden oak and stately, tow'ring pine
Hush to a murmur in that afterwhile
Of far, faint radiance in the day's decline.

The poppy bids me enter in and tread
Those deep, still ways of dream and wander through—
Rose-fragrant dusk, the poppy's regal red
Merge in a luring prescience of you.

HIS LAST CHANCE

BY JAMES MARTIN

I.

MARLOW urged his tired horse to greater speed, and soon the rock-strewn mountain path was left far behind. The Venezuelan sun blazed upon horse and rider, and baked the road to a glaring whiteness. In the shade of a redwood tree some distance down, and in the path of the approaching horseman, a man stood evidently on the lookout for the latter, who was soon within hailing distance.

"Hello, there, Mr. Marlow," he cried; "can I have a few words with yeh?"

Without replying, Marlow reined in his horse close to the speaker and looked sharply at him; then a gleam of recognition shot into his eyes.

"Is it possible that you are Wester—Bill Wester? What has—"

"It's me, sure enough, an' I'm glad we've met," interrupted the other. "I've been down at the hacienda lookin' for yeh. Ye're goin' up to Governor Hernandez's place?"

"How did you know that?"

"Doesn't matter—yeh needn't go—he ain't at home."

"Not at home! And his deputy?"

"Ain't got none. See here, Mr. Marlow, let's get out o' this eternal sun—I've somethin' to say to yeh."

"Be quick, then." Marlow's tone was imperative.

"Yeh can't get the soldiers," asserted Wester, as if he were answering a question. "Yeh can't get them, I tell yeh, without an order from the Governor, an' he won't be back for a couple o' days. It'll be too late, then. Mr. Winfield'll be beyond yer help."

Marlow was off his horse in an instant.

"Wester, what do you mean?" he demanded.

"I know all about that affair of Pete Joyce," said the other. "He can't live twenty-four hours, an' as sure as he dies, so will Mr. Winfield."

"You know the fellows into whose power Winfield has fallen?"

"I'm one of them."

"You!" Marlow recoiled as from a snake.

"Yes," said Wester, a slight colour coming into his thin cheeks. "But I ain't of their way o' thinkin'," he added.

"You know that he is not guilty?"

"Well—he ain't guilty. But there's no use in tellin' the fellows that. We've got to go about it in another way."

"We?" said Marlow, lessening the distance between them.

"Yes, I'm with yeh in this. I heard yeh last night pleadin' for his life. I was in the next room—with Joyce."

"What has he said?"

"Mighty little, but 'twas bad for yer friend. He'll never speak again, though, I guess. He's done for."

"Wester, if you have any proof of Winfield's innocence, for God's sake let me have it! I'll pay you any amount you may name—"

"Stop!" The word came in a shout. "Don't speak of money in this business. There ain't enough of it in the world to make me say more than I want to; but, for all that Winfield'll be saved if I can do it."

A change came over the man. His thin face appeared to grow more emaciated by reason of an indrawing of the cheeks.

"It ain't so long since I worked for the firm of Marlow and Winfield?" he questioned, in a tone little higher than a whisper.

"A couple of months, perhaps," replied Marlow. "But what has this to do with the matter in hand?"

"Ye'll soon see," said Wester. "But wait till I tell yeh about last night. It was my turn to look after Joyce, an' I heard every word yeh said to Granger, Chaplin, an' the rest o' them; an' when I heard their verdict—that they'd shoot Winfield if Joyce died—I felt like shoutin' with joy."

"Are you mad?" exclaimed Marlow.

"Perhaps so; anyhow, there's more or less of the devil in the most of us, only it don't always show. Well, there ain't much law around here yeh know, so we tried him ourselves an' found him guilty. He'll swing or be shot if Joyce dies, an' Joyce—dies."

"I don't understand," said Marlow; "you are somewhat contradictory as well as vague in your statements. Why do you say that this horrible 'verdict' pleased you, and the next moment express a desire to help save my friend?"

"I'll tell yeh," replied Wester, his utterance becoming thick, as though his throat were dry. "I was glad because I wanted—revenge."

"Revenge!" echoed Marlow. "But Winfield never injured you!"

"He did, an' he didn't. Yeh remember when I left the works—for good?"

"I do."

"And you asked me why I gave up?"

"I did, and you declined to give a reason."

"Just so. Now I'll tell yeh what it was—my love for a woman."

"What had that to do with it?"

"Everything—everything! Yes, it

had all to do with it." He broke into a bitter laugh. "Would yeh ever suspect that I'd raise my eyes to a woman who was a thousand miles above me in every way—me with my rough speech an' rougher ways? No, yeh wouldn't. Nor would yeh ever think ye'd see me porin' over books night after night—into the airy mornin', studyin' like a madman, in the hope of makin' myself a little more like her? No, yeh couldn't. No, no, no! An' yeh never seen me on my knees, with the faith of a little child in my heart, askin' God Almighty to help me, so that I'd win the woman that I was ready to lay down my life for? No, no—yeh couldn't. Yeh only knew me as yer overseer—yer paid servant. Yeh didn't know, or yeh didn't care, that I had a heart every bit as full of feelin' as yer own—that the only difference between us was, that you had education an' I had little or none."

He paused, and his voice became unsteady, though he manfully endeavoured to control his emotion.

"No, yeh didn't know all this," he continued, "an' ye'd be ready to strike me dead if yeh knew the whole truth—if yeh were told that the one woman in the world that I loved—that I'd be willing to sell my soul to win, was—Miss Marlow!"

Marlow recoiled as if he had received a blow.

"Bessie—my sister!" The words came in almost a whisper.

"Yes, no other. She'd been kind to me; *she* didn't seem to think there was such a great difference between us—at least she didn't show it. Yeh used to bring her to the works, off an' on, an' she'd always take an interest in everything I showed her; an' she'd ask questions about the men, an' their families—were they happy? an' so on."

His head was bowed, and he passed his hand over his forehead. Marlow broke the silence.

"Did—did my sister know?" he

asked. Wester slowly removed his hand from his forehead and looked up.

"Did she know?" he repeated. "Yeh mean did I tell her?" An angry light came into his eyes. "No, I didn't tell her. I was too ignorant yet to tell her—I wasn't a good enough man to tell her that I loved her. But when I'd know all that books could l'arn me—when I could speak right an' proper—an', above all, when I could put my hand in hers an' say, 'I haven't been any too good before, but I'm a good man *NOW*,—then I'd tell her, an' neither yerself nor any man on earth would dare to stand between her an' me,"—his voice dropped—"if she loved me." He took a few steps, then slowly turning, continued:

"But she didn't—she never gave a thought to me—in *that* way; for one night I found out that she was goin' to marry Mr. Winfield. I took it quiet enough at first, but next day I felt that I must get away—far away, so I gave up work. For weeks after that I don't know what I done, I—I went all to pieces. Well, I'll skip that part of it an' get down to last night. I was with Joyce as I've told yeh, an' I was half mad with joy at thinkin' that he was goin' to die—for *then* I knew that Winfield 'ud die too. But by an' by I began to fear that perhaps Pete 'ud get better, an' then—an' then—no, no, I won't say it!"

He covered his face with his hands and turned away. Marlow looked after him; pride and anger were gone from his eyes, and nothing was left but pity. Wester mastered himself and came back.

"I'll soon be finished, Mr. Marlow, very soon," he said hoarsely. "Well, about twelve o'clock Chaplin took my place an' I went to bed but couldn't sleep. I got up, lit the lamp, an' the first thing I seen was one o' my books—a grammar ye'd call it. Then all my rage broke out fresh, an' soon I heard myself laughin' out loud at the thought that I'd

see Winfield goin' to his death in the mornin'. But suddenly *her* face seemed to come up before me—oh, good God, I can't go on! Go home—see yer sister. She knows what to do. I seen her an hour ago, an' she agreed to my plan. It's Winfield's last an' only chance. I know the men I have to deal with. I'll pave the way for her—it's his last chance for life. Do as she tells yeh—everything. There's no danger till mornin'. Joyce'll die to-night, no doubt, but Granger—he's the worst—won't make a move till then. But be early. Go now—do everything she tells yeh—an'—comfort her!"

II.

Fierce eyes glowered at Wester as he stood calmly observing the angry faces before him.

"So Wester wants to sneak back his vote! He's gettin' weak-kneed, eh?" said Granger, tauntingly.

"No, that ain't it," protested Wester. "I ain't the man to go back on the vote o' the majority, nor am I afeard to say that I've no likin' for the job. Shootin' a man when yer blood's up is one thing, but playin' the hangman after, is another."

"What's the matter with Bill Wester?" bawled Chaplin; "an' what's a man if he won't stand up for his friends? I know it won't do Pete any good if we shoot the man that's nearly killed him, but it's what Pete 'ud do for any of us if we'd been tossed over a cliff."

"That's right, Dick," put in big Granger; "them's my sentiments, an' anyone what goes agin them has got to talk to *me*." He glared at Wester, who coolly raised a glass to his lips and drained it. "Well," continued Granger, pointedly, "I guess ye've somethin' to say. Let's hear it."

Wester flung a searching glance at each of his companions before replying.

"Boys," said he at length, "yeh may think me a little squeamish over this affair, but I can't help my feel-

in's showin'. Every time I think of what's goin' to happen in case—in case Pete dies, makes me feel kind o' queer, D'yeh know why?"

"No, Bill," said Chaplin; "let's hear the reason."

"Well, it's this: Whenever I think of this man gettin'—gettin' shot, it's not him I see at all, but do yeh know who?"

"Give it up. Who is it yeh think yeh see?"

Wester fixed his gaze on his empty glass as he replied:

"A little woman dressed in black, with the kindest face I ever seen; with a queer sort o' cap on her head, an' a white border 'round its edge where the gray hair showed."

"Bill's been seein' ghosts," said Granger, with a sneer.

"No, Tom, but I've been seein' his mother—the stranger's mother."

A deep silence fell upon the group and finally the spell was broken by Chaplin.

"Yeh knowed his mother, Bill?" he inquired. "How was that?"

"In this way, Dick: me an' a friend was trampin' in Pennsylvania—I was in hard luck then,—an' one cold day we struck a farm-house. One o' the dearest little women God ever made took us in an' treated us like princes. Nothin' was too good for us—meat, puddin', biscuits, hot coffee—everything. Well, when we were leavin', the little woman gave us a lot o' stuff to take away with us, an' didn't forget a little money either. That was more than a year ago, but I can see her face as I seen it then. Yes, boys, I feel kind o' queer every time I think o' what's likely to happen soon; an' if that little woman's livin' yet, I hope she'll never hear of her son's end."

The men, with one exception, seemed to have become interested in the cracks of the floor. Granger's steady and openly unfriendly gaze was fixed upon Wester, and finally his rough voice bellowed out.

"That's all very well," he said;

"but this man Winfield has done for one of our chums, an' has ained what's comin' to him."

"But, do we know that he's guilty?"

"We know all we want to know," snarled the other. "I seen him lookin' down from the top o' the hill when Pete struck the ground, an' I wasn't more'n two hundred yards off." He turned slightly away from Wester. "What's the meanin' of the change in Bill Wester, I'd like to know?" he went on. "Only a little while ago he didn't want to give the stranger time to say his prayers, an' now he's edgin' 'round to get him off. That'll take some explainin'."

"Well, I ain't goin' to do any explainin'," said Wester with quiet determination. "If Pete dies, our vote says that Winfield dies too; but no bullet from my pistol'll ever harm the son o' that little woman who took me in when other doors slammed in my face."

"When did yeh find out she was his mother, Bill?" put in Chaplin. There was a slight pause between the question and the reply:

"Only this mornin', Dick. I went in to tell him that this 'ud likely be his last day on earth, for, as Granger says, I was about the hottest for his death. Well, when I opened the door he was sittin' at the table with his head on his arms, an' I heard him say, 'Oh, mother, mother'. A photograph was on the table, near him, an' I seen it. Boys, that little old woman's face was—was in my memory, an' I knew it right off. He only looked at me for a second, an' yeh can bet that I walked out o' that room without sayin' a word." He rose abruptly and left the room.

The door was scarcely closed behind him when Granger's deep voice growled out:

"Boys, I don't believe a word of it."

His auditors looked their surprise.

"How?" said Chaplin.

"The story about the farm-house is all moonshine."

"It ain't true?"

"Nohow. Can't yeh see the game?"

"No, I can't."

"Can't yeh see it, Brown?"

"Hanged if I kin," said Brown.

"None o' yeh can see it?" His laugh was sardonic. A reply in the negative came from the remaining two.

"Well, I'll make it plain: *Wester's been bought!*" Chaplin jumped to his feet.

"Bought!" he exclaimed.

"Yes—body an' soul. I always told yeh that he wasn't one of us, although he's been with us nigh on two months. The farm-house an' the little old woman's all moonshine *Wester's been bought.*"

"But the old lady's picter?" protested Chaplin.

"All in his eye."

"No, it ain't," said Brown. "I seen it this mornin' when I brought in the breakfast." Granger seemed slightly disconcerted, but returned to the charge.

"It don't matter," he persisted. "The stranger might have the picter with him, but does that prove *Wester's* story? An' even if it's true, does it let Winfield off?"

"No, but it lets *Wester* out," flashed Chaplin.

"*Wester's been bribed*, I tell yeh," shouted Granger, with an oath.

"Ye'd better not let him hear yeh say so," advised Chaplin. "I, for one, don't believe it. I know him for only six weeks or so, but if there's a square man in these diggin's, it's *Wester.*"

"An' are yeh goin' to let him sell the life o' poor Pete? An' are we goin' to stand by an' see Winfield buyin' our revenge?"

"Look here, Granger," said Chaplin, with lowering lids, "he ain't buyin' our revenge. Mine, for one, couldn't be *bought* at any price, an' I think enough o' my chums to say the same o' them. An' I'll say more: *We* know that this is a purty rough world, an' a fellow gets hardly any-

thing but knocks in it; so if *Wester* 'ud have anything to do with the killin' o' the son o' that little old woman, he'd deserve Hell! An' if he hadn't spoke up for him, he wouldn't be a chum o' mine for three seconds."

"An' if there ain't any old woman?"

"Oh, ye're too suspicious altogether," snapped Chaplin, with a shrug of contempt. "The picter's there an' that's enough for me. An' besides, we ain't dead certain that Winfield threw him down."

"Why, man, *Wester* himself told me last night that Pete came to long enough to say it was Winfield flung him over."

"No, he didn't say that. I was along with *Wester* when Pete come to, an' all we could hear him say was 'The stranger knocked me down.' Right after that he shut up an' never said another word."

"Well, that's enough for me."

"An' wasn't it enough for the rest of us, too? Didn't we swear revenge right off?"

"Brown, here, wasn't in much of a hurry."

"Brown can speak for himself."

"No, I wasn't in no hurry, Tom," put in Brown, "but when *Wester*, the cleverest one o' the bunch, was so hot agin the stranger, I gev in an' thought it was all right. I don't know what t' think now. *Wester* or none o' yeh'd listen to the swell when Granger said he seen him on the hill; then Pete ups an' says the stranger knocked him down, an' *Wester's* all for shootin' him on the spot. Now, *Wester* ups an' turns over, an' wants t' let him skin out; an' tells us about the old mother; an' I seen her picter, an' she's just like what *Wester* said she was. No; I'll be damned if I know what t' think."

"I knew it 'ud be that way," shouted Granger. "An' what does the rest say?" he demanded, his voice hoarse with passion.

"I'm for our vote," said one.

"Me, too," said the other.

"That settles it," cried Granger.

"Pete'll be revenged!"

As he spoke a bearded man appeared in the doorway and a hoarse voice muttered:

"Boys, it's all over. Di'mond Pete's gone to Kingdom Come."

III.

The gray dawn was just breaking, and an oil-lamp was doing its best to light the gloomy, vault-like room in which Rollo Winfield stood facing his six judges.

"Where's Wester?" said Granger, addressing no one in particular.

"Saddlin' his horse," volunteered Brown.

"We can get along without him," muttered Granger, once more the undisputed leader. Then, to Winfield: "Well, if ye've anything to say, out with it."

The young man looked into the stern, bronzed faces of the miners.

"Men, I am innocent of the crime with which you have charged me," he began, in a low but firm voice. "While crossing the hill the day of the accident I chanced to encounter the unfortunate man, Pete Joyce. He and a young woman were seated on a rock. She was speaking as I came up, but I didn't catch what she said. Suddenly Joyce jumped to his feet and struck his companion in the face. She fell and I, springing forward, knocked him down——"

"That was only right an' proper," interrupted Granger; "but what came after?"

"In the ensuing struggle we approached the brow of the hill. With an oath, Joyce tore himself free, drew a pistol and, taking one step backward, toppled over. I ran to the edge and saw him lying below."

"What became of the girl?"

"When I looked around she had disappeared."

"I thought so," said Granger, with a hyenaic grin. "Well, yer story ain't

strong enough, an' yer only witness has 'disappeared'." He took out his watch. "Boys, it's time to be movin'," he said, rising.

"One word more," said Winfield. "I have already demanded that I be taken before the proper authorities, there to defend myself in a fair trial. This you have refused, and now I tell you, that the action you have determined upon is—murder!"

"Time to be movin'," I say," bawled Granger. "Get out in front."

The small but awful procession crossed the now gray road and entered an adjacent field; and the dawn was sufficiently advanced to reveal an open grave. When Winfield perceived the latter, a tremour shook his body.

"Oh, God—Bessie—mother!" came from him in low, broken accents. Had the morning light been stronger the miners might have noticed a vehicle, attached to a powerful horse, standing scarcely a quarter of a mile down the road in the sombre shadow of a tree. Suddenly the stillness was broken by a clear whistle. Granger started.

"What's that?" he cried, in a voice less firm than steady nerves would indicate. The sound which had startled him resembled the first note or two of a bird beginning its morning song to its Maker. Granger pulled himself together.

"If ye've any prayers to say, yeh may's well say them," he growled.

But there came another interruption. Chaplin had come thus far, but would proceed no farther.

"Granger, I take back my vote," he said. "I won't have this man's blood on my head." Before Granger could form a reply "Bill" Wester, on horseback, shot out from the yard of the shack and galloped across the intervening space. Upon reaching the group he threw himself from his horse.

"Boys," he cried, "I'm goin' to make one more appeal to yeh. If it wasn't for me, p'r'aps yeh wouldn't

be so set on takin' this man's life. I urged yeh on, an' even asked for his death on the spot. I'm sorry for that now, but the whole thing was fresh on me an' my blood was hot." He flung a lightning glance down the road. "Boys," he continued, "Di'mond Pete only said that the stranger knocked him down. Now, an' here, with our blood cooler, an' lookin' at that grave, I ask yeh: Can we say that them words is strong enough to condemn this man? Would it be right——"

He was interrupted by the clatter of hoofs and the rumble of wheels on the hard road. A vehicle came up at a mad gallop and halted near the group. Marlow sprang from the seat and took in his arms a veiled lady whom he placed on the ground close to Winfield. She was dressed in black and wore a peculiar little bonnet with a light border around its edge where the white hair could be seen through her veil. With a piercing cry she threw her arms around Winfield.

"Oh, Rollo, Rollo!" she cried, "Oh, God, what does this mean?"

Winfield stared at her for several seconds, then his arms encircled her slight form, and she was pressed to his heart. The wicked light which had been blazing in Granger's eyes became less fierce as he gazed at the tableau thus presented to his view. Wester turned to his companions and said, in a husky whisper:

"Boys, it's *her*!"

Then that weak, quivering voice was heard again:

"Oh, Rollo, you are not guilty. They say that you killed a man, but you didn't—I know you didn't!" Raising her head from Winfield's breast she turned her face to the sky. "Oh, God," she prayed, "show that he is innocent!" Then convulsively she strained him to her bosom and cried:

"Rollo, Rollo, they won't take you from me—they must not—they cannot—they dare——"

Her voice died away in a deep sigh and she lay inert in Winfield's arms.

"Take that woman away!" bawled Granger, striding forward, his eyes on Marlow. But Wester was before him.

"Back, Granger, back!" he thundered. "Don't yeh see it's his mother!"

"That's got nothing to do with us," was roared back. Wester wheeled, facing the other miners.

"Boys," he cried, "it's come to this: Yeh can finish this business as yeh meant to, but will it help Pete if yeh do?"

"No!" was the response.

"An' will it help this little old lady if yeh don't finish it?"

"Yes!" rolled out from nearly half a dozen rough throats.

"Then what are yeh goin' to do about it?"

"We're with yeh, Bill!" cried Chaplin, "ain't we, boys?"

"We are!"

Granger glared at Wester.

"Curse yeh!" he shouted. "Are yeh goin' to let him off?" His hand went towards his hip-pocket.

"Granger, throw up yer hands!" Wester's pistol was levelled at Granger's heart. "Now—march!" Granger obeyed.

"Well, boys," continued Wester, "let's take a new vote. Whoever's for Granger's plan hold up their hands." There was no movement. "Very good. Now, who's for the little old lady there?"

Five hands went up.

"Carried unanimous!" he cried, exultingly. "Thank yeh, boys," he added; "ye've done the right thing."

His hand was caught in a warm grasp as the miners turned away.

"We owe you a life—" began Marlow, but Wester silenced him.

"Hush—she's comin' to," he said, with a glance at Bessie Marlow's face. "I must go," he added quickly, "but—I want to tell yeh—I'm different from when I seen her first

—I'm all right—now! I'll never see her again, but she has changed me—an' I'll stay—right. See!—she's comin' to—good-bye."

He turned abruptly, sprang towards his horse and vaulted into the saddle.

"Good-bye, boys," he called out to his late companions. "Ye'll hear from me again. Good-bye."

Bessie Marlow's eyes were following the figure on horseback. Rising, sup-

ported by Winfield, she cried:

"Oh, call him—call him back!" and Marlow and Winfield shouted:

"Come back—come back!" but Wester, turning in the saddle, waved his hat in a parting salute, and was soon lost to view in the cloud of dust raised by his horse's thundering hoofs. The rosy flush in the eastern sky—herald of the sun—spread to the zenith, giving promise of a bright day.

A PERFECT DAY

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

A day came up this morning o'er the sea,
Dawn-eyed and virgin from an orient shore,
And dear were the delights it brought to me,
Dearer than any day had given before;
'Tis with sweet sorrow at the sunset bell
I bid my day farewell.

For never as I think was light so fair
On the green waves, and never rang so clear
The haunting elfin music of the air,
And never fell so subtly on the ear
The antic pipes of freakish winds astir
In bosky glens of fir.

The roses bloomed as if they only had
One day of all the year on which to bloom,
And, bent on making wild and garden glad,
Flung forth their long upgathering of perfume;
It seemed to me that every dappled hour
Burst into lavish flower.

Then when the sunset came the rainbow west
Was splendid, as if all days fair and good
Were at its portal to receive as guest
My day into their purple sisterhood,
Crowning it on the ancient hills afar
With an immortal star.

Forever shall it be a lyric page
Of verse ambrosial to be often conned.
Holding its treasure safe from touch of age
Forever kept in a remembrance fond,
For this my day that came across the sea
Brought heart's desire to me!



Painting by Homer Watson

THE FLOOD-GATE

"THE Flood-Gate" is regarded by most painters who have seen it as one of the most important examples of Homer Watson's art. That means that its execution has been carried beyond the scope of popular appreciation, because usually the painting that appeals most to a real artist does not please the uncultured eye. Nevertheless, there is a bigness about this picture that must be apparent to everyone. In it is depicted one of nature's most imposing moods. It should be appreciated by Canadians, because it is distinctively Canadian. While depicting a sombre mood of nature, the painting is full of colour and is in excellent tone. It was exhibited, first at Glasgow, where it seems to have been well lighted, and there it was bought by a gentleman of Montreal, who placed it in his private residence. But there he could find no suitable light for it, so he presented it to the Mount Royal

Club, where it was equally unfortunate in its hanging. Mr. Watson realised the difficulty, and volunteered to paint a picture in a higher key to replace it, which he did. "The Flood-Gate" thereupon reverted to the painter, and it now hangs in Mr. Watson's private gallery at Doon, Ont., where for the first time since it was exhibited at Glasgow it is seen in a good light. It was shown at the last exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy, but it was very poorly lighted.

The flood-gate is quite a common object in some parts of Waterloo County, but it is the mood of nature that makes the picture. One cannot look at it without feeling the haste of the man at the crank, the apprehension in the huddled mass of cattle, the swish of the wind through the leaves, and, above all else, the warning that a storm has risen and shelter must be sought.

WYATT EATON, PAINTER

BY CHARLOTTE EATON

WYATT EATON was born at Philipsburg, a village on Missisquoi Bay, a part of Lake Champlain, in Canada, on May 6, 1849. At eighteen he went to New York and commenced the study of art at the National Academy of Design, under Daniel Huntington, Edwin White, Leutze and other academicians. Continuing his study in New York for five years, he then went to London, where he had the association of such men as Whistler, Munkeasy, Sargent, and was a frequent visitor at the studio of John Swan, the well-known sculptor and painter of animals. From these men he naturally absorbed much that was valuable to him in his art training.

Remaining only one season in London, he went on to Paris and entered Gérôme's *atelier* at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, not from sympathy with his master's art, however, but from the wish to become acquainted with the best methods, and Gérôme he regarded as one of the greatest living masters in technique. So near to Paris is the Forest of Fontainebleau, that few Parisian painters have not felt its influence. Mr. Eaton spent much time at Barbizon, and to him was given the inspiration of friendship with Millet. He has described this period of his life vividly in his article, "Recollections of J. F. Millet," which was published in the *Century Magazine* some years ago. It was while working under Millet's in-

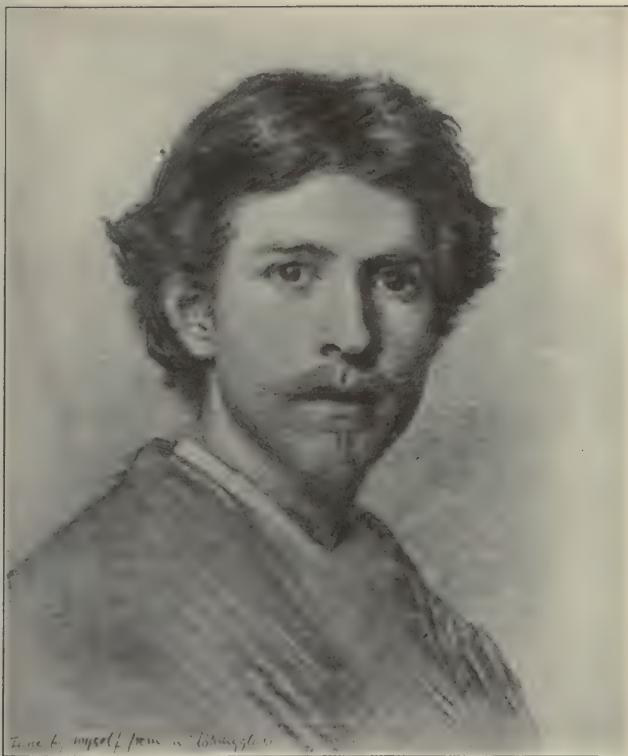
fluence that "The Reverie," and the "Harvesters at Rest" were painted, and were exhibited at the Salon—these being followed by a portrait of an old lady, which was said to be one of the finest canvases in the Salon that year. Returning to New York, in 1876, he was active in the formation of the Society of American Artists, of which he was the first secretary, and later he was elected president, an office which he held only for a short time, resigning in favour of his old class-mate, William M. Chase.

His first work in America included drawings from life of the poets Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Holmes and Dr. Holland. These were engraved by Timothy Cole and appeared as full-page illustrations in the *Century Magazine*.

From this time Mr. Eaton took his place among his contemporaries as a portrait painter. In a letter to a friend he said: "I had arranged with John Burroughs to go to his home in Esopus-on-the-Hudson, to paint a portrait of Walt Whitman, but, hearing of my father's illness, I left for Canada, which proved an interruption in my work for six months, following the death of my father and settlement of the estate."

It was Mr. Eaton's most ardent wish to become a painter of the nude and of purely ideal subjects, but owing to certain responsibilities which devolved upon him on his father's

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The portraits of Lord Strathcona, Lord Mountstephen, Sir William Van Horne and Mr. R. B. Angus are reproduced by courtesy of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway.



THE LATE WYATT EATON
FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY HIMSELF

death, these hopes had to be relinquished, and the choice imposed by these obligations accepted with fortitude. However, he took charge of the life classes at the Copper Union, and taught a private class at his own studio, and these together left but little time for creative work of any sort.

To a friend in Canada who knew something of the circumstances attending his father's death, he wrote very sadly of this period of his life.

"It was a great sacrifice I made when I returned to America full of

vigour and of ideas for pictures of American scenery and character, to devote my time entirely to teaching. I have lost a good deal of my strength and have arrived at a point where I shall only do work according to my best ideas or give up entirely." And, indeed, it is to be regretted that in his comparatively short life, so much of which was consumed in ill-health, the work by which he will be best remembered and which will keep alive the memory of a most interesting personality, amidst all the different phases of art in America to-



Portrait by the late Wyatt Eaton

LORD STRATHCONA

day, was done at intervals snatched from a hurried and uncongenial routine. But, as no picture is all shadow, so a life possessed of wide sympathies and pure aims, will in any condition find its compensations. In New York Mr. Eaton attracted the best minds about him, and at his studio on Washington square, might be met such men as Richard Watson Gilder, John La Farge, Will H. Low, Augustus St. Gaudens, and many others of note in the art world.

While he had a profound admiration for the work of many of his contemporaries, Sargent, Zorn and Leubach—the last of whom he called the modern Rembrandt—he was singularly free from the influence of those among them who might be called more daring in their rendering of character or more skilful techni-

cally. He did not believe that "paint-laying," or skill in technique, was a sufficient treason for the portrayal of any subject. To him, taste was as essential as execution; he sought beauty in character, and, by waiting for the favourable mood, gave character at its best, depicting only its most lovable qualities. Like Millet himself, Mr. Eaton was always "impatient of detail." He said: "I find myself more in sympathy with sculptors than with painters, imitative painting I have no fancy for, and the rendering of stuffs, bric-a-brac, etc., would be a burden. I like most of all bare nature, the human form, and effects of light and atmosphere." He gives his views on art in a nutshell when he said, in speaking of his portrait of Bryant: "I aimed to give prominence to the principal fact



Portrait by the late Wyatt Eaton

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE

of his character, to produce that which was most really Bryant, to portray the real form of his head, and the life that issued from his eyes, everything was kept subordinate to the sense of that life."

In 1883 Mr. Eaton again visited France and Barbizon, but how different were the well-remembered scenes, now that Millet was no more! So after a period of rest and recuperation in the quiet fields and the forest, he went to Italy, and in Florence painted the portrait of Timothy Cole which was so widely exhibited under the title of "Man With a Violin."

In Italy he spent much time in the galleries studying the old masters, and there are left to us among his still unpublished writings some notes on the early Italians that will remain a pleasure to all art lovers.

To a friend in New York he wrote as follows: "I have been studying principally the early painters and sculptors. Painting in Florence never attained the perfection of Ghiberti and Donatello in sculpture, although Masaccio stood well beside them; but one of the most encouraging things I have found here is the charming results that have been attained with so little science. I find that very few painters, even in the best age, painted religious subjects with sincerity, Fra Angelico seems to be about the only one who gave to the spiritual the first place in art. All the others seem to get as far away from their subject as possible—so long as enough of it remains to give a name to the picture, as with Ghirlandaio and Botticelli, making the birth of the Virgin or the adoration of the

Magi a motive for a large assemblage of portraits. They had not liberty, therefore they took licence. I regret they were not able more frequently to paint other subjects.

"It was only with the Venetians that art achieved full liberty. They attained what all earlier artists seemed to be striving for, and it is not strange that they should still hold sway over all who have high aspirations in art.

"The examples of Venetian art in Florence are quite numerous, as you will remember, but not many of them are their finest examples. The Louvre is superior, I think, in this respect. I am very anxious to see the Venetians at home, as I have now seen the Tuscans."

To this pleasant association with



Portrait by the late Wyatt Eaton

LORD MOUNTSTEPHEN

the works of the masters was added the delight of constant companionship with one who, as friend, he held in the highest esteem, and for whom, as artist, he had the most ardent admiration—Timothy Cole the engraver. Mr. Eaton has often spoken of these Florentine days as among the happiest of his life, when hope was strongest, health soundest, and the attainment of that which he longed to do most possible. One of his most successful portraits was of Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder, wife of the editor of the *Century Magazine*.

In 1892 Mr. Eaton was called to Montreal to paint a portrait of Sir William Dawson for McGill College. This was followed by other important works, including portraits of Lord and Lady Strathcona, Sir William and Lady Van Horne, Mr. R. B. Angus, Sir William Macdonald, Lord Mountstephen, Lady Marjorie Gordon, only daughter, and Hon. Archie Gordon, youngest son, of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen; but, alas! with the attainment of the independence to do the work "according to his best ideas," his health gave way, and a surgical operation was found to be necessary. This was done at the Royal Victoria Hospital in January, 1896. In the spring, with the hope of recovering from the effects of the operation, he made a trip to the south of Italy, where, for a time, in the soft airs of the Mediterranean the possibility of renewed health became so strong, that he went to London and took a studio with the intention of remaining a few years, but these plans soon had to be abandoned. He died at Newport, Rhode Island, on Sunday, June 7—in his forty-seventh year.

* * * * *

Reviewing the life of any artist who has been called away in his prime is like judging an unfinished work of art; it is but the indication of what might have been accomplished had a greater number of days been accorded the worker, and a conclusion must

ever remain a conjecture. But the most fruitful years of Mr. Eaton's life were undoubtedly those early years while working under the influence and inspiration of Millet's presence. Many notes from his hand are left to us from those days. In speaking of Millet as an etcher, he said: "Had etching been his only or principal means of expression, he probably would have called forth all the resources of the copper-plate, but etching as generally understood and practised was not adapted to his temperament. As everyone knows, his work was simple, and his methods always straightforward and direct, and in etching he could not, as in drawing or painting, see before him the effect he was constantly producing."

It is interesting, too, to quote Mr. Eaton's own words regarding the opening up of the studio after Millet's death:

"The illness which resulted in the great master's death took him from his work almost without warning. When the studio was re-opened by other hands I was allowed the sad privilege of assisting François in arranging some of the pictures for exhibition, thus I saw everything as left by Millet, set aside, as it were, for the day."

Mr. Eaton took a vital interest in all that concerned the Millet family, and did all that lay within his power to aid them in their financial difficulties. Perhaps we cannot do better, in quoting from these Barbizon notes, than to give a letter to Mr. Gilder which he wrote immediately on his return to New York in 1886.

My Dear Gilder,

I wish to call your attention to certain facts regarding the Millet family in con-



Portrait by the late Wyatt Eaton

MR. R. B. ANGUS, MONTREAL

nection with the house in which they have always lived. Millet, on arriving at Barbizon with his family (wife and three children), in 1849, took a furnished room or two; but, deciding to remain there for some time, they hired the house now occupied by the family. The small room on the street was at that time a sort of wood-shed, and was used by Millet for his studio. Many of his most famous pictures were painted in it: "The Sower," "The Grafting," etc. In the year 1854 or 55, the present studio was built, and the shed was finished and made a part of the house, the dining-room, I believe. It was after this that the house was bought by Monsieur Sensier, on time, and was paid for from the profits upon Millet's pictures given for the rent.

The house and studio is still owned by the Sensier estate. The lease now held by Madame Millet will expire very soon—this year, if I remember rightly. The Sensiers' own considerable adjacent property, and for some time it was the intention of the family, upon the expiration of the present lease, to pull down the house (which is a most picturesque



Portrait by the late Wyatt Eaton

Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder, wife of the Editor of *The Century Magazine*

The flowers in the background, which are more subdued in the original than in the reproduction, were painted by Mrs. Gilder herself

and home-like building) and the early studio, leaving possibly the later studio, which might serve for a lodge to a chateau to be built in the field beside the garden, which was so often painted by Millet in his pictures. This plan, if carried out, would obliterate all of the most intimate associations of Millet's life at Barbizon.

For a new lease the rent will probably be increased to an amount that will make it impossible for the Millet's to remain. The house will then be made over into a showy "bourgeois"

style, and rented to wealthy Parisians for July and August at two thousand francs per month.

This letter, though much greater in length, like many of the notes, breaks off abruptly in the middle of a page, as if the writer had been interrupted by illness or the entrance of unexpected visitors. His letters and notes are strangely illustrative of the artist's eye; they are hurried, incomplete and broken off suddenly.

WINTER RAMBLES AND RAMBLING

BY S. T. WOOD

THERE is a quiet invitation in the winter aspect of the outside world. It lacks the intense vitality of spring, when all nature warms with the glow of renewed life and the air is filled with the spirit of a great revival. We may miss the dainty colourings of the retiring flowers, modest in the sweetness of ripening beauty, and the carols of love from the glad throats that voice a universal joy. The rich decorations of summer are gone, and there are only a few clinging, fragmentary suggestions of the glowing colours of autumn. Winter's charm is an aspect of open confidence which reveals all the secrets guarded from the careless friends of the passing year. It is an invitation to pass behind the scenes and examine all the preparations for the coming display and the interesting relics of the season that has closed. The nests carefully veiled by the leafy foliage of summer stand out distinctly in the naked shrubbery, and by their characteristic outlines, their location and method of construction, disclose the identity of the industrious builders. If the character of man, concealed by a thousand deceptions in every situation and walk of life, is always truly revealed in his work, so the character of the little builders, their calls of love and recognition, their chirps of alarm and all their endless activities, are brought vividly to mind by these survivals of their summer mission. An upright fork holds and supports the compact nest of the yellow warbler, its framework of tough grasses thatched and lined

with willow down. Withstanding the buffetings of a season of storms, it recalls the active builders hurrying among the leaves, almost invisible in the yellowish-green, scarcely pausing in their gleaning quest for insects, to let their abundant life overflow in a cheering call.

A pair of goldfinches have built on a horizontal limb, their carefully rounded nest balanced and fastened, displaying the independence that marks their clinging poise on the ripened head of a thistle, or their undulating flight as they sing out again and again in the universal charms of summer. The loose and careless nest of a cat-bird is already assuming a dilapidated aspect in the low shrubbery. This bird of many voices and retiring habits has spent a summer of almost mischievous activity, seeming to enjoy the concealment from which he gave forth his interrupted medley of cat-calls and sweet song. The firmly interwoven nest of the redstart recalls the little mite of glossy black with glowing coal-like spots of red. Suspended in the fork of a limb the nest of the red-eyed vireo is an excellent specimen of bird architecture. Carefully built of an easily selected variety of material and firmly fastened in the fork where it hangs, it resists, unprotected, the storms of the changing seasons. It suggests the energy of the builders, singing incessantly through the summer while gathering insect food from every twig and leaf. The woven purse of the oriole hangs from the drooping branch of a tall elm, bringing back

in its deserted aspect the rich, melodious notes and the bright contrasts of orange and black that glowed in the summer sunlight. The big round nest of the robin, thatched solidly with mud, is evidently built to endure the storms, and the lofty and more pretentious nest of the crow is revealed against the sky as a loosely-built platform of broken branches.

Nests often reveal the tragedies of summer. A skeleton, scattered and whitening, may tell of a weakling in the nest, or a life given up in defending treasured possessions. The dried fragments of unhatched eggs tell of some calamity that overtook the mother bird before the mission of the year was fulfilled. A cow-bird's egg shows that the wise owner of the invaded nest refused to become foster-parent to a young pretender. These triumphs and tragedies of the bird world concealed by a summer's foliage are disclosed in the open confidence of winter.

Preparations for an expected awakening are more promising than the discarded relics of a season closed. The evening primrose spreads her beautiful rosette of winter leaves flat on the ground. The three-lobed leaf of the hepatica is rich and green, prepared to withstand the frosts and snows of winter and nourish into early life the delicate flowers now cramped in a small confining cap of green. The trailing arbutus is strong and vigorous, its sheltered buds held in readiness for the promised year. In the swamp the skunk cabbage, still more precocious, has pushed up from the mud in advance of the winter, willing to endure a season of hardship for the honour of being first to greet the spring. The trees display a rich profusion of winter buds. On the beech they are long and thornlike, standing out in graceful sprays rich in the promising tints of folded vegetation. The birch displays the stiff catkins that will elongate and shed their fertilising pollen when the companion flowers awaken. Willows, always rich

in the promise of life and growth, display the buds from which the pussies will push their furry noses to bask in the spring sunshine. Bunches of dead leaves still cling to the oaks, and these reveal neglect in the work of preparations. Where the new buds have formed the old leaves have been forced off, and are already returning to the soil, but indolent branches fail to prepare a bud to replace every leaf. Neglect cannot be hidden, and this is displayed to the world by the leaves that continue to cling wherever there is no provision for their successors. Throughout all the bleak nakedness of the woods, where everything seems chilled in the grip of winter, the buds patiently awaiting the spring continue the silent work of restoration.

Some of the caterpillars that fed on the succulent leaves of summer and retired comfortably to sleep are revealed in the nakedness of a season of rest. The promethea moths on the lilac, ash and birch trees hang like pods by their silken cords, awaiting the reviving touch of spring. Each when full grown selected a leaf, bound it more tightly to the parent stem with twining silk, wrapped it round like a cloak and spun a silken shroud within it as a protection for the winter. But when the other leaves withered and fell these little habitations remained on the branches, each containing either a parasite engaged in the endless war of nature or a healthy, though inert, pupa, ready, at the magic touch of reviving warmth, to come forth a richly marked and decorated moth. The cocoons of the cecropia moth are even more conspicuous. Though never numerous or abundant they are freely disclosed wherever they rest, like large, elongated swellings on the smaller twigs. These cocoons of matted silk, made water-proof by an insoluble gum, have been spun by the matured caterpillars before they shrunk away from their external selves in the strange process of meta-

morphosis that preserves their life through the long sleep. Some are waiting the revival of summer, when they will steal out at night to spread their beautifully decorated wings and live their few hours of perfect life, carefully depositing their eggs where leaf food will sustain the new generation. Some have been attacked in their larval state, and made the receptacles for the eggs of the parasitic ichneumon flies. These moths will never come to maturity, for the parasites will feed on their vitals and come out in the returning summer to continue the work of destruction. Nature's endless life and death struggle goes on in the woven cocoons that seem inert and withered on the naked trees. The willows, with their glossy aspect of life, show a promise of revival through the silent frosts. While other trees assume the aspect of death, they scarcely seem to sleep. In some of their distorted branches the incessant struggles of insect life go on through the long winter. There are tufts resembling diminutive heads of cabbage terminating some of the branches. These are distorted forms which the branches and their natural foliage have assumed to afford habitations for enemies. It seems strange that the willow gall gnat, an insect almost microscopic, should enlist the services of the vitality of the tree to build so large a home for its offspring. The egg is laid when the leaf buds are opening, and the activity of the larva gives the growth of the branch an abnormal direction. Instead of a long twig decorated with graceful leaves, a large woody lump is developed, and the leaves crowd upon one another as in an overgrown bud. Another gall gnat causes the twig attacked to assume a form resembling a head of wheat, and this disfigurement is the winter home of the growing larvae. In the woody masses, apparently dead, the process of development goes on. Even the diminutive gall gnat has enemies that seek the twigs it attacks and deposit eggs

to accomplish the destruction of its offspring. Some of the little larvae have escaped all enemies and continue their shrinking, wriggling life through the winter. After a short sleep in the pupa stage they come out to soar away on tiny wings and attack the growing twigs of other willows. Where the enemy has entered the gall gnat is doomed, for the intruder slowly devours the reluctant host in its confining cell. These enemies mature and emerge in time to pursue the second generation of the larvae they live to destroy. In these distorted woody growths that stand seemingly dead in the cold winter wind the death struggle goes on that holds the minute gall gnat in check and thus permits the willow to live. Winter reveals many galls and distortions, the absorbed or blighted leaves of the oak, the twigs of the wild plum, the swollen stems of the aster and goldenrod among the most noticeable. Each species of gall insect has some form of vegetable life in which its larvae can set up an action directing the course of vegetation toward constructing its dwelling. These atoms of life are so small that a mosquito would tower as a giant over them, yet one member of their family, the Hessian fly, calls forth all our destructive ingenuity.

The life of winter is not confined to the shelter sought in infinite variety by the surviving insects. The tall naked branches of the elms and maples reveal some moving, colourless dots that rest invisible a moment and again move restlessly along their lofty and irregular course. As they approach they announce themselves with clear articulation: "dee-dee—chick-a-dee-dee." Their saucy indifference is always fascinating as they swing acrobatically under the twigs, climbing and flitting from tree to tree and displaying rich contrasts of white, black and grey. The winter woods are always brighter for their hurried visit. A brown creeper climbs a rough maple with undulating gait, reaching

his slender, curved bill into the crevices where insects have secreted their eggs. On reaching a lower limb he flies off to the foot of another tree to again make an inquiring ascent. A nuthatch, a much more acrobatic climber, runs nimbly up and down on trees and stumps, generally keeping near the ground. He is short, compact and conspicuous in black, white and bluish-grey, contrasting in many ways with the slender and neutral coloured creeper.

The harsh cry of the bluejay is a familiar assurance of life in the winter woods. He finds it a strenuous time, for there are no nests to rob, and he must earn an honest living in the oaks, hazels and beech trees.

The abundant life of spring and summer are gone, and there is no sociable flocking as in fall, when the long journey southward was in contemplation, but the openness of the naked trees brings the winter residents into greater prominence. Even in the sheltering conifers the crossbills cannot be hidden, as they break the scales from the spruce cones and extract the closely-guarded seeds. In the open country the gold-finches, now lacking the gay colours of summer, gather seeds from the red-root and bugloss that are withered above the snow. Though their cheering song is silent, their sociable twittering brings back the time when they perched in bright attire on the ripening heads of the burr thistle, or sang on the wing in the warm, glowing sunlight. A butcher bird may spread consternation among them in his low and almost laboured flight over the fields. This cannibal has been induced to remain all winter by the abundance of his victims, the English sparrows. A few horned larks, almost as lonely as the belated robins, walk about where the ploughed ridges show above the snow. A flock of redpolls, small, inconspicuous and in nervous haste, disappear in the close willow shrubbery. After a brief moment of silence they emerge and

hurry along in dancing flight, soon lost among the straggling bushes. Snowbirds, clad in white and rusty brown, seem to have a special claim as winter residents. Though prominent in flight, they alight only on the ground or on the snow, where a stooping gait and a reluctance to move render them almost invisible. The juncoes, not so exclusively birds of the ground, fly hurriedly about, their dull slately colours more noticeable than among the rich tints of summer. The shrike is not the only enemy menacing the bird life of winter. A hawk sails overhead and throws his threatening shadow on the snow, and in the close cedars the owls are prudently awaiting the shelter of night.

In the frozen marsh the houses of the muskrats rise above the ice in prominent irregularity. These heaps of roots, weeds and rushes cover the ice-lined domes in which the burrowing swimmers rise to feast on succulent roots gathered in their excursions under the ice. A careful and stealthy approach may be rewarded by the sound of a startled plunge into the water. When the ice is clear the black form of a swimmer may be seen, hurrying to a resting house and trailing a mouthful of herbage gathered for a feast. Under the concealing snow and over the ground where the chipmunks are sleeping, the tiny shore mice are making a labyrinth of burrows, rising to the surface here and there for a breathing spell and leaving the holes that reveal their restricted and devious courses. The spring will disclose more serious indications where many saplings and large trees have been girdled and destroyed by their needle-like teeth. In a tall birch a red squirrel pauses to survey the scene, then climbs along on his untiring but now silent journey. The open woods and frozen marsh may feign sleep, and even death, but to the eye and ear alert in sympathy there is neither pause nor rest in life's perpetual transformations.

GIFTS

BY MADGE MACBETH

LATE? Am I? Well, Agnes, I am sorry; but; really, if you were as busy as I—just squeeze me in, on some one else's hour, there's a good girl! I simply *must* have my hair done this morning, for I haven't another minute to-day in which I can ever stop to fix my *barette*.

Who's in there? *Who?* Well, I don't care if she *does* hear me! Oh, it's *you*, Frieda; I couldn't understand what Agnes said.

Oh, my dear, if you love me, let her do my hair first. It won't take long, and I am obliged to go to Morgan's to buy Tom's present before lunch, or else he will think I have forgotten it.

Thanks, awfully, dear! I'll do something for you some day.

Now, hurry, Agnes, Mr. Trevell-yan said he would be there at half-past twelve, to help me select something.

As a matter of fact, I *had* forgotten all about the twelfth (this *is* the twelfth, isn't it?), and was going to lunch down town, but while I was dressing I was confronted, as usual, by that horrid bare spot on the wall (you know, Frieda, just above where the Japanese panel hangs), and made up my mind that I simply *had* to get a picture to fill up that gap. Well, I actually gasped with relief when this turned out to be Tom's birthday, and now I'll buy a picture and give it to him.

Agnes, that particular wisp belongs on my head. Don't tear at it, as though you could take it off.

Aren't men tiresome to give pre-

sents to? Don't you think so? Well, I do. After I had gone through the usual list of military brushes, soap-boxes, ash-trays, pipes, and an occasional scarf-pin, I settled down to the sensible and economical plan of giving Tom things for the house.

Eh? No, he gives me personal gifts, but then women require so many more luxuries than men, don't you think so?

Last Christmas I had the back hall papered old rose for Tom's present, having often noticed that even servants are affected by an appeal to their artistic natures, and my morning gowns are usually pink, so we blended very nicely. (I always give my orders for the day in the back hall, you know).

Oh, he gave me this gold bag. I hinted that Arthur Trevell-yan had offered me one, also that I trembled on the brink of accepting it, being crazy for one. Well, ha! ha! it was *too* funny; Tom could not get down town fast enough to buy this, he has such queer ideas about—Agnes, *do* be careful; that soapy water is making a terrible buzzing in my ears!

One really needs a little tact in managing a man; don't you agree with me, Frieda?

Just the same, presents are always bothersome, and I simply *hate* Christmas. There always comes a raft of things that no one wants, especially from the girls (not you, of course, dear; I meant the other crowd; you know the sort)—“Wishing dear Kathleen a Merry, Merry Christmas”—some Christ Church veil case,

with impossible burnt umber flowers, wretchedly painted on a saffron satin ground, generously sprinkled with Indian beads and tied with dark-brown satin ribbon. Horrors!

And the people who always say: "You have so many things, I never know what to give you; there's nothing I can buy, so I embroidered you this little pin-cushion cover, knowing you will appreciate my work, and a loving thought is sewn into every stitch!" Oh, dear!

Do let me raise my head, Agnes; I feel that I am already in for curvature of the spine. Thank goodness, I haven't a great deal of hair; it would take so much longer to dry, and anyway there would be so much more to turn gray.

What was I saying? Oh, yes; about the pin-cushion. One of the girls sent me a heart-shaped one, embroidered atrociously. I could see plainly what it was; the piece you cut out of the under arm seam of a shirt waist—don't you know, how, as the line slopes down to the waist, there is always a big piece to cut out? It was just that and nothing else. A few moments after it came, a boy left a box which looked so interesting, and addressed in a man's writing. I opened it in feverish haste, and found one of those horrible bon-bon dishes—thirty-nine cents at the Japanese store. You know the kind—from Hilda. Oh, I was *wild* with disappointment!

However, an inspiration seized me, and I carefully put the pin-cushion and dish back into their respective boxes, intending to send the girls' presents to each other. Of course, you know what happened: I got mixed and sent them to *the senders*!

Raging? Of course, they were, and such notes as I got from them! Though I didn't see why they should mind so much, because everyone knows that the sincerest way to give a present is to give something that one wants oneself. So they should have been glad to get those things.

Eh? I always follow out that rule in giving Tom presents.

Agnes, *surely* you don't need to have that dryer at such a temperature. Of course, I'm in a hurry, but really I don't want my brains fricasseed, especially as I am going to meet Mr. Trevellyan.

Do you know, Frieda, he is the cleverest man I have ever known. We are totally and wholly congenial, as he agrees with me in every particular, and it is a great pleasure to meet a man with such lofty ideals and ambitions.

So often, when we are together, one makes a remark, and the other involuntarily exclaims: "Why, I was just going to say that myself!" Isn't that peculiar?

How much are those "transformations," Agnes? I know I have a lot of "store" hair, but only Tom sees it, and, anyway, I think I need a little more width to my head.

No, that is not as large as my new hat, which measures thirty-two inches from brim to brim. But then I can wear those exaggerated creations, where a person like you, Frieda, couldn't.

What, nine dollars? Why that's ridiculous! Does it match my hair? Um-hum, it looks very well. All right, I'll take it. Yes, I will wear the rat, too. There, that's the effect—higher and broader. Now I will get Tom to give me another pair of amber combs; or, better still, I will eat a philopena with Arthur Trevellyan and get them at once.

Nonsense, Frieda; I don't wonder you have never been a success, when you anchor yourself to such antediluvian notions as to propriety. Forgive me for saying so, but you really make yourself ridiculous!

There, Agnes, you have burnt my hair! Oh, yes, you *have*, I smell it. Tom says I remind him of baseball as it is—three and out, whatever he means by that. But I suppose I won't have the three, if you are going to be so careless. Moved my head?

Goodness, do you expect me to sit like a statue?

Eh? Oh, yes, I'm going to Hattie's wedding. I have a Paris gown I'm crazy to wear. Give her? I don't know. One of my duplicates—whatever I have the most of. Just think; I haven't had to buy a wedding present since I was married.

Everyone gets so many bon-bon spoons, olive spoons, cream ladles, jelly spoons and sugar spoons. When people are stumped to know that to give, which doesn't cost much, they are always sure to select some kind of a spoon. Yes, but the marking can be taken off.

By the way, you must let me know what you want, Frieda, for, of course, I am going to give you something awfully nice.

Not only that I am fond of you, and always consider you my best friend, but I want Allan to see there is no feeling of ill-will on my part

toward him. Doesn't he? Well you never can tell, he might not mention it to you. After being in love with a girl, a man always has a sore spot in his heart which does not heal. Poor Allan!

Did you ever notice in the giving of presents, how far removed from the apparent reason the sub-motive really is? It has often struck me, only most people are not honest enough to acknowledge it.

Well, dear, I'd *love* to stay and chat with you, while you are being done, I have hardly had time to get in a word, and I never saw you look as fagged as you do to-day, although the light in here may have something to do with the effect. Do you sleep well? But there, don't keep me talking. I have already given you five minutes of Arthur's time. Come to see me some time week after next. I can always spare you a moment; good-bye, dear, good-bye.

IN BETHLEHEM OF JUDÆA

By JEAN GRAHAM

"And when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto Him gifts: gold, and frankincense and myrrh."

The spice and gold of Orient
They laid at the tender feet,
While Mary's eyes, alit with dreams
Were filled with a rapture sweet.

She saw no cross in far-off years,
She heard no loud cry forlorn;
But smiled at radiant baby brows
In pride o'er the Prince newborn.

The Eastern sages knelt before
That shrine in a manger low;
For starry glory filled the place
With Syrian skies aglow.

The spice and gold of Orient
They offered as tribute meet;
Nor dreamed of myrrh in sepulchre,
To sweeten the winding-sheet.

INVOCATIO CLUNY LOQUITUR

BY WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

WHEN the late William Henry Drummond was perhaps at the zenith of his powers as a poet, seven years ago, he visited Winnipeg for the purpose of attending the medical convention there. During his stay in the western metropolis he delivered a lecture one evening, and afterwards was entertained at supper by Mr. C. E. McPherson, General Passenger Agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway. A number of prominent gentle-

men, mostly of the Scotch persuasion, were present. The supper lasted until the "wee, sma' hours," and must have been a most enjoyable occasion, because it inspired the poet to write on the fly-leaf of a presentation copy of "Johnnie Courteau" the following poem, which is addressed to Mr. McPherson (The poem, as it appears in the book in Dr. Drummond's own handwriting, is reproduced on the opposite page from this):—

Hoich! agus Hoich galore! Ian MacCrimmon,
Son of the pipes! Let your war notes be hushed;
Well do I know that we battled with women
When by Inverlochy the Campbells we crushed.

Tell me no more how the race of MacDonald
We gave to the foxes and birds of the sky—
Bloody the tartan we spun for Black Ronald
Betrayed of princes, foul Pickle the spy.

A thousand long years the Camerons fed us
With cattle we reived from the herds of Lochiel.
Little we reckoned the wild chase they led us,
When Cluny's proud children craved for a meal.

Hoich! agus Hoich! O, it's weary rehearsing
The deeds we have done and the deeds we can do,
But to-night let the fiery cross of MacPherson
Blaze out on a mission all bloodless and new.

Summon the clans from the banks of the Garry
Carry the message to far St. Laurent
Uiscebae, wassail them, all they can carry,
For the dirk of MacPherson is now laid awa'.

* * * * *
They came, conquered clansmen, and gillies and vassals,
But warm was the handclasp they met at the door;
And scatheless they drank to each other's tall castles,
For Cluny repentant, his foes were no more.

— Invocatio

— Cluny loquitar

Hoich! agus Hoich galore! Ian MacRimmon,
Son of the Pipes! let your war notes be hushed—
Well do I know that we battled with women
When by Inverlochy the Campbells we crushed!

Tell me no more how the race of Mac Donald
We gave to the foxes and birds of the sky!
Bloody the tartan we spun for Black Ronald,
Betrayer of Princes: foul Riddle the spy!
A thousand long years the Camerons fed us
With cattle we reived from the herds of Lochiel,
Little we reckoned the wild chase they led us
When Cluny's proud children craved for a meal!

Hoich! agus Hoich! O in weary rehearsing
The deeds we have done, and the deeds we can do!
Tonight let the fiery cross of Macpherson

Blaze out on a mission all peaceful and new
Summon the clans from the banks of the Garry,
Carry the message to far St. Laurent,
Viscrae, wastail them: all they can carry!
For the dirt of Macpherson is banished awa—

X X

They came: conquered clansmen, and Gillies and Vassells
(But harm was the hand-clasp they met at the door!)
And scathless they drank to each other's tall castles,
For Cluny repentant: his foes were no more!

William H. Howem and
assistant Seneschal to the Chief

— C. E. Macpherson Esq Sept 20/01
Fort Garry —

THE KID'S CHRISTMAS

BY S. A. WHITE

"I SAY, fellers," Reddy drawled, "let's make a Christmas tree for theh Kid, eh?"

"Theh h—l you say!" ejaculated Rough Andy, slapping him on the back with such force that Reddy's pipe flew across the floor—"theh h—l you say, Reddy. That thar's theh best idee ever come out o' yer red head. Hooray, boys, a Christmas tree for theh Boss' Kid. Who's shoutin'?"

A roar of approval went 'round the occupants of the big lumber shanty. They were all shouting, which meant that they were all ready to do the very best. He was only four, was MacDonald's boy, and the idol of every rough soul in the camp.

Silence fell, and expectant eyes were turned on Lanky Pete, who sprawled along his bunk, head propped on one hand. In matters where leadership was required they always looked to Lanky Pete. A moment he considered. Then he arose with great deliberation, striding over to the huge fire-place, where a poke of his boot set the birch logs roaring and sent lashes of flame flipping into the darkest shanty corners. When he had turned his back to the blaze, spread long legs well apart and tilted the pipe into one corner of his mouth, Lanky Pete began to talk.

"As fer's I kin reck'lect," he said, "this here Kid hain't never had a Christmas. Soon's he was old 'nough to kinder toddle round an' chatter some, his mother died. Pore little chap, he hain't never understood, but Mac took it mighty bad. He took to theh woods right off, did Mac, an'

theh Kid with him. Theh Gilmores sent me down Ottawa way 'bout that time an' I seen her own picture; pretty as a flow'r, she was, an' you all know what theh Kid's like, heh?"

"Yer damn right," said Rough Andy, but his tone was soft, almost sympathetic. The words seemed nothing out of place.

"No, he ain't never had a Christmas tree," Pete continued. "Seems like we never thought on it afore. But along comes Reddy with theh idee, an' I says it's an all-fired good one. It's time that thar Kid had a Christmas, and he's a-goin' to have one or my name's not Pete Walworth!"

"Right y'are!" his companions shouted.

"Funny theh Boss never thought on that afore," someone commented.

"No, tain't funny," objected Pete, "he's brought theh Kid toys an' sech at Christmas time an' other times whenever he made theh city. He thinks 'nough of theh Kid, does Mac, but that thar thought ain't happened to hit him. Theh Kid's had toys, loads of 'em, but he hain't had a Christmas. Thar's theh point, fellers! This time he gets a Christmas, Sandy Claws, tree an' all—of course, theh toys is thrown in."

"How'll we get them things?" Reddy asked—"ain't but a week till Christmas."

Lanky Pete reflected.

"To-morrer," he said, "Old Davy goes down Ottawa way with theh sleigh-train fer grub. Davy kin tote back all we orders."

"What'll we order?" Black Regan inquired.

"Everything theh Kid'll injoy," Pete replied, "we air open fer suggestions from this whole crowd."

"A gun, real, frin' gun," Rough Andy said.

"Snowshoes!" yelled Reddy.

"Candy, nuts an' oranges—bags of 'em!" shouted Kennedy.

"Terboggan! Dog! Woolly bear! Moccasins!" came in a babel from the other end of the room.

"Hol' on," cried Lanky Pete, "this here mixin' things won't do. Here you, Reddy, seein' as I'm pre-aidin' over this council-of-war, I 'point you as sec'etary. Git some paper and write theh minits. All ready now, boys, let 'er go!"

When Reddy got through jotting down the presents suggested, there was a list that would have made a dozen Christmas festivals for anxious boys. Lanky Pete recognized the necessity for modifying it, and struck out items here and there till he had fashioned an amply respectable order, which appeared satisfactory to everyone. This was committed to Old Davy to have filled when he went next day with the grub-sleighs for supplies. A plentiful amount of lumbermen's coin accompanied him, and he was cautioned to get everything as it was listed, "not fergittin'," Pete told him, "theh candles an' theh shiny stuff fer the Christmas tree."

In due time Old Davy returned, and the toys were hidden in an empty bunk which Pete nailed down. It lacked but two days of Christmas, but MacDonald's boy was in every corner of the men's shanty almost daily, and it would not do for him to stumble on these things before the allotted time. The boss of this camp had the luxury of a private cabin, where he lived with his child and a French half-breed who acted in the capacity of general servant and cook to MacDonald. The men's shanty adjoining had its own cook.

From even the boss were all pre-

parations kept secret. Rough Andy, Reddy and Kennedy, at noon hour of the day before Christmas, cut down a fine young spruce and dragged it up to the evergreen growths behind the men's shanty, ready to be brought in and hung that night with hidden mysteries of the sealed bunk. Rough Andy chuckled at the vision of that gorgeous Christmas tree covered with candles, tinsel and presents. He pictured the rapture of the "Kid" when he grasped the real gun, new snowshoes, moccasins, tin soldiers, toboggan, drum and the whole outfit they had bought.

"Gawd!" he said, "won't theh Kid go wild, heh? Jest think, when that spruce gits its togs on."

"He will git rumpitious, fer sure," Kennedy agreed. "When he puts theh club to his big drum we can't hear us-selves think."

"An' when he winds his fingers in that woolly bear," Andy went on, "that'll catch him, to hear it squeal. What d'ye call 'em—Reddy bears?"

"Sartin not!" Reddy answered with a sniff—"they calls 'em Teddy bears; but we'd better hide this here tree, else theh Kid'll git it 'fore we do. What?"

"Set it straight up in theh snow, like 'twas growin' thar," Rough Andy suggested—"that's it. Boss his-self would think it growed. Come on, now, leave 'er thar till night."

Evening found the shanty in a bustle. The tree had been towed in and set in a big block where a hole was augered out. Its lumbs were hung with candles, tinsel and tissue-paper. The lumbermen busied themselves tying on the presents with stout cord. Black Regan was posted at the window to watch that the boy did not burst in on them from the other shanty. The door was barred and in case he or his father came they would put out the light and crawl into their bunks, pretending to be asleep. The work they were engaged in was a joy to these rough men. How different a picture this, to the too

"WHAT'LL WE ORDER?" BLACK REGAN INQUIRED."



frequent staging of a lumber camp as a place for nothing but gambling, drinking and brawling! They were men of a rude and ready type, but men with hearts, hearts so deep that they took delight in tying trinkets on a spruce shoot for a youngster's hands to grasp.

Lanky Pete, in spite of protestations, was chosen to act the part of Santa Claus. In order to make sure that there would be no mistake, a rehearsal was decided upon. Pete got into a big fur coat. A white false beard which Old Davy brought was stuck on his chin, together with a red, furry cap on his head. Altogether he made a tolerably original Santa.

"Gawd!" Rough Andy cried at sight of him, "you'll do. Why, theh Kid'll think it's Sandy Claws fer sure."

"He'll be fer pullin' yer spinnage, Pete," Kennedy laughed; "ye'll have to watch he don't—"

"Hist!" interrupted Regan from the window, "d—d, if here ain't theh Kid—no, it's theh Boss."

"H—I!" said Rough Andy in a thunderous whisper, "douse theh light, ye fools!"

Quick as thought, the shanty darkened. Only the flickering brands dotted and dashed the opposite wall in the Morse code. Someone pounded on the door.

"Lie still," commanded Pete, while he himself crawled softly to a chink in the big frame jamb.

The pounding continued. "Holla!" yelled a voice which they instantly recognized as belonging to MacDonald's half-breed.

"Now, what theh devil does *he* want?" Rough Andy growled.

"Holla!" called the man again, still pounding.

Lanky Pete made a tremendous rolling and grunting as if just awakened. Then he stood up and stamped his feet. Next he opened the door and leaned his body through.

"René, d—n you," he said, "what d'ye mean by pounding on a man's

door when he's asleep, heh?"

"*Le garçon*," cried René, excitedly, "ees he here, *dans le shantee*?"

"Theh Boy," Pete shouted, "no, he's not here. What's theh matter? Damn it, man, speak!"

"*Monsieur — le* roll-way,—*garçon* gone," the half-breed stammered incoherently.

"Hell—what!" roared Rough Andy, jumping to the door—"theh boy's lost?"

"*Oui, le garçon* gone!" René cried.

MacDonald had gone just before dark to mark out a place for a new roll-way, leaving the boy in charge of René. In some manner the child had unfastened the bar of the door while René was putting away some pans in the kitchen part of the shanty. At any rate, he had disappeared, and, although they hunted the outhouses, no trace of him could be found.

Furious oaths burst from Rough Andy, and he grabbed his snowshoes. Ten yards from the cabin he began to go round in an ever-widening circle. Like a sleuth-hound he went, swiftly and silently, eyes fixed upon the crusted snow. Round and round he sped till the sixth circle brought him full upon a tiny trail a hundred yards from the house. Then Rough Andy gave tongue.

"H—I, boys, here!" he bellowed. "Follow an' be damned to ye. Go as ye never went!"

Suited his own actions to the command, Andy shot through the firs and vanished, the rest running at top speed upon the well-defined track he had left.

The moon was risen. A keen frost set everything rigid in the vast forest. In Rough Andy's heart a thousand misgivings stirred. One thing he dreaded to hear, and that was the yelp of gray, slinking forms amongst the tall timber. From moment to moment he listened for it, and when it did not come he pushed on with renewed

vigour. The trail wound through level growths blazed for stripping, and forged toward the river. Evidently the boy had seen which way his father went to mark a place for the roll-way, and, upon giving René the slip, had followed in that direction. Some distance from the river's bank the track turned, dipped into a ravine, and edged out along a rocky bluff. Rough Andy followed hard. The reach of evergreens stood thicker, and his path was greatly impeded. He could not hear the others coming, so far had he out-footed them. The crust became thinner where heavy boughs shut out the frost, although the boyish feet had skimmed the top with scarcely an indentation. Fantastic figures were silhouetted on the snow under clear cold moonlight. Three fresh moose-tracks crossed the trail in front of him, but Andy had no time to see which lay uppermost. On he swung, sweating over every inch of his body. Beyond the bluff the footsteps led through level timber once more. Here the lumberman paused for a minute's breath. Suddenly the tense air split with a sound which sent an icy pain across his forehead where hot sweat streamed but an instant before, the long-dreaded, hoped-against sound—

"Burp-p-p! Yee-e—ou-r-r!" came a sort of barking yelp with an after-note like a quick echo.

"Gawd!—timber wolves!" Rough Andy gasped, "an' arter his track. Pore dern little cuss! Oh, Hell!—whar's my speed?"

With a string of self-denouncing curses for inability to speed faster, Andy surged through the timber. In the North Country no lumberman was so swift on snowshoes as Rough Andy, yet in this strait his pace did not seem to him fast enough by half. Only those who came behind when they reached this point, knew the speed he put forth. The amazing gaps between the strides, the swirl of spurned crust lying on either hand and scarred, broken branches told the

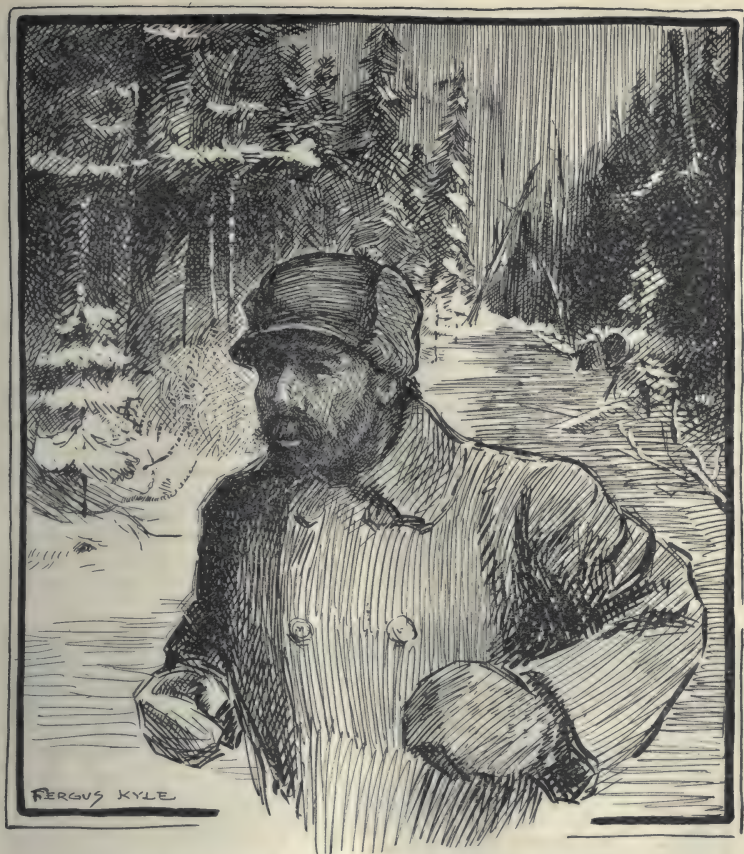
story. Almost as fast as a ski-runner Andy bored through the timber.

"Burp-p-p! Yee-e—ou-r-r!" sounded the weird, soul-chilling call.

Rough Andy stopped, pulled the big Colt from his belt. Bang! Bang! followed. It was a flimsy hope of scaring the brutes, who seemed but four or five hundred yards away and full on the child's path. Still the yelps came back, and grinding out fresh curses he slipped in two new cartridges. Away through the saplings he surged. The trail circled, fell away into a swale-like hollow which ferreted round a second bluff. The yelps sounded farther away, but still ahead. Then Rough Andy took a quick decision. He quit the track and rushed at the bluff angle-wise. Over on the other side of it he would hit the trail—if it came round! It was a mighty risk, but Andy took it. Besides, there was little to gain by running behind the wolves.

Panting, the lumberman reached the top. A flood of moonlight bathed the downward slope and wide valley below. Across the blinding-white expanse four grayish, dog-like forms were coming with a side-swing lope, yelping incessantly. Andy sped down to intercept. Somewhere farther on the Kid must be. Then his eagle eye caught a glint of red sash, and under a scrubby hemlock he could see the boy crouching, frozen with fear of the red-mouthed creatures rushing at him. Crying aloud, Rough Andy tore the shoes from his feet as if the tough moose thongs had been only thread. One he slammed on the crust, threw himself face downward upon it and—slid! It was a race with death, a swift, cruel death now only yards from the boy. A curling white cloud of snow-smoke drifted up from Rough Andy's toboggan-like descent, and the child screamed at this new monster which so quickly rolled to his very feet.

"Don't ye yell, Kid," Rough Andy cried, coughing out the snow, "it's me. I'll bring ye out"—Bang! "Take



"HIS PACE DID NOT SEEM TO HIM FAST ENOUGH BY HALF"

that ye d—l!"—Bang! "Thar's two all in!"

Before he could fire again the third wolf sprang, sinking its teeth in his pistol arm. He shook it off, and the blood streamed. His weapon fell. A second time it sprang and went sprawling from Rough Andy's vicious kick. Instantaneously the remaining brute pounced at the boy, but the lumberman was watching, and threw himself between. In blind fury he

caught the creature by jaw and throat, drove his knees in its vitals, striving to choke it. Over and over they rolled in the snow, the beast's claws tearing his neck and chest. Great scarlet stains spread out upon the crust, but Rough Andy hung on, putting all his giant strength into the grip. A gurgle arose in the wolf's throat; its breast ceased to heave and the limbs grew rigid.

Rough Andy had conquered.

Arising unsteadily, he threw its stiffened carcass from him. The wolf he had kicked sat upon its haunches some distance away, uncertain whether to attack or not. Andy looked for a weapon. He was rapidly growing weak from loss of blood. Recovering his revolver, he took steady aim with his left hand. The primer snapped. So did the next. The snow had congealed upon them. Angered by this pantomime, the wolf rushed in. Rough Andy threw the pistol away and raised his snowshoe in both hands, aiming a tremendous blow at the beast's head. The impact broke both skull and shoe. The creature rolled over, dead. From Andy's wounds the blood poured afresh. He reeled drunkenly an instant, then pitched in the snow, murmuring brokenly:

"Ye're safe, Kid. Told ye I'd bring ye out. They'll be—here—fore—long."

The moon went down and darkness

held the land. Along the trail Rough Andy left, came his companions, lighting the gloom with their torches. At length they reached the end, and understood the drama of the wold; understood from the tell-tale signs and the boy's words, for his saviour was unconscious.

Slowly and tenderly they carried him on a litter of boughs back to the shanty. He recovered consciousness only for a moment before he died, and then only long enough to utter one sentence. The camp doctor and MacDonald were watching by his bed when he opened his eyes.

The eyes wandered to the window where morning sunshine was flooding in. Then his gaze rested on the half-decked Christmas tree just as it was left the night before. Tremblingly his lashes closed, and the lips moved.

"Gawd!" they heard him whisper, "it's Christmas—theh Kid's Christmas."



THE BUNKS OF THE OLD SLEIGH-BOBS

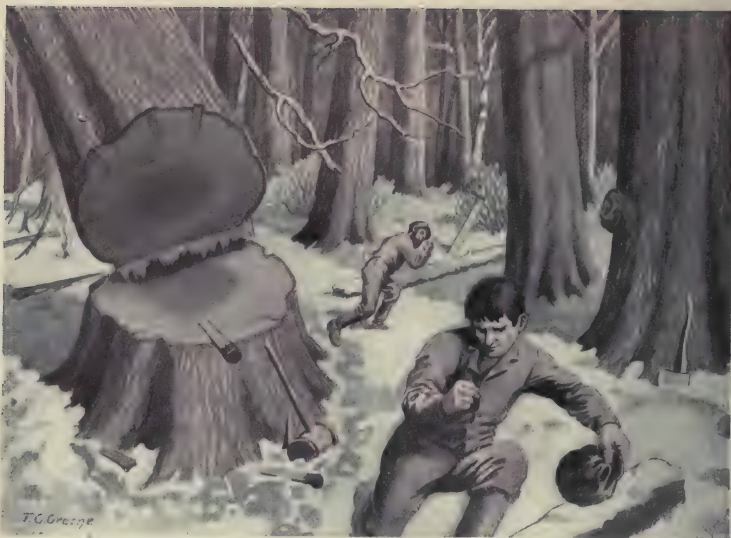
BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

THE vanishing of the last great tract of hardwoods from Ontario took place less than twenty-five years ago. The peninsula of the three lakes was the scene—that toe of the boot down there between Huron, St. Clair and Erie. To those who take a museum interest in the “bush” that used to stand in the way of our forefathers, a stroll through Belle Isle park in the Detroit river is the only way to get a feeble picture of what it looked like in the primeval days of the hardwoods—elm, oak, maple, beech, hickory, birch, white ash and black ash, with all the varieties of these. One other spot that may be able to give the reminiscent thrill to the man who would know how his grandfather fought the trees to get at the soil, is Point Aux Pins, sometimes known as Rondeau Park; which is a long sandbar on the south edge of Kent county, where the oaks and maples crept in along with the pines.

But the life of the hardwood bush can never be known from the picnic grounds, with band concerts and lagoons and *cafés* among the patent flower-beds. The Canadians who so delightedly roam over Belle Isle have little or no memory of the day when it was known on the navigator's chart as Rattlesnake Island—because it was a semi-swamp infested with a mild kind of rattler known as the “mississaga,” good for fattening “razor-back” hogs. The holidayer who pays for his summer drinks on the festive balcony and looks out on the chiaro-

scuro of multi-coloured lights under the elms, does not realise that less than one generation ago somebody's folk found the hardwood forests the great hereditary curse.

Trees—the great enemy; trees over which now the newspapers and the politicians and the scientists are writing elegiacs as they talk of reforestation, wondering where posterity will get its furniture and its frame houses, and all the thousand and one things that wood makes better than iron or cement, or even straw; such trees were regarded as the great encumbrance in the hardwood counties up till the two closing decades of last century. When for the first time thousands of eastern men saw the prairies of the wheat belt in the Rebellion of 1885, the curse of the tree and the log was still heavy on many a sideroad and concession of Essex and Kent. These with part of Lambton, were the last counties cleared up and settled in older Ontario. Huron and Bruce and Middlesex and all the midland counties were in their third generations of homesteaders when the bushwhackers of the stave-mill land were wrestling with the big trees. Here the Canada Company had its last stronghold. The boy who had the good fortune to grow up in those woods often asked whose might be the great bush solitude that no man wanted to fence, or to ditch, or to cut roads into. He was told that the landlords were the Canada Company, who had no need for the land and



Drawing by T. G. Greene

FELLING THE ELM, "KING OF THE HARDWOODS"

were holding on to the timber in the hope that settlement might make it valuable. Besides, it was matter for speculation if a man should buy and clear a bush farm in that half-swamp, whether he would be able to farm it without a boat.

This was the Holland of Ontario; perhaps the only part of the Province that ever had to be pumped dry. You may include Pelee Island in the geography; the most southerly point in Canada, and the land of the prime tobacco leaf and the corn and the grape—just as in the dyked and pumped out plains of the boot-toe peninsula, known to Tecumseh and to Harrison and to Proctor and old Colonel Prince, you now find the only white-bean fields in Ontario, the only tobacco fields, the best corn-fields and graperies, and peach-lands as good as Niagara, all produced by the mild wet winds of the peninsula that has the wash of three lakes.

But the thing that grew biggest in

that land before the cross-cut saw went in along with the mill, was "el'm." The elm was king of the hardwoods, and the part of the world that knew this best was Ohio, where most of the elm went, either as logs in rafts, or bolts by shiploads, or staves by the railway. In those days Kent and Essex were the land of the stave-mill and the raft and the long docks of Lake Erie, where the sailing schooners beat in for the millions of elm bolts. But you may hunt those two counties now with a search-warrant and find no more trace of the stave-mill than a field that never needs manure because its top soil is sawdust; and a few roots of dock-spiles in the bottom of the lake, with here and there enough of the old elm dock left to tie a fish-tug to, are the only remnants of the bolt-loading days along that shore.

Twenty years ago half the rural population of the boot-toe depended for half of their taxes and money for

brown duck and preachers' salaries on the bountiful elm. Cutting and hauling elm was as fundamental in a good hard winter as going to church on Sunday. Elms in that peninsula were not delicate. There have been elms in Kent and Essex as thick as a long man is high; elms that gave a six-foot saw all it could do to get them down—but of that we have nothing to say here.

Loading the bobs—this was the thing that tested the bushwhacker's Christianity. This was one of the fine arts. It was once freely cited of a candidate for Parliament in that land that he knew how to go to the bush and put on a load of logs as well as anybody in the constituency. But even that proof of merit failed to elect him. However, at least two recent members of the Ontario Legislature were prime woodsmen—Letson Pardo and Johnny Lee; and Pardo was one of the elm kings, for he had two stave-mills and a dock.

A team and a pair of old bob-sleighs spliced with a long pole reach; a set of chains and a swamp-hook with a binding-pole and an old family sheep-skin—these were the utensils that furnished forth the man and the boy in a stent of log-loading. The highway in the bush was a skid-road; that was a way made by the axe the day before the hauling began. It was not straight and broad, like the road to destruction, but very crooked and narrow—because it was not counted good policy to saw down a five-foot tree and grub out the stump to make a road such as "Good Roads Campbell" is making nowadays. That sort of strenuous pastime was practised more at coon-hunts. The skid-road was the way in and the way out.

But the skid-road had as many ramifications as there were elm trees to haul; because trees didn't always fall along the road broadside for rolling up on the bunks without a whimper from man or boy or a curse at things in general.

Now, when a bushwhacker got his

bobs alongside a tree that was five feet through at the butt he had no need to load more than one log. But if the tree was middling in size he began with the top log and slammed on the whole three, two on the bunks and one on the peak.

Far back in the bush, with just the smoke of daylight let in by the axe and the saw, was a fine place for the hired boy or the young son and heir to gawk about for rabbit-tracks or fox-tracks; and many a boy in that way has felt like booting away from the bobs and leaving the boss to load while he discovered the haunts of big game. But the biggest game he was supposed to know was getting that butt log from its bed of snow on to the bunks of the old family bobs, tinkered yesterday at the drive-shed or the blacksmith shop.

The boss with the axe banged his felt boots after a pair of good stout skids, while the boy got the horses swung and the chains loose. By the time the boss got back with the skids the boy was scheduled to have the butt log jerked out of a frozen bed with the swamp-hook. "Get the hook" is quoted as a modern saying, but it was in very common use in those days. When a log was frozen in a foot of snow the only way to get daylight enough under it for the chain was to get the hook. Nowadays they have tongs that grab a log by the snout, the same as the ice-man snatches a block of ice; but there were no tongs in the woods those days; even the swamp-hook was counted a highly modern device, or, as was commonly said, a "noo wrinkle."

Next chore for the boy while the boss laid the skidway to the bunks was to get the chains under. Now, there were always two hooks on every log chain, a big hook and a grab hook. The respective functions of these were as different as those of the sleigh tongue and the pole reach. No boy in his right mind would dream of hitching the chain to the bunk



“‘WHOA! BACK UP! CONSARN—THAT FRONT END’S GOING UP AHEAD!’”

Drawing by T. G. Greene

T. G. Greene

clavice by the grab-hook; if he did it more than once he lost his job, unless he was the son of the boss. The big round hook always went into the clavice; then it was the boy's sacred duty to get down on the buttons of his smock in the snow, and wriggle a hole for the grab-hook under each end of the log. If the morning was frosty and he chanced to lose his duck-faced mitt under the log, the chain usually took skin off his fingers; but that was only a small matter in the eyes of the boss.

"Hedges! you goana git that hook under 'fore noon, boy?"

The boy had forgotten there was such a thing as noon. In the woods the ordinary schedule was overlooked. The day was measured by the number of trips to the mill or the rafting ground. If the mill was three miles from the stump—and sometimes the rafting ground was four miles—three trips a day were plenty; one load out and another one on and up to the house by noon—ready to hitch and trail away after dinner.

"Now, then—git a holta them ribbons!"

The boy was supposed to drive the team; but the boss drove the boy. Together they got a loop of chains round the log and hooked to the double-tree—which also had a grab-hook, ready to bite a chain anywhere.

"Back'm up—Bike! Whoa-o-o!"

Hooks in the clavices, chain round the log, and skids chugged in, the business was ready for the roll-up.

"Now—keep'm stiddy."

"Gid-ep, Bill! Steady—yon sooner!"

The team got down to the draw; probably the off horse having more ginger than the nigh took a run and jump at the job. That played hob with the log, and caused the boss to yell so that the folks up at the house heard him, and the neighbours far beyond.

"Whoa! Back up! Consarn—that front end's goin' up ahead. Wanta bust that reach, boy?"

"Naw! I ain't bustin' no reach. That dang Bill horse is doin' it. He's had too many oats lately."

On again. This time the butt log gets a hitch higher on the skids, but the skids are running up over the rave of the sleigh, and the bobs are crowding back to the log, and the whole business is a mixture—and all on account of the hired boy, who doesn't happen to know "sickum" about handling the lines.

The boy understands quite well that if the boss were all alone at the job the load would have been on by this time. But he backs up the horses and says bawling things at the team, and, along with the boss, gradually gets things worked up to the limbering point where everything goes like clock-work. Very next haul the butt log behaves beautifully; skids stay where they are put and the bobs bite down into the snow—while the doubletrees swing up like the spread wings of an eagle; the chain goes as tight as the E-string of a fiddle and the boy swings wide to the right, because he understands that if a single-tree should snap and bang him in the stomach he would never help the boss load any more logs.

There he goes, ploughing the snow with his boots and hanging to the lines like a dog to the tail of a steer; hoofs scrabbling to the roots of the trees and the horses down and the bellybands up and everything as taut as a frosty morning—

Snap! slam! bang!—go the double-trees over the horses; back over the bobs flies the chain, and back to its bed rolls the log; and the boss hauls from his hip pocket his plug of chewin' tobacco

"What's up with 'er now, boss?"

"Chain's busted! Back'm up—Consarn yeh! why don't yeh hold them horses stiddy? See-sawin' like a pair o' steers. Back'm up!"

No use for the boy to argue with the boss. Quite likely by this time the neighbour who had been bawling yonder half a mile away has his load



Drawing by T. G. Greene

"ELMS THAT GAVE A SIX-FOOT SAW ALL THAT IT COULD DO"

on and his binding-pole humped and ready for the road.

However, the boss being a clever man and knacky with his fingers, soon has the chain spliced and the horses hooked up again; after a severe preliminary lecture to the boy on the duties of citizenship in the bush, and very likely a side talk to the horses on the innate sins of animals, coupled with a large number of names not to be found in a polite family dictionary—the final haul-up is under way. This time the boss gets desperately busy with a handspike behind, while the boy talks large to the horses in front; and the team get three feet beyond the toe-marks of last haul, clear into the brushwood, smashing down the scrub, banging under the limbs and as yet no call from the boss—so probably that butt log is going up right this trip.

But right at the edge of the bunk comes the stick—when the team hangs and the log lies hard and the bobs bite down into the snow. But over she will not go till the boss rips out something new and strange in the way of language, and the very next thing the boy hears is the final "Whoa-o-o-o-O!" as the big gray butt jigs over the brads at the ends of the bunks and lies there on the bobs as solid as a dead whale.

The rest is a simple matter. While

the boy jogs the horses round to the tongue and hitches up to the bobs, the boss slams over the chains from bunk to bunk and manoeuvres the bluebeech binding-pole by a snout loop into the front chain and a caterpillar hump down to the grab-hook in rear.

On with the old sheepskin and up to the peak; down to the lift with the team, boss in front on the ribbons—because, as everybody knows; the boy would upset at the first crook in the skid-road or smash a binding pole, or get brushed off by a limb. But the boy doesn't care a cent now; the log is on and the load is moving out of the long aisles of the creaking, echoing bush; out of the woodland cathedral to the long sunlight of the clearing and the road.

The road is alive with loggers; high-back loads creaking and straining out of the back lines and the side roads and the gore lines on to the main turnpike that runs one way to the mill, the other way to the rafting ground on the lake bank. Three dollars a thousand; two thousand to the load, sometimes three, but quite as often one.

This was the way of the elm-hauler in the land of the stave-wood and the mill; earning his preacher's salary by the lug of his team and the stretch of his chain; clearing the way for the corn and the beans and the wheat.

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE

By JEAN BLEWETT

They've brought you from your garden bed,
Pale from the snowflakes kiss;
But, ah, your bonnie heart is red
As summer's heart, I wis!
It holds the breath of June, the breeze
The golden glow, and hark
The drowsy humming of the bees,
The carol of a lark!

JOSEPH

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

Never in all her sweet and holy youth
Seemed she so beautiful! The tired lines
Etch her white face with look so wholly pure
I tremble—dare I speak to her of aught?—
She is so wrapt in silence. Yet her lips
Part on a word whose honey she doth taste
And fears to lose by uttering too soon.
I know the word; its meaning is plain writ
In the wide eyes she turns upon the Child.
I dare not speak. No word of mine could find
Its way into a soul close sealed with God
And busy with the thousand mysteries
Revealed to every mother. The soft hair
Veiling her placid brow is all unbound,
Ungentle hands are mine, but trained by love
She might conceive them gentle—yet, I pause—
I'll not disturb her thought.

What meant those men,
Far-famed and wise, who came to see the Child?
Their gifts lie by forgotten, though the Babe
Did smile on the bright treasure in his hands
(Those tiny hands like crumpled bits of gauze).
Their sayings were mysterious to me.
“A King,” they said. What King? The mother smiled
As one who knew, and surely they did kneel
As to a King. It doth disturb me much!
I'll ask—but no—

The breathless shepherds, too;
Plain men, blank-eyed with awe, in broken speech
Stumbling some strange, glad tale of midnight sky
A-shine with angel wings! And at their word
Again the mother smiled as one who sees
No wonder but what well might happen since
A child is born to her. Are mothers so?
And are they prone to dream the careless earth
And distant heaven wait upon their joy?
Yet this strange story hath perplexed my soul.
I'll speak to her—

What is there in her look
That calms me so—yet causes me to fear
With fear so like a rapture that I seem
Caught up a breathless second into Heaven?
She turns deep eyes upon me, and she smiles,
Always she smiles! Ah, Mary! could I know
The source of that glad smile—what would I know?
I dare not dream, save that the mystery
Is not yet given unto me to know!

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

BY ALBERT KINROSS

I.

THERE was, it appeared, no need to make a formal presentation; Mrs. Golding and Colonel Sebright had met before.

"So you know our lion?" said Lady Dallison; and Olive Golding, a little palely, "Oh, yes; Edmund and I were friends as boy and girl."

Jack Golding had charge of the colonel now, and he was delighted to come so close to a popular hero, to meet him in the flesh and grasp his hand.

"No life like a soldier's," he was saying; "we poor fellows that stay at home—what are we?"

The colonel couldn't enlighten him.

"Olive Moorsom's husband, for one thing," he might have said, had he spoken out.

"I hear he's to be knighted, a K.C.B.—none of your Indian orders." Olive was listening to Jermyn Dallison. "I don't think he cares. Those fellows who have done things never seem to care. I gave five thousand for my handle—services to the party," and he laughed.

The colonel was presented to a vivacious spinster, and to a lady and gentleman who took him very seriously indeed; who made quite a point of taking him very seriously. It was rather foolish of them, his grey eyes seemed to say. He had another moment with Olive before dinner was announced. She must be thirty-eight—and married and children in the nursery—"Handsome—very handsome," he reflected, giving Lady Dallison his arm.

There was just a whisper of excitement under all that dinner-party, a heightening, a something scarcely perceptible, but nevertheless evident. Even the servants were full of Colonel Sebright and the exploit that had put his name in so many mouths.

He swallowed his soup, however, like any other body; indeed, he seemed singularly young and cheery and unspoiled.

The lady, who took him so very seriously, asked him whether he was not sorry it was over. She would have liked to have been in his place, it appeared. So would Jack Golding—more fondly still; though what either of them would have done in it was not so clear.

The colonel smiled at their enthusiasm.

"It's better fun to be home," he said, "much better fun. You don't know how we fellows abroad envy you and think of London." And later, sipping his sherry: "There was one poor chap I knew in Burmah—blew his brains out—couldn't stand the solitude. We went over his papers—pages full of imaginary sprees. He'd sat alone in the jungle and planned such evenings! Dinners everywhere, and such good dinners—he gave you the whole six courses with all sorts of additions and corrections; but always salmon after the soup—seemed to have liked salmon, and then to a music-hall or a play, and suppers in the smartest places. Such a gay young dog on paper! Really, he lived alone in the jungle. The solitude was too much for him. He gave

it up and shot himself. Much better fun to be home," he ended, "much better fun."

Of the actual defence and holding of a hard-pressed frontier post, of the valour and shrewdness that had made him prominent, the colonel said nothing; but he admitted that he had eaten horse-flesh, and that it was rather good. And when the ladies were gone, and Jack Golding had him in a corner, "Oh, it's all in the papers," he said; "they know more about it than I do. You see, one's too busy," he laughed.

"This is the man Olive married," he was thinking under his moustache; "seems rather a good sort."

The colonel walked home that night. He had promised to call on the Goldings—what had he not promised? Jack Golding would take no denials—there was even something comic in Jack Golding's warm insistence and pinning to a date; and "any afternoon," Olive had said, "if you send a note in the morning. I've so few engagements, and the children rather look to me," as she gave him her hand.

Olive Golding must be thirty-eight. There had been three years between them. "Doesn't look it," he reflected; and then again he saw Jack Golding, fixing the evening he should dine with them, waving aside his hesitations, begging him to accept all kinds of hospitality, and finishing with, "We've a little place in the country—quite cosy for week-ends—if you could join us—"

Just for a second a dangerous hardness crossed the colonel's eyes.

II.

Sebright had dined with the Goldings, he had taken tea there on a couple of afternoons, and once or twice he had met the younger children in the park. It had interested him to see Olive in her home, to follow the changes in her, and the solidity of her career, so different from any lot that had fallen to him. He

had no ties of any kind; she was all ties, surrounded with small responsibilities, and with affection. It had not been difficult for him to find a welcome here; from Jack Golding who was so proud to know him, from the children whom he spoilt, even from Olive who had loved him twenty years ago.

It was December now, and London darkened early. Sebright had thought of going abroad for Christmas, and, before he went, he would like to say good-bye. He chanced in one afternoon. If Olive were in, so much the better; if she were out, he would send a line when he reached home.

She was in. It was the first time he had been alone with her informally, and seen her in the quiet of every day.

"I suppose it'll be the South of France," he said, when Olive asked him whether he had made any plans.

"Rather a dull Christmas," said she. "We shall be quite a party. My big girl came home yesterday—she's just left school—and the two elder boys will be here to-morrow. It seems hard on you having no home."

"One doesn't miss these things unless one's had 'em," he answered, easily, as though in himself he had often made the same reply before.

She put her sewing aside and faced him squarely.

"Edmund," she asked, "why didn't you marry? Was it because of me?" Sebright smiled.

"One likes to think it," he said, "but, honestly, it wasn't that."

Her face cleared.

"I've always had you a little on my conscience," she said with half a smile.

"No need," said he. "Sometimes I've worked it out. I took three years to recover—and then—I simply hadn't time, and a second shot's not so easy as the first."

"Why don't you marry now?"

"Who would have me?"

"Who wouldn't?" said she.

"I know," he answered, "I've met

'em. All sorts of inappropriate people—all the old maids in London, for that matter."

"You always saw the humorous side of things, Edmund."

"It saves one from dwelling on the other," said he.

The colonel looked at her even more whimsically.

"This is good enough; and they are going to give me a brigade—I've often thought of seeing you again," he pursued, "and I knew we would be good friends. One likes to meet one's youth again. But that first thing was pretty impossible. You were eighteen and had just left school. I was twenty-one and had just got my commission—and very little else. Your people were quite right to say 'No' and cut off everything. I've often given 'em credit for it—reluctantly," he added with a smile, "from their point of view."

She smiled, too, remembering—remembering.

"It was pretty bad," said he; "all those garden-parties at Halesworth, and my getting into the box-hedge, because of the governess, after I had been forbidden the house—what a queer good-bye we whispered! Were you ever caught? And letting the pony down when I was trying to make a good impression on your mother—pitched her out, didn't I? Hardly the right sort of impression that was!"

And Olive still smiled, remembering—remembering. Jack Golding had done none of these foolish, ardent things, but had come in at the front door like other people.

"And the five bob I got for the poem about you? And King who was my bosom friend in those days? Such an honest ruffian!"

"What's become of King," she asked, laughing.

"He lives in America and is hen pecked."

"And you're not even that!"

They both remembered a hundred foolish things that were their youth.

"And Unica who befriended us—I've forgotten her real name—and Mrs. Perch—who told our fortunes—what's become of them?"

Unica and Mrs. Perch were vanished.

"I've been pretty constant," he said, reading her thoughts. "It's easy to be constant out there, one meets so few women—unless one particularly wants to. I haven't wanted to very much," said he—"And now I'm glad to think you've got the children as well. That's jolly nice—better than all our memories. Kids are real, and reality's the only wear. That's why I envy you, really. Women do score there. And to have 'em when you're young—that must be pretty ripping."

"But you've got other things," she ventured.

"I've been successful, made a career, eh?" and he smiled again. "One must have something, Olive!" he said laughing. "I couldn't have what I wanted, so I've had this instead. It's not much fun, really—except for the old maids. They enjoy it like anything."

"But the things you've done in Burmah and on the frontier?"

"That's nothing. Do you know, Olive, I've never cared. That's the whole secret. The married men were thinking how to win and how to save their skins, and I was only thinking how to win. I rather had the pull on them."

The room was all but dark. The firelight showed him sitting there, almost in silhouette, with cheek and chin outblotted by a hand.

"I've done what people call reckless things," he pursued, "done them alone, mostly. There was that nine days' ride with Arnold's message asking for help. It got me my first step. There was nothing much about it in the papers. There never is, except by a fluke, or when you've done something showy like this last thing. Reckless, was I? All I felt was the freedom of those days and nights and

the goodness of being alone. Sometimes I heard the pop of a rifle and the queer sigh of a bullet, and, just for the fun of the thing, I answered 'em with my Colt. And sometimes men gave chase; and then I rode away. It was like a game, and those others were my play-fellows. And deep down in my heart—for we're all of us two people—I was saying, 'I can't very well shoot myself, can I?' There was the fellow who rode laughing, and the fellow saying that." The colonel paused. Olive's drawing-room had vanished, and he was again on a good horse with Arnold's message next his heart, and the wilderness about him. "I never knew why I volunteered for that until to-day. I thought it was a thousand to one against me, but it wasn't. I've been like that for years, and never quite understood—And now, suppose you give me a cup of tea?" he ended.

He turned on the lights and rang the bell for her.

Behind the man with the tray entered a slim, tall girl, fair, light-stepping, and clear-cut as a gem.

She had not seen Sebright, but he had seen her.

This must be Olive's "big girl," the one that had left school yesterday—to him it was a vision restored from twenty years ago. He stared at her, literally stared at her. Olive had been like that, as fair, as exquisite, as graceful.

"I've put my hair up, mother," she said, "what do you think of it?" and she turned round.

Then she discovered the colonel, and would have fled.

"Lucy, this is Sir Edmund Sebright, a very dear old friend of mine."

Mrs. Golding watched them and felt proud. Her girl was chatting now, freely, and without embarrassment. The colonel had opened, and they had laughed together; and then she had caught, "You're like the photograph—we all wore it at school in little buttons"—"Now you may go," said

Mrs. Golding; and this time the girl fled in earnest.

Olive Golding was studying the colonel's face.

"She's a little—a little like her mother?" she asked shyly.

"Do you know, Olive, I thought it was a ghost," he said.

"A very substantial one."

"Apparently," and he smiled.

"Why don't you come to us for Christmas?" she asked at last. "We are all going away into the country, and we'd just have room for you. I'd be so glad."

The colonel watched her musingly.

"I'd fall in love with your daughter," was his reply.

"I would be gladder still."

"I'm an old fogey," he said, after an interval.

"You're not old."

"Middle-aged."

"Quite a boy!"

"She wouldn't have me," and he shook his head.

"Oh, Edmund, then you'll come?" It was almost as though she were offering herself to him. "You will come?" she said. "I half hoped and wanted this ever since our first meeting. You see, I owed it you—I owed it you so long!"

"But she wouldn't have me."

"Have you! Oh, aren't you a hero and all sorts of things! Do girls ever refuse them?—even if you were sixty!"

"But she'll find me out."

"She'll think herself the luckiest girl in England, and you can make it true. A young girl's clay. I was clay. A young girl's love is not a very deep thing, and it's easily won; but you can make it deep and win it and keep it. I know you'll be good to her, Edmund. You've been too good to me."

Sebright was looking at her, his eyes a little dimmed. "If she would grow like you!" he said.

"Then you will come to us?"

"I'll come," said Sebright, "of course I will!"

MEMORY

By

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT

O Golden Gates of Memory,
The sun is burning low,
Unlock thy bars and let me see
The ghost-forms come and go.

Ye shadowy faces from the past,
I once could hear you speak;
My arms around your forms were cast,
I kissed you on the cheek.

Your laughter rang into my brain,
I felt your spirit's fire;
Ye knew the rack of human pain,
The rapture of desire.

And somewhere through the realms of space
Ye wander unconfined,
But now ye take for dwelling-place
The chambers of the mind.


Dear faces, once so bright and fair
Ye come from buried years—
Old faces, gray with human care,
Child faces wet with tears.

I pluck the flowers of early days,
I smell the breath of spring,
The woods are thrilling with the lays
Of dead birds carolling.


But now a wind begins to moan,
I hear the sob of waves,
And lo, I wander all alone
Across a land of graves.

O Golden Gates of Memory,
Be shut! the sun has set,
And night-clouds roll up from the sea;
O, let my heart forget.





Current Events



By
F. A. ACLAND

THE fact that Canada is to have immediately, according to innumerable press predictions, at any rate, a Minister of Labour with a separate portfolio, will give Canadians an increased zest for the many aspects of the labour problem, and we may take it for granted the community will derive appreciable benefit from the deeper consideration which the great sociological questions of the day will now receive from the more thoughtful and progressive members of both parties. It is evident that the acuteness of the struggle between capital and labour is becoming unbearable in older communities than our own when a great employer of labour, like Sir Christopher Furness, the famous British shipbuilder, calls his army of employees together and tells them that the present situation is impracticable and that his works must close down unless some system may be devised whereby the incessant friction of the past may be converted into something resembling unity of aim and harmony of method. Sir Christopher's very practical recommendation for achieving this object was profit-sharing, with an alternative for the complete purchase by the unions of the entire business, plant and all, at a price fixed by assessors, and it is gratifying to learn from later cables that the leaders of the men are taking kindly to the former proposition, and will in all probability decide to give the new method a trial at least. It is a step in the right direction, tending, with

proper safeguards, directly to the betterment of the worker, and to the prevention of the accumulation of swollen fortunes. The outcome will be watched with the keenest interest, not only in England, where necessity forces the experiment, but in all industrial countries, and not least of all in Canada, where many of the most intelligent employers of labour are seeking fair and honourable means of avoiding the *impasse* to which they fear being driven.

*

The system of profit-sharing is not, of course, particularly novel, having long been practised on a restricted scale in many instances, some of which are found in Canada. It is the principle of co-operation applied to production, and there are some notable instances of the successful working of the method in Great Britain by avowedly co-operative societies; none, however, on so great a scale as is now suggested, and none in the particular industry of shipbuilding. Perhaps the most interesting experiment of the kind is that of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, of London. Twenty years ago Sir George Livesey, chairman of the company, who died within the past month, saw the necessity of a public utility industry being protected from the danger of sudden cessation from labour troubles, and sought to attach the employees to the company by a system of co-partnership. The plan worked admirably, and Sir George

Livesey was never tired of singing its praises to his friends and to the public at large.

*

The discussion of labour problems recalls the fact that it was to a strike that the sudden and alarming crisis arising out of events in south-eastern Europe was immediately to be traced. The employees of the Ottoman Railway, running through portions of Turkey and Bulgaria, struck work. The Bulgarian Government manned the railway and succeeded in running the Bulgarian end of the line, with so much friction and difficulty, however, that eventually the Government decided to formally take over the railway, notwithstanding protests by Turkey that the line belonged to her. As a means of escaping from the ensuing embroglio, Bulgaria boldly cut the Gordian knot and declared herself independent. Troubles never come singly, and almost at the same moment, and, no doubt, by secret concert between Austria and Bulgaria, the aged Emperor Franz Josef broke his plighted word, shattered the Berlin treaty, and snatched from Turkey the semi-independent provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Crete followed on, and seized the opportunity to free herself from Turkey and declare her allegiance to Greece. War seemed imminent, and is not yet positively averted. The fiery people of Serbia, Bulgaria with an army spoiling for a fight, were with difficulty restrained from attacking Austria and Turkey respectively. The triumvirate of Britain, France and Russia fortunately has been able to restrain them, and there appears reasonable chance of the war cloud passing away. The incident shows, however, the fragility of the base on which the structure of the world-peacemakers is erected. One maladroit act, one breach of faith, on the part of any one of a dozen or more contending nations and principalities, and the spectre of war laughs in the face of all Europe.

Turkey appears to have behaved particularly well during the crisis. The Sultan is so new a convert to enlightened methods that it would not have surprised the world to learn that he had seized the occasion as a pretext once more to abrogate the constitution so recently granted, as he had abrogated it thirty years earlier, or that he had recklessly and revengefully brought on a war in which constitution, Young Turks, and even the Empire itself, might have been wrecked. But the severest critics of Abdul Hamid have admitted his ability as a diplomatist, and in the present case he doubtless realised that his best part was the passive one, while the powers bound together under the Berlin treaty did their best to extricate him from his difficulties. Possibly, also, the Sultan has practically abdicated, and has not been allowed by the Young Turks to have discretionary power in matters of so vital import to the nation. Austria's part in the affair is doubly discreditable in that it is not only a flagrant breach of faith with regard to the Berlin treaty, to which it was a party, and which settled the status of the Balkan States, but it is a terrific blow aimed at the new constitution of Turkey, which would assuredly have gone to pieces under the shock but for the support that came to it from the peace triumvirate organised by King Edward. Just where Germany stands in the secret diplomacy is uncertain. She stood to gain somewhat immediately in commerce and political prestige by the continued decadence of Turkey, but few will believe the Emperor William to be capable of attempting deliberately to stifle the aspirations of a people for human freedom.

*

Not that the Emperor of Germany is not willing sometimes to make what may perhaps be termed a wily move on the chessboard of European politics. The interview published with him in a London newspaper, obtained

some months ago when the Emperor visited England and left to be published at the discretion of the interviewer, is such a move, and is, no doubt, intended to weaken the good feeling existing between Great Britain, France and Russia. "Codlin's your friend, not Short," is the motive of the interview, which narrates how at the time of the Boer War, France and Russia had approached Germany with a view to taking joint action against Great Britain to secure the ending of the war, and how Germany had repulsed the approaches, so that they had fallen through. More than that, the German Emperor claims to have given such distinguished proof of his friendship for England that he prepared a plan of campaign for the British War Office. The general purport of the interview has been corroborated in official quarters at Berlin, and it has almost taken away the breath of the diplomats, especially the statement as to the plan of campaign, which does appear to have been a most strange procedure from a foreign ruler, and above all from the same foreign ruler who sent to President Kruger that celebrated cablegram which seemed almost intended to provoke war. As to the Anti-British League, it is the first time the formal announcement concerning the same has been made, but those who follow events closely assumed at the time that something of the kind was afoot, and no doubt the British Foreign Office was fairly well informed on the subject. The value of the German Emperor's declaration that Germany prevented the league from being made effective is, meantime, somewhat lessened by the retort of the Russian press that Germany's only reason for staying the proceedings in any way was a desire to use the occasion to break the alliance between France and Russia. It is only when the curtain is lifted occasionally as in the present case, by a hand impulsive or indiscreet, that those

outside official circles learn through what a torturous maze the statesmen of Europe pick their steps from day to day, and how easy is the false step that may lead to disaster.

*

The mention of the Boer War brings to mind the fact that Lord Milner, the central figure of the British state-craft involved in the war, is in Canada at the present time, and after the manner of distinguished British visitors at the present day, has made the round of the Canadian Clubs of the Dominion, has been compelled, as he put it himself, to "stand and deliver" at every point of importance between Vancouver and Montreal. The various aspects of imperial unity have been the theme of his different addresses. In the matter of tariff reform Lord Milner is a thorough Chamberlainite, and would endeavour to give an impulse to imperial unity by establishing an imperial preference. Lord Milner believes a straight division of the people of Great Britain on the sole question of tariff reform would show a majority for that policy, but does not seem too hopeful that even at the next election in the Mother Country the division will be so clear that tariff reformers will win. Seeing, however, that under the best conditions, one-half of the British people are bitterly opposed to tariff reform on such a basis it is difficult to understand how imperial unity is to be served by such an innovation. On the question of imperial defence, Lord Milner holds moderate views. He admits the unreasonableness of expecting cash contributions from the outlying portions of the Empire, and sees the force of the argument that the great self-governing colonies do not in any way increase the cost of British naval expenditure. Lord Milner favours the establishment of centres of strength at different points, which means, of course, separate navies, and, no doubt, as time passes that will be a natural development. As to transfers in the civil service or

a common standard of naturalisation promoting imperial unity, these are pleasant nothings; such items in the social life would have no more effect on the national sentiment than an exchange of pulpits between country and country, and far less effect than the continually strengthening bonds of a common literature. Imperial sentiment in Canada is sound and strong, but it is a plant the growth of which cannot be forced, and an attempt at forcing may produce a strangely mis-shapen tree, a view which is probably not very far removed after all from that entertained by Lord Milner himself.

*

The result of the general elections has been to leave things as they were in a party sense. Some well-known faces on both sides will be absent in the new house, and very many new ones will be found. One of the most striking features of the election, in fact, was the large number of party gains and losses and the curious way in which, in the older provinces, they precisely balanced each other. It is a good sign, and shows more independence of feeling politically than we are apt to credit ourselves with. One of the criticisms made by Lord Milner of Canadian matters was the alleged misfortune of the lack of great dividing issues in an election contest, and the low tone to which, in his opinion, politics consequently dropped. But it is not at all clear that the absence of a great issue is a misfortune. On the contrary, such a condition would rather suggest that the people of the country are essentially at one on all vital matters. Questions of race and creed, language in schools, protection and free trade, loyalty to the Empire, the future of Canada, etc., have all, apparently, been disposed of, or for the present eliminated from politics, and this surely makes for the strengthening of the social system. As for the great question of the purity of public life, one can only express the hope that



MR. W. L. MACKENZIE KING, C.M.G., M.P.,
WHO, IT IS UNDERSTOOD, WILL GET THE NEW
PORTFOLIO OF MINISTER OF LABOUR IN
SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S CABINET

such evil as exists is rather on the surface than at the root of things, a theory which is supported by the loyalty of the two parties to leaders of the unblemished reputations of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. R. L. Borden.

*

Mr. Bryan's election as President of the United States would have been a spectacular success, and his procedure would have been followed with an intensity, not to say anxiety, in business circles that will not attach to Mr. Taft's policy, and yet Mr. Taft has a very substantial list of promised reforms to his credit. The dull times aided the party in power, contrary to the usual effect in such cases. The public became genuinely afraid of any further disturbing influence, and Mr. Bryan has never rid himself of the stigma of political and financial unorthodoxy that has rested on him since his repudiation by Mr. Cleveland and the Gold-Democrats in 1896.

WOMAN'S SPHERE



The time draws near, the birth of
Christ :

The moon is hid; the night is
still;

The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of fair hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and
moor,

Swell out and fall, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound.

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and good-will, good-will and
peace,

Peace and good-will to all mankind.
* * * *

But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controll'd me when a boy;
They bring me sorrow touched
with joy,

The merry, merry bells of Yule.

—Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.

* * *

CONCERNING CHRISTMAS.

"WHAT is Christmas in Canada like?" asked an English girl who visited our Lady of the—Smiles in the month of August, and received only the vague answer of:

"Just the same as anywhere else, I suppose."

The Canadian Christmas is less a religious festival—in form, at least—

than that of the Old Country. In Canada there is no Established Church, and, as only the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches observe the anniversary with historic ritual, the element of religious observance is less conspicuous, although the spirit is not forgotten. We are all familiar with the story of the Englishman in far lands who thinks of the "waits" and the holly-brightened church as the twenty-fifth of December approaches. To only a small section of Canadians does Christmas bring the time-hallowed memories of carols and century-old games—but we have a merry Christmas withal and are not lacking for Yuletide pleasure.

Christmas ought to be the children's day—for to grown-ups it cannot but bring sadness. Like every other tender anniversary, it has been hurt by ostentation and the spirit of Mammon. When a gift becomes a burden, all grace has gone out of it. Weddings and Christmas Day have become a dreary obligation to many members of society, just because we are not brave enough to be simple in our gifts and celebrations. It ought to be the day when the Small Person is made happy, not only by the gifts of those who love to "keep Christmas," but by the spirit of that joyous season. There are many strangers in our country these days,

and to those who are spending their first Christmas away from the old home it is a trying anniversary. So, we need not go farther than the newcomers near our gates to find those in want of Christmas cheer.

* * *

DESIRABLE CITIZENS.

THE mistress of a household in a Canadian city was surprised one morning to hear the charwoman she had recently engaged singing a snatch from oratorio as she bent over the tub.

"Why, where did you hear that, Mary?"

"It's from the *Messiah*, Mrs. Gordon. I've joined the chorus that's to give it this Christmas."

"Where do you find time?"

"Time," said Mary, scornfully, "it's the breath of life to me to go to the practice. I belonged in the Old Country, and I'd be a lonely woman without the *Messiah* at Christmas time." Then Mrs. Gordon discovered that Mary and her husband, who was "laid up" with rheumatism and could not join the chorus this year, had been trained by an English conductor who knew his business, and that they regarded with creditable scorn the musical comedies which their wealthier neighbours attended. "Jim" could not go to the Sheffield Choir concert but Mary had betaken herself, with face shining beneath her best bonnet, to the upper gallery of the immense hall and had heard, with tears veiling her honest blue eyes, the Yorkshire voices in Handel's immortal choruses. "Extravagance!" the unthinking would say, as Mary sat in the upper gallery and thought of other days in a village of the Mother Land. But that would be the most stupid mistake of all, for Mary had bought what meant more than bread and was receiving what would make weeks of toil seem melodious with the echoes of the old choral triumphs.

We hear a great deal about the

beer-drinking, besotted English working-man, who beats his wife in moments of relaxation. But we hear too little of the British working-man who reads Carlyle and knows his Handel and realises that there is more in life than the pennies. Yet he is found in our workshops and anyone who cares to look about, before the first notes of the *Messiah* are sung at the annual oratorio in Toronto, London or Winnipeg, may see many a Jim and Mary, some of them in the chorus and some happy in the upper seats of the music hall. We cannot have too many of these immigrants—and a choral test at Montreal or St. John would be an excellent standard for citizenship.

* * *

THE SMALL COMMUNITY.

WE are all familiar with the urban joke at the expense of the small town or village. The reproach of dullness is brought against the lesser community with the charge that nothing is talked of, save the neighbour's petty household affairs. This criticism came to mind after a visit to two Ontario towns, almost on a level in population but far apart as concerns quality. The one appeared to be dull and given over to small feuds and ambitions; the other had a considerable number of citizens who would compare favourably with the more serious-minded in large centres. What made the difference? It was decided, on comparing notes, that it was largely due to feminine alertness in the latter community. There has been a great flood of ridicule poured on the women's clubs of the United States. They are by no means perfect institutions, and some of them mistage what Dr. Van Dyke calls "culturine" for genuine growth; but they have proved the salvation of many a social circle in the small town. In the better of these two Ontario towns, the women had formed several reading circles, which made no pretensions to pon-

derous undertakings, but which created a breadth and freedom not to be found in the small town given up to petty things. A modern bishop has prayed that we may be kept from becoming small while doing small things. It is a remarkably sensible petition. Commonness is in the spirit, rather than in the task. In this town which had found itself there was a Travel Club, which took the most delightful excursions over the face of the earth, and in which the members learned that Buenos Ayres is a capital of cosmopolitan beauty, and that Fort Wrangel is becoming a livable spot.

"Of course, some people make fun of it at first and make fun of it still," said the energetic president, "but when I came here from college, it seemed as if there was nothing to do but talk about Mrs. Smith's new parlour carpet and how the Brown's manage to pay their bills. I found that several others were longing for more stimulating topics; so we started a travel club and we've been journeying ever since. If we must gossip, it's healthier and safer to take the Fiji Islanders than the people next door. It has got into our domestic life, too, and we've been trying foreign dishes on our unfortunate families. *Tamales* and *guava* jelly, to say nothing of *caviare* sandwiches, have been inflicted on the family circle."

This town, with the people who cared to keep their streets and brains well-swept, was brought to mind when I read an English journalist's account of a visit to Bohemia—the real Bohemia, not the false one of tenth-rate artists. In describing some of the villages visited, the writer says: "The next two days were spent in this romantic paradise, and at Rovensko the young maidens, dressed in white, presented us with bouquets and examples of the jewel stones found here, and then to prove further that they were the 'angels' of this 'paradise,' a choir sang their folk

songs, and an excellent orchestra played Dvorak and Smetana. On the stage of the hall in which the lunch was served by these same young girls, were busts of their national heroes, for the hall is the local theatre. This gives a hint of their village and small town life; here the problem of the dullness of village life has been solved by self-help and culture."

There are few towns in Canada which can be called historic, but there is no reason why they should be ugly and dull. The women of the village or town have the matter of brightness and beauty largely in their keeping.

* * *

A HACKNEYED HEROINE.

THERE is a certain plot which has become dreadfully monotonous in latter-day fiction. A young woman, bent upon having what she is pleased to call a "career," refuses to become the wife of an earnest, but unexciting wooer, although some elderly woman of the old school warns her that "the honest love of a good man" is by no means to be despised, especially when the youth concerned is making enough money to pay the electric light account and the water rates. But the haughty maiden scorns the domestic life, declares her yearnings for an ampler realm, and the honest man returns to consider his bank-account and reflect upon the ways of modern woman. The aspiring maiden enters upon her career, paints improbable cows, writes stories which have a positive mania for returning, or endeavours to become a dramatic star and have her jewels stolen. After years and years of impromptu salads and problematic savings account, she sees that youth has fled, skin food is unavailing to banish all the wrinkles and a career is flat and unprofitable. Then is the time for the scorned lover with the sterling qualities to come back and tell her that he has waited patiently all these years and a home with all

the modern improvements with a garage in the background is awaiting her in the suburbs. He arrives just as she is wondering where he can be and whom he has married, and life suddenly becomes one grand sweet-song.

* * *

THE WRITER OF "WOMAN'S KINGDOM."

CANADIAN readers, irrespective of party preference for editorial pages, are in no need of introduction to the "Woman's Kingdom" of the *Mail and Empire*, over which *Kit* has ruled for many bright years. By courtesy of this well-known woman journalist (Mrs. Coleman) we present to our readers a photograph in which they will assuredly feel a personal interest. *Kit*, as everyone familiar with her page is aware, is Irish by birth, and the fairies of her native land have given her all the courage and wit for which the Daughters of Erin are famous. *Kit* is a most capable journalist, with an individuality that makes her readers more than "paper" friends. But, above the brilliance and perseverance which have made her page an invaluable feature of the *Saturday Mail and Empire* is the warm kindliness which never grudges a word of sympathy and praise to the Canadian women who are struggling in home, shop, or studio to do the day's work. *Kit's* department is wide in its treatment of all vital interests—not by any means the "slush" which debilitates too many "pages for women." *Kit*



Recent photograph for *The Canadian Magazine* by Kennedy

Kathleen Blake Coleman ("Kit")

has known many stirring scenes in her journalistic experience. Her letters from the Jubilee in 1897 were in colourful keeping with the pageant she described, her accounts from the battle lines in Cuba in 1898 were harrowing in their descriptions of war's ghastly aftermath; but her readers will remember most vividly those letters of 1893, aglow with the splendour of the White City. May she know many a happy Christmas in the land of her adoption!

JEAN GRAHAM.





The WAY of LETTERS

NEW BIT OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

Murray Bay has within recent years attained considerable fame as a summer resort, but it has remained, for Professor George M. Wrong, professor of history in the University of Toronto, to give it a place in history. Professor Wrong's recent publication, "A Canadian Manor and its Seigneurs," gives added interest to that somewhat exclusive summer resort on the St. Lawrence. Few of the many distinguished persons who from season to season go down to Murray Bay would ever have imagined that the place was interesting from an historical standpoint had not Professor Wrong discovered the manor and the significance of its past, and rendered that past available, by the examination of various manuscripts retained in the garrets of that old, but still imposing, establishment. This residence had been occupied by a French gentleman named Jean Bourdon, but after the British conquest of Quebec, Colonel John Nairne, one of the famous Fraser Highlanders, received a grant of 3,000 acres, embracing the manor and all that went with it. Colonel Nairne was succeeded by his son Thomas in 1802, the date of his father's death, and Thomas, likewise a fighting man, was killed in 1812 while helping to defend his country against the attacks of United States troops. The only other occupants of the seigneury were

a second John Nairne, grandson of the Colonel, and John's widow. John died in 1861 and his widow in 1884. The family is extinct, no heirs having survived, but the honorary title of *seigneur* has since 1898 been enjoyed by Mr. E. J. Duggan, of Ottawa. Professor Wrong obtained the history of the manor house and its *seigneurs* as a result of the examination of many hundreds of letters and pages of manuscripts found still in the manor. Research of this kind sometimes uncovers many bits of history that otherwise would remain unknown and unappreciated. One can imagine the pleasure Professor Wrong found in examining these old papers, most of which were written by the first English *seigneur*, but the pleasure he found then should be exceeded now in the satisfaction he will enjoy in having done commendable service in the field of Canadian history. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$3 net.)

✱

"A SPIRIT IN PRISON."

The publication of Robert Sichen's new novel, "A Spirit in Prison," will probably infuse new life into the old question: "Is it ever wise to write a sequel?" With the bringing in from the sea of the dead body of Maurice Delarey the story told in the "Call of the Blood" rose to its fitting climax, and most readers were satis-

fied that the future of Hermione should be left open. Others were inclined to quarrel with the author for leaving so many untied ends, and to these latter "A Spirit in Prison" will most powerfully appeal. The title of the book is taken from the saying: "The spirit that resteth upon a life is a spirit in prison." And as Hermione's whole widowed life rested upon the lie that her husband had never for a moment been unfaithful to her, the application is obvious. It will be remembered that Maurice Delarey was killed by the father of the Sicilian girl, Maddalena, but through the faithfulness of his servant, Gaspere, and the mistaken kindness of Hermione's friend, Artois, his wife was kept in complete ignorance of the facts. The story of "A Spirit in Prison" centres around the after life of this deceived Hermione, her child, and her friend. Artois, after all the care he took to save her husband's memory from stain, expects that in time she will become contented, and even happy, living again in the life of her child. But, although sixteen years have passed since Maurice Delarey's death, this does not happen; Vere, the daughter, and Hermione, the mother, though devoted to each other, are not all-sufficient. At the very beginning of the story, we find the latter reproaching Artois for something, we hardly understand what (since she is ignorant of his deception) but apparently for some lack of understanding of her *real need*. This active mood of discontent has been stimulated by an accidental look seen upon the face of the fisher-boy, Ruffo—a look which, although she does not know it, is strongly suggestive to her of Delarey. There is but little plot in the story; the reader suspects at once that Ruffo's "mama" is Maddalena, and the only wonder is, in short and homely phrase, "how Hermione will take it." With this situation for a foundation, Mr. Hichens has written a long novel, criticism of which is rendered difficult

by the fact that some readers will like it very much and others not at all. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, \$1.25.)

*

DR. OSLER: ESSAYIST.

Dr. William Osler, regius professor of medicine at Oxford, the man who became famous, if not notorious, because it was reported that he advocated the chloroforming of all persons over sixty years of age, has given out in book form a number of essays or lectures which were originally delivered before medical bodies. These essays, while perhaps of special interest to physicians because they are mostly biographical sketches of men who had some connection with medicine, are nevertheless of popular interest. The volume is entitled "An Alabama Student and Other Biographical Essays," and in them the erudition and wide sympathies of the author are generously displayed. The title to the book was suggested by a chance acquaintance with the work of Dr. Bassett, a physician whose letters have greatly impressed Dr. Osler. Other persons considered in these essays are Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sir Thomas Browne, Keats, Harvey and Locke. (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth; \$2.)

*

CANADIAN METHODISM.

The first volume of J. E. Sander-son's "First Century of Methodism in Canada" is a noteworthy addition to denominational history in this country. It covers the period from 1775 to 1839. The author has wisely avoided overburdening the work with unimportant details, and therefore his narrative deals in as compressed a manner as he considered advisable with the outstanding events touching on the subject in hand. Owing to its geographical importance, Newfoundland is made the starting point, with the arrival there in 1765 of the first Methodist evangelist to the New

World, Laurence Coughlan. From that beginning the work and spread of Methodism in Canada is recorded down to about the time of the rebellion of 1837-8. The work is not merely a history of Methodism; it deals also with events of history bearing on religious work, that will appeal, not only to Methodists, but as well to all who have an interest in all great movements. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

*

SKETCHES OF QUEBEC.

The Tercentenary of Quebec prompted the publication of numerous volumes, but none will have more abiding interest than "In Old Quebec and Other Canadian Sketches," by Mr. Byron Nicholson, author of "Resourceful Canada," "Impressions Abroad," "The French-Canadian," etc. Few persons know the City and Province of Quebec so well as Mr. Nicholson knows it, and what he has to say regarding that part of the Dominion or of French-Canadians can be regarded as correct. The volume contains historical and descriptive sketches, and presents almost fifty photographic illustrations. (Quebec: The Commercial Printing Company. Cloth, \$2.)

*

COMPREHENSIVE THESAURUS.

A new and really comprehensive thesaurus has recently been published, representing a Herculean work on the part of Francis March, professor of the English language and comparative philology at Lafayette College. Professor March is also an LL.D. of Oxford University and D.Litt. of Cambridge University, England. At the age of eighty-three he has been pensioned by the Carnegie Committee and recognised as one of the greatest philologists, while his "Thesaurus" has the distinction of being the only book to which a patent has been issued by the United States Government. Every

writer and speaker knows how annoying it is at times to "get" the word or phrase to give the proper shade of meaning to the thought he wishes to express. For instance, a writer might wish to express a certain condition of mind, such as fear, but yet not fear. Alarm is not what he means; neither is apprehension. Then what does he mean? He might mean timidity, trepidation or even reservation. But whatever he does mean, "March's Thesaurus" will set him right. This work is nothing less than a huge dictionary of correct expressions. If a person desires the best way to express a particular kind of delight or joy, he turns to either of these words and is immediately referred to every other word in the English language that has any relative meaning, and also to many phrase suggestions. But while the work is invaluable to speakers and writers, it is equally so to all who wish to express themselves correctly. Its use saves one from the annoyance of being unable at all times to exactly express a thought. It guides to the selection of the best word to use or to distinguish a delicate shade of meaning. It embraces 1,200 pages, giving a complete working vocabulary of 50,000 words and meanings, arranged in alphabetical order, and it can be used as an ordinary dictionary. But its distinctive difference from a dictionary is in the grouping in capital captions of all words in the language that have any affinity of meaning, as reference words following the vocabulary word, the positive and negative terms being given in juxtaposition. By referring to any one of the reference words one finds synonymous words and their meanings, thus placing one immediately in possession of the right word to exactly state a thought on any subject, besides going further and extending knowledge by completely analysing every word and subject. For instance, it often takes a long time to find such as the following in a dic-

tionary: What word describes the science of coins? What do the Hindoos call their Temple of Worship? What religious sect held that religion consisted wholly of love? What are the French Protestants called? March's thesaurus overcomes difficulties of this kind, and its usefulness is therefore obvious. (Toronto: T. J. Ford & Company, Canadian publishers.)

*

PICTURES OF SMART PEOPLE.

"The Henry Hutt Picture Book," which has been published for the Christmas holiday trade, is one of the most excellent publications of the kind to be met with. Mr. Hunt has been making Christy, Fisher and Gibson look to their colours, and in his "book" some very charming drawings are reproduced in a tone and quality that must place them very near the original. The colour reproductions are particularly fine. In his drawings Henry Hutt preaches the philosophy of good clothes. His women and girls are invariably smartly and becomingly attired, while his men always present a patrician air. They are clean-cut, well-groomed, and, like the women of his creation, exhale an atmosphere of health, vivacity and enjoyment. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.)

*

A DELIGHTFUL CHARACTER.

Few writers display in their work the quality of charm that distinguishes the productions of F. Hopkinson Smith. Mr. Smith has a genius for depicting the old-fashioned virtues, and he does it in a manner that is full of art and human feeling. These characteristics are very evident in his latest story, "Peter," which is described as a novel of which "he is not the hero." Whether Peter is a hero or not, he is one of the most likable characters found in recent fiction. Hopkinson Smith is an optimist, and therefore his books are full of sunshine and good things.



Recent Photo of Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay,
a successful Canadian writer

Peter is a bank clerk of the old-fashioned kind, one who has been in the bank for thirty years, and is as punctual as a clock in good order. After banking hours, Peter becomes a genial, warm-hearted, sociable old gentleman, and his many good qualities, together with his erudition and good breeding give him a place in the company of artistic and literary persons. His influence is good, and he manages to use it to set at least one young man on the right road. "Peter" is a novel that will be read with delight. (Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, \$1.25.)

*

END OF CRAWFORD'S TRILOGY.

Van Torp wins Margaret Donne, the prima donna, in the end. That is

the principal point of interest to the many readers who have been reading F. Marion Crawford's recent trilogy of novels, "Fair Margaret," "The Prima Donna," and "The Diva's Ruby." The last of the three is just out, and it proves to be, even in itself, and without any knowledge of the other two, a novel of absorbing interest. This trilogy by one of America's leading novelists has caused a great deal of conflicting comment. Some reviewers have considered them great, while others have condemned. "The Diva's Ruby" is an exciting story, and the plot revolves around the knowledge of the location of certain ruby mines. The contest between Van Torp, who is an amiable American, and the Greek financier for the love of Margaret ends to the satisfaction of most readers, but the Greek, defeated as he is, finds nevertheless consolation elsewhere. It is gratifying to see a volume of this kind presented in a cover that, while plain, shows refinement and good taste. So many gaudy covers offend the finer sensibilities, it is a relief to find covers such as are almost invariably used by the publishers of this particular book. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.50.)

*

MORE SERMON THAN STORY.

"The novel, "The Loves of Pelleas and Ettarre," by Zona Gale, was an exquisite achievement in delicacy and whimsical tenderness. Miss Gale's "Friendship Village" is therefore taken up, with the fond hope that it will prove equally attractive. However, one is conscious of a feeling of disappointment ere the fourth chapter is reached. The presentation of village characters is humorous enough but the cheerfulness of Calliope Marsh is so persistent that one longs for a

Mrs. Poyser by way of relief. The dialect of these villagers also becomes a burden. The book has something of the grace of the former volume but is decidedly inferior to that chronicle of sentiment at seventy. The author's eternal preaching of the gospel of helpfulness is made so obvious and voluble that it is difficult to believe that Zona Gale has written all this prosy moralising. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company.)

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CANADIAN NURSERY RHYMES.

"Uncle Jim's Canadian Nursery Rhymes" is the title of a decidedly original and praiseworthy book for little folk. Especial interest attaches to it, in as much as the rhymes, it is understood, are the work of Mr David Boyle, of the Department of Education, Toronto, while the illustrations are by Mr. C. W. Jefferys, one of the cleverest illustrators and cartoonists we have. Some of the rhymes are not so good as the illustrations, but here is a sample:

The Squirrel

Hoppity, jiggity, jig,
A squirrel upon a twig.
Isn't it fun
To see him run?
Hoppity, jiggity, jig.

*

NOTES.

—"The Wire Tappers," one of Mr. Arthur Stringer's fascinating series of "electrical" stories, has been translated into Swedish, and a request has been received by the publishers, Little, Brown & Company, Boston, for permission to have it translated into Danish.

—"The Panther," by Anne Warner, is a slight, semi-symbolical, unsatisfactory, somewhat obscure "tale of temptation." It contains only about 10,000 words, but is most attractively decorated and bound. (Boston: Small, Maynard & Company.)

Within The Sanctum

Christmas affords most happiness when approached with a clear conscience. Its coming this year finds *The Sanctum* clear in conscience and full of friends. Perhaps it would be better to say that it is full of the spirit of friendship; and the spirit of friendship is, after all, the real spirit of Christmas. But, why is there a clear conscience within *The Sanctum*? Because there is a feeling that the year's output has been better than ever before, that those who have read *The Canadian Magazine* this year have received more for their money during 1908 than they had ever received before. This is not written in a spirit of boastfulness; it is intended merely to emphasise a fact that must have been patent to thousands all over Canada. Our readers acknowledge it; our friends assure us of it, while we ourselves have a clear conscience in the knowledge that we have done our best. This Christmas number is a credit, not so much to us as to those who have helped to make it. The time has come when we have in Canada writers and artists whose work stands on an equal footing with the average of production anywhere. This Christmas number is from cover to cover a proof of that statement. To begin with, the front cover presents a most dignified design, and is a splendid example of simple, chaste and beautiful lines. In craftsmanship it would be difficult to excel it, and its motive, while conventional, is

decorative and attractive. It is the work of Mr. Harold James. The frontispiece and two other drawings that illustrate Mr. Roberts' story, are the work of Mr. J. W. Beatty, a most capable Toronto artist who has just recently returned from an extended trip abroad.

Mr. Theodore Roberts, whose story "Outside the Law" takes first place in the magazine, is rapidly enlarging his constituency of readers. He lives at Fredericton, N.B., and is a brother of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts. Just now he is in Europe searching for new material and inspiration.

Mr. Robert E. Knowles comes in for the first time. His sketch "Why I Bought a Horse" is brimful of wholesome humour. He is the occupant of Knox Manse at Galt, Ont., and is already the author of three novels—"St. Cuthberts," "The Undertow," and "The Web of Time," besides a shorter story, "The Dawn at Shanty Bay," which was published in book form a year ago. "The Web of Time" is his latest novel. It is just out, but came too late for review in this number. Mr. Knowles has promised to entertain the readers of *The Canadian Magazine* frequently hereafter.

"Winter Rambles and Ramblings" is the work of one of the editorial writers on the *Toronto Globe*. Only on rare occasion has Mr. Wood been induced to go beyond the anonymous columns of the newspaper, but his delightful, sympathetic, whole-souled

style seems bound in time to find a more permanent place.

Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay is one of the cleverest writers we have. She is a Woodstock lady, one whose work, both in prose and in verse, is finding a high place in the United States and England. In prose she displays a keen, analytical mind, a genius for new ideas, and a style that is easy and convincing. In poetry she is versatile and perhaps, as yet, at her best. As her poem "Joseph," published in this number, indicates, she has a philosophic turn, an artful and subtle conception of a circumstance. On the other hand, as a writer in a beautiful lyrical style she has few superiors in these days. She will be a regular contributor to *The Canadian Magazine*.

Of Mrs. Virna Sheard and Mrs. Jean Blewett, both Toronto ladies, nothing need scarcely be said here. Their work is well known to our readers. Mrs. Sheard has published several novels, and is a versifier of no mean order. Mrs. Blewett has published several volumes of poems. She is well known as a prose writer as well, but it is perhaps to her poems that most of her admirers turn when they wish to find her at her best. In this connection arises the name of Frederick George Scott. He is a clergyman of Quebec City, and as a writer pretends to be nothing more than a poet. As such he has an enviable reputation.

The work of Mr. A. R. Carman is well known to our readers. Mr. Carman is chief editorial writer on one of the largest daily newspapers in Canada, and is the author of several novels. His work is invariably well done.

Mrs. Charlotte Eaton, who writes on the work of the late Wyatt Eaton, is the widow of that gifted portrait painter. Although Mr. Eaton is regarded as one of the best portrait painters this continent has yet produced, very few, indeed, know that he was a Canadian.

Mr. Augustus Bridle, who contributes "The Bunks of the Old Sleigh Bobs" and is a frequent contributor to these pages, is a clever Toronto journalist, one who had the distinction of being plagiarised by Jack London. His style is virile and entertaining.

Miss L. M. Montgomery, whose first novel, "Anne of Green Gables," was reviewed in the November number of *The Canadian Magazine*, is, as was noted in the review, a Prince Edward Islander. She is a clever writer in both prose and poetry, and her work will be worth watching.

Professor George H. Clarke, although he is a Canadian, is engaged just now lecturing in the Southern States. His verse is better known here than his prose, but whatever he undertakes he does in a scholarly manner.

Mr. Archie P. McKishnie is the author of a novel entitled "Gaff Linkum." He is perhaps at his best when writing short stories, but his ambitions will more likely be realised in the larger field.

Mr. James P. Haverson's verse often appears in *The Canadian Magazine*. Mr. Haverson is a Toronto newspaper man, author of a volume of clever rhymes entitled "Sour Sonnets of a Sorehead." His work displays rare versatility and finish.

Of the department contributors scarcely too much could be said. Mr. Acland has been announced as next Deputy Minister of Labour at Ottawa, and he is at present secretary in the Department of Labour. Few journalists in Canada have a better standing among their fellows than he. Miss Jean Graham, who writes "Woman's Sphere," is one of the most accomplished women journalists in the Dominion. She combines the rare qualities of humour and good sense with fine literary style.

The other contributors to the Christmas number have come later into the field. Mrs. Glasgow is a Toronto lady, an occasional writer for

the magazines. She has a fine sense of delicacy and picturesqueness. Miss Madge Macbeth lives at the Capital, and has, perhaps because of that, a keen sense of humour. Mr. S. A. White, whose verse we know very well, is a Northern Ontario school-teacher. Judging by "The Kid's Christmas," there is a place for him also among writers of fiction.

A great deal might be said about the artists who have illustrated the stories for this number. Something has already been said about Mr. Beatty. But Mr. Beatty is a painter rather than an illustrator, and his friends expect that when he exhibits his work of the last two years some paintings of a superior order will be seen.

Mr. George Butler is the kind of man who always seeks a new motive, and therefore one never knows what to expect from him. But his work is invariably artistic and his

ideas are generally well expressed.

Mr. Fergus Kyle is head of the art department for Toronto *Saturday Night*. His work displays breadth, snap and the use of considerable brains.

Mr. Lapine is a newcomer to Canada from France, but already his work is finding a place for him.

Mr. T. G. Greene is of the younger school of artists. He has a broad, vigorous stroke, and has a fancy for big things.

Does credit for so good a Christmas number not rest with these contributors? And should *The Sanctum* not feel proud of them? But they are not all, by any means, of the friends who fill *The Sanctum* at this closing time of year, fill it with their contributions and good promises for another twelvemonth, with their sympathy and cheer, their warm praise and generous suggestion. So there is cause for real happiness *Within the Sanctum*.

The Editor



What Others Are Laughing at

THE BOY COULDN'T SEE IT.

A Grand River avenue grocer saw a boy about twelve years old loafing around his store yesterday, and he patted him on the head and said:

"Boy, go to work. George Washington was a worker; Thomas Jefferson swung the axe; Henry Clay used the hoe."

"Did they?" asked the lad.

"They did, my son. Labour is grand; labour is ennobling; labour is the foundation beams of this country. The boy who cultivates habits of industry will sooner or later achieve success and independence.

There's fifty bushels of potatoes in there to sort over. Go to work at them, my boy, and to encourage you I'll give you fifteen cents a day. In a few days, if you are industrious and trustworthy, I'll let you saw some wood, and then you may pick over some beans, and it won't be long after that before you can run for Governor of Michigan. Come, go to work."

The boy went in and worked for about an hour, and was then missing. On a board was a sign he had left behind him. It read: "You're hank Clay and George Washington Kin go to blazes."—*The Kazooster.*

* * *

MERELY PREPARING FOR THE INEVITABLE.

"They tell me your workin' hard night and day since you were up before the magistrate for pushin' your husband about, Mrs. Robinson."

"Yes. The magistrate said if I came before him again he'd fine me forty shillings."

"And so you're workin' hard to keep out of mischief?"

"What?—I'm workin' hard to save up the fine."

—*Punch.*

* * *

Women who have watched the American Presidential campaign say that men are too emotional to be granted the franchise.—*Toronto Globe.*



1912

"Wall, Hank, I reckon we're goin' to have an early winter. That's the second flock of rich folks I seen flying south."

SO WOULD OTHERS.

Little Freddie was told by the nurse one morning that the stork had visited the house during the night and left him a little baby sister, and asked if he would like to see her.

"I don't care nothing about the baby," said Freddie, "but I'd like to see the stork."—*The Delineator*.

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THE REASON.

Boy.—"Come quick! There's a man been fighting my father mor'n half hour."

Policeman.—"Why didn't you tell me before?"

Boy.—"Cause father was getting the best of it till a few minutes ago!"
—*New York Telegram*.

*

Freshby.—"Professor, is it ever possible to take the greater from the less?"

"There is a pretty close approach to it when the conceit is taken out of a freshman."—*The Jewish Ledger*.



LAWYER (to bucolic client who has called to settle an account that contains, amongst other items, a number of unexpected charges). "Why don't you come inside instead of standing there in the doorway?"

CLIENT (warily). "No, thankee, Mister. I'd rather not. I knows what you're after. You'd be charging me rent if I did." —*Punch*



THE DIPLOMATIC TOUCH.

LADY (with some hesitation). "I—er—wish to look at some false fringes."

TACTFUL SALESMAN. "Certainly, madam. What shade does your friend wish?" —*Punch*

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

"What induced you to offer your airship to a rival power?"

"Pure patriotism," answered the inventor, with a meaningful wink.—*Washington Herald*.

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WHAT BLISS!

"Ah, Elsie, it is fine to be married to an officer—such a beautiful uniform, and so many decorations!"

"Yes, and besides that, he'll have a band at the funeral."—*Wahre Jacob*.

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And Sir James Pliny Whitney was under the impression that Ontario had promised to love, honour and obey him.

Of course, if Sir Wilfrid Laurier must be kissed by women, it would be only fair to let him pick the women.

Perhaps the worst thing that can be said about liquor is that it makes some men imagine they can sing.

—*Montreal Star*.

THE MERRY MUSE

CHRISTMAS

By JAMES P. HAVERSON

Say, it's gettin' 'round to Christmas,
The crops is in an' all,
We're nearly into winter
We're almost out of fall.

I'm awful fond of Christmas,
I tell you it is great
When the puddin's in the kettle
An' the turkey's on yer plate.

It's awful hard awaitin',
An' spechly that last night
When ye're wishin', wishin', wishin'
Christmas Day would just get light.

There ain't no time like Christmas
Fer fun an' food an' joy,
An' there's none appresheates it—
'Cept, perhaps, it is a boy.

✱

THE PUP'S LAMENT

By ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE

I'm just a no-count mongrel pup
As no-one cares to own;
The fleas most like'd to eat me up,
The flies won't leave me 'lone—
They

Won't;
The flies won't leave me 'lone.

I'm gentle and quiet as a mouse,
And lovin' as I ken be;
The cat won't let me near the house,
The rooster chases me—
He

Does;
The rooster chases me.

He's the meanest thing I ever saw,
But I won't growl, until
I'm a big dorg 'n I will chaw
His head off, so I will,
I'll
Chaw
His head off, so I will.

DISILLUSION

By

KITTY CLOVER

I heard the door go crickety-crick;
I was 'wake for Santy Claw.
But when I opened up my eyes
'Twas only paw and maw.

And then I 'tended I was 'sleep.
Think there's a Santy?—Naw.
The ones who filled my stockin' up
Was only paw and maw.

✱

WHEN ROSA'S COMING

DOWN THE LAWN

By

LOUISE C. GLASGOW

The rosy sky above me gleams—
Just now I thought 'twas dull and
wan;
The air with love and gladness teems:
Rosa's coming down the lawn!

The flowers nod beside the way
To Rosa, daughter of the dawn.
My arms dare not my heart obey,
As she comes blithely down the
lawn.

The grass bends to her little feet,
The breeze is 'round about her
drawn;
My foolish heart—she'll hear it beat,
So softly she comes down the lawn

I tell her all my wretched plight,
Her sweet lips murmur "Ah
g'wan!"
But still my head gets always light
When Rosa's coming down the
lawn.



WINTER

Photograph by Rowley

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THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF FORMOSA

BY THURLOW FRASER

THE Japanese are learning in Formosa that those who adopt the white man's ideal of civilisation and the white man's thirst for territorial expansion must also take up the white man's burden of pacifying and civilising the warlike and barbarous races of whom the white man is the self-constituted guardian. They are learning, too, what the Americans have learned in the Philippines, the Germans in South-West Africa, and the British in every outlying corner of the Empire, that the wars which require the greatest patience and give the least glory are not the dignified duels with the well-ordered troops of some powerful nation, but guerrilla contests with savage tribes in their native fastnesses. In eight months Japan broke the fighting power of China, and in eighteen that of Russia. But Japan has had possession of Formosa for thirteen years, and yet over one-half of the island her control is little more than nominal. That half is the "Savage Territory," the home of the Head-hunters.

When the Chinese first visited Formosa, just 1,300 years ago, the ancestors of some of the present savage tribes were there; and when the Dutch established their trading-posts on the island in 1624 they found it thickly inhabited. Of its population at that time only about 25,000 were Chinese; the rest were the so-called

aborigines. Later settlers came since then, carried in their frail canoes over hundreds of miles of open sea, by the ocean currents which flow through the Malay archipelago, past the Philippines and along the east coast of Formosa. In dress, customs and language, the Formosan savages show their close relationship to the inhabitants of the Philippines, Borneo, and other islands to the south.



FORMOSAN HEAD-HUNTERS, WITH SCALP-
ING KNIFE AT BELT



A TEMPORARILY PEACEFUL FORMOSAN
HEAD-HUNTER

During the Dutch *régime* (1624-1662) these Malays made considerable progress in commerce, learning and western civilisation. Several of their dialects were reduced to writing, schools and churches were established, large numbers learned to read, and, at an early date in the Dutch occupancy, 5,000 had become communicants in the mission churches.

Then came the Chinese invasion. Koxinga, a Chinese pirate chieftain, in the year 1662, crossed to Formosa with a great fleet and army, drove out the Dutch, and established there a kingdom for himself. This was the death-blow to the possibilities of advancement for the Malays. The Dutch missionaries and teachers who failed to escape were either put to death without mercy or held life-long

prisoners by the Chinese. Christianity and the learning connected with it were crushed out. Ever-increasing numbers of Chinese swarmed across from the mainland, and the greater part of the Malays in the fertile plains between the mountains and the sea were dispossessed of their lands by force or by fraud. Some submitted, and their descendants still dwell among their conquerors, speaking the Chinese language and observing Chinese customs. These are known in different places as Pe-po-hoan or Sekhoan, "barbarians of the plain" or "ripe barbarians." Others retired to the forest-covered mountain mass which occupies the whole central and eastern portion of the island, joined their wilder kinsmen who doubtless



TEMPORARILY PEACEFUL FORMOSAN SAVAGES—
WOMAN AND CHILD

even then sparsely inhabited that almost impenetrable region, resumed the head-hunting habits of their savage ancestors, and for nearly two and a half centuries have waged a merciless warfare against those who took their land from them. These are the Chhi-hoan, or "raw barbarians" of the Chinese. The history of the two races in Formosa has been an almost unvarying tale of fraud and duplicity on the part of the Chinese, and of savage reprisals by the wild Malays. This was part of the heritage into which the Japanese came when Formosa was ceded to them in 1895.

Beginning within thirty miles of the northern extremity of the long, cigar-shaped island, the savage territory extends 200 miles to the extreme south. It includes almost the whole of the east coast and more than half the total width of Formosa. Its area is about 7,500 square miles out of a total area of 13,500 square miles. This large territory has approximately 100,000 savages; while in the remaining 6,000 square miles of the island there is a population of 3,000,000, mostly Chinese. Secure in their forest-clad mountain fastnesses, the few have defied the many, and maintained their wild independence.

The savages are divided into a great number of little tribes, some of which consist of only a half-dozen small villages. They may be arranged, however, into eight main groups. Of these the most northerly are the Atayals, and to them the following description most closely applies, as

they were the tribes whose borders the writer visited, and close to whose territories his work lay. They are at once the most numerous, the most warlike, and the most inveterate head-hunters. Some of the other groups farther south have entirely given up the practice of head-hunting, and are on terms of comparative friendship with the Chinese and Japanese.

While the peaceful Malays of the plains are physically a well-developed race and number among them some very tall men, those of their wild

kinsmen of the mountains whom I have seen were under-sized, and the men, at least, slight in build, with marvellously thin limbs. They appeared, however, to be wiry and active. Nowhere else have I seen human beings so animal-like in their movements. I watched a number of men and boys belonging to a little tribe which for the time being was peaceful, passing by a Japanese outpost. They were crossing a piece of open country, by well-trodden paths and in perfect safety. Yet they



A SAVAGE WOMAN OF FORMOSA, SHOWING
TATTOOING AND BALLS ON ENDS
OF EAR-STICKS

moved by a short run, then paused, listening and looking around like startled animals, and again would make another short run and another pause. Every movement bespoke the hunted and hunting creatures of the wild.

Where not disfigured by tattooing, the faces of the younger people are often quite attractive. Their brown skins, wide open eyes and more prominent features appeal more to our sense of beauty than the yellow-col-



FORMOSAN HILL-MEN IN A JAPANESE PHOTOGRAPHER'S STUDIO

our, almond eyes and flatter faces of their Chinese neighbours. But the savages, and especially the savage women, age rapidly. At a time of life when their civilised sisters are still in their prime, these over-worked and underfed women of the forests and mountains are already old and withered. And then the wrinkles are accentuated by the tattooing.

The women usually have a short band of tattoo marks drawn vertically on the forehead. A broad band of blue is also drawn from ear to ear, its upper edge coming to a point in the centre of the upper lip, its lower edge curving around the lower lip or chin. This band is composed of nine dotted lines, divided into three equal sets by two rows of diamond-shaped marks. The young men tattoo vertical

bands on their foreheads and chins; and on attaining maturity receive the same on their chests.

More offensive to Western eyes than the tattooing are the ear ornaments worn. These consist of pieces of bamboo, one-half or three-quarters of an inch thick, thrust through the lobes of the ears. The men wear these about an inch or two long; but the women prefer them from four to six inches long. On the ends of the ear-sticks are small balls, carved shells or dangling pendants. Fashion rules these denizens of the forests and mountains quite as tyrannically as she does the city dwellers of the West, and not having many clothes on which to practice her arts, she makes their poor persons suffer the more.

The clothing of the men consists of a light sleeveless tunic, which is open in front and protects only the back and shoulders, a loin cloth, and sometimes a square of coarse cloth, woven from China grass, wrapped about the body. The women generally wear a Malay serang, a square piece of coarse cloth, covering the left shoulder and arm, its upper corners knotted on the right shoulder, leaving the right arm bare. These garments and the cloth leggings worn by the women are often ornamented by bright red or blue threads or brass wire obtained in barter. Chiefs and women on gala occasions wear quite elaborate head-dresses of beads and shells. But the ordinary hat, if any is worn, is a skull-cap with a brim over the eyes, closely woven of rattan. One of these with a bullet hole in it, showing the fate of the former owner, is, together

with his head-cutting knife, in the possession of the writer.

The houses of the savages, built some of stones, some of slabs, some of earth and thatch, some partially underground and some elevated on posts, differ so much in different localities and tribes that no general description will apply. Their little patches of ground, rudely cultivated with a short-handled hoe, supply them with maize, mountain-rice, taros and sweet potatoes. Berries, plums and small oranges grow wild; while boars, deer, bears and small game form their meat supply. Flesh is eaten half-cooked or entirely raw.

The outstanding characteristic of the mountain savages of Formosa is the practice of head-hunting. It is the one great passion of their lives. It holds a place of unrivalled importance in the life of the tribe. To be recognized as an adult, a warrior, a member of the tribal council, and to have the privilege of marrying a wife, it is necessary to have taken at least one head. To obtain rank and influence it is necessary to have captured several heads. Heads are also needed to drive away pestilence, and to ensure a prosperous year. Add to these motives the wild passion for revenge for wrongs committed in many a border feud, the lust for blood cultivated by a lifetime of stealthy guerrilla warfare, and there burns in the veins of those animal men of the mountains a ferocious craving for the gory trophies of their valour which is little short of a mania.

The objects of their bitterest hatred have always been the Chinese, who



SAVAGE WOMEN IN GALA DRESS PHOTOGRAPHED
IN A STUDIO

dispossessed them of their lands, and have cheated and defrauded them in numberless ways. But they are just about as ready to kill their own kinsmen, the more civilised Malays of the plains. Nor were some of the tribes at all particular to distinguish between a white sailor landed or shipwrecked on the coast and their traditional enemies the Chinese. A head was a head to them, no matter who the original owner might be.

In some cases the flesh is boiled off the heads and eaten, the skulls being kept. More frequently the heads are put up in the place reserved for them and left there to be polished by insects, wind and weather into grinning skulls. Some tribes keep these trophies in their houses, others under the eaves, some have small roofed



GROUP OF FORMOSAN MOUNTAIN SAVAGES

platforms set up on poles; others build stone walls leaving interstices into which the skulls are thrust, while the Atayals have long narrow platforms set on posts outside their houses, on which the heads are arranged in rows. One old chief taken by the Chinese boasted, ere he was tortured to death, that in his mountain village he had ninety-four Chinese heads, all taken with his own hand.

The Head-hunters are sometimes equipped with guns, sometimes with bows and arrows, but generally with very long, iron-headed, bamboo spears, a heavy curved knife for cutting off the head, and a species of game bag for carrying it home in. Singly or in small companies they hide in the tall grass or bushes, and watch for lonely travellers on the paths leading through or close by their forests. A quick thrust of the long spear, a few strokes of the heavy knife, and the headless body of the wayfarer lies in the road, while the triumphant savage is off to his mountain village to be the hero of frenzied jubilations. For this reason every band of burden-bearing coolies on the roads of the danger zone is guarded by armed men; and the Japanese

post-road between Taipeh, the capital of Formosa, and Gilan on the east coast, has sentry-boxes and soldiers placed within rifle-shot of each other where it traverses the mountain district, to protect the mail carriers.

Another favourite method is to steal upon farmers in the fields, as they bend over their hoes and are intent upon their weeding. In the month of March, 1904, the writer visited the seaport town of Saw-o, close to the mountains of the savages. The day before he arrived there, two farmers working in their rice-fields in the very edge of the town, had been speared and their heads carried off.

Sometimes a large band will make a night attack on a village of the Chinese or peaceful Malays. It may be only a half-hour's run from the wooded mountains of the savages to the village on the plain. Scouts have assured themselves that there are no police or soldiers there. When all are asleep, houses on the outskirts of the village are surrounded, the thatched roofs fired, and the inmates speared as they strive to escape. At Christmas, 1903, the village of Ta-khoe was thus attacked, and twenty-four heads carried off.

But the most common victims of the head-hunters are the workers in rattan and camphor. The rattan is a vine which creeps through the forests and over the branches of trees to a length sometimes of 500 feet. The Chinese labourer cuts the vine near the root, and going backward pulls it out of the trees and bushes. It is when he is so engaged that the savage creeps up and strikes him from behind. Similarly the camphor-workers have to labour in the dense forests, chipping the trunks of the fallen camphor trees with a short adze. Bending down and intent on their work, they cannot be always watchful. This is the head-hunter's opportunity, and more of the camphor-workers lose their heads than of any other single class.

Formosa practically supplies the world with camphor. In 1898 the world's supply amounted to 7,500,000 pounds. Of that amount 6,900,000 pounds were produced in Formosa. In that year 635 camphor-workers were killed or wounded by the savages. In a sense in which happily it can be said of few articles of commerce, the camphor we use in our homes is purchased with the life-blood of human beings.

When the Japanese forces landed in Formosa in 1895, the savages welcomed them as allies against their old enemies the Chinese, and some bands of warriors co-operated with the Japanese armies. But the object of the Japanese was the pacification of the Chinese, not their annihilation, and soon they had to put restraint on their savage allies. This the hill-men resented, and before long they were as ready to take a Japanese head as a Chinese.

For years the Japanese pursued a policy of conciliation. Border inspectors and border police were appointed to maintain order, and prevent aggressions on either side. Plantations were established and attempts made to teach the savages agriculture and the habits of a peaceful life.

Some of the young people of the tribes were induced to enter Japanese schools, while adults were employed as mail-carriers or trained for military service.

In the south the Malays responded to this, and have remained fairly peaceful. But the Atayals of the north were incorrigible, and there was the usual tale of heads taken by those implacable savages. In July, 1906, a Japanese camphor station was attacked and thirty-seven heads carried off. This was followed by other outrages.

Then General Count Sakuma, the new Viceroy of Formosa, decided that it was not wise to be lenient any longer. A force of Chinese troops, known as Aiyu, numbering with their Japanese officers 5,000 men, was detailed to attack the Atayal savages. The difficulties of the campaign were enormous. The territory in which this force was to operate comprised between 2,000 and 3,000 square miles. It is all mountainous, rising in Mount Sylvia to the height of 11,470 feet. These mountains are covered with dense jungles of large trees, interlaced with prickly rattan and other vines. The climate is extremely wet, and the vegetation rank. The eastern face of the territory is a line of sea-cliffs rising 5,000 to 7,000 feet from the Pacific.

Around this region the Japanese threw a horse-shoe shaped line of troops, and gradually drawing the heels of the horse-shoe together, closed in on the savages. Every device suggested by modern inventiveness for such warfare was employed. Mountain and machine guns, wire entanglements and electric mines were used to off-set the advantage possessed by the savages, who were fighting in their native haunts.

The most serious action was fought June 5th to 9th, 1907, when a Chino-Japanese force of 600 men surrounded a savage stronghold on Chintozan, a mountain over 4,000 feet high. After three days of bush-fighting, the

Japanese commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Hayakawa, led a charge of 500 men against the topmost heights. The heights were captured, but out of the 500 who made the charge Col. Hayakawa and 130 of his men fell.

This defeat, and the bombardment of some of their coast villages by the cruisers *Naniwa* and *Takachiho*, led the savages to ask for peace. They soon broke out again, and in October captured fourteen of the Japanese outposts and a number of machine guns. A month's campaign recovered these and once more brought the savages to terms. But that they have not remained quiet is shown by the fact that last spring finds the Japanese troops again operating against them. Mr. Oshima, Chief of Police of Formosa, under whose department this work comes, stated in April that

it would take five or six years more to reduce the savages to order.

Meanwhile the Japanese have had to face the situation caused by the mutiny of a detachment of their Aiyu or Chinese troops. Sixty Japanese, including twenty-four women and children, were murdered by the mutineers before other troops arrived.

Altogether the Japanese have had their own share of troubles in Formosa. They are learning the lesson which only colonising nations do learn, that the most difficult and vexatious of all campaigns for civilised troops is that necessitated by one of those "little wars" against the guerrilla bands of savage tribes. There can be only one end to the conflict, the final defeat and pacification of the head-hunters. Meanwhile it is costing Japan blood and gold.

ANOTHER YEAR

By JAMES P. HAVERSON

Another year has passed away
But, like an endless line of kings,
Another year is born to-day.

Though we cry out in all dismay,
The Ball, unheeding, onward swings—
Another year has passed away.

Its smile, a vanished summer's day;
Its voice, a migrant bird that sings
"Another year is born to-day."

Life's lovely blossoms, fair in May,
Must wither as the season swings,
Another year has passed away.

Friend, through whatever paths we stray
Forever beat Time's tireless wings—
Another year is born to-day.

Come pluck whatever blooms you may
While Life, the lover, plenty brings—
Another year has passed away,
Another year is born to-day.

THE CRISIS IN INDIA

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

WHEN, after the great Mutiny, it was proposed to take over the government of India there were some who demurred to that measure, holding that Oriental Empire was a field apart, one which ought to be administered to some extent on principles of its own, and any intrusion of British politics into which would be dangerous. Such of those who took that view as are still alive will probably now think that their forebodings have proved true. Anything like an incursion of English Radicalism into an Oriental population is startling and may be dangerous to an Empire of which, as of Empires in general properly so called, the soul is loyalty on the side of the ruled with beneficence on the side of the ruler.

The part of the danger, however, which is strictly speaking political, whether it be native or imported, is probably the smallest part. Political discontent and aspiration must be almost entirely confined to that very limited class which, having received a European education, has imbibed European sentiment and learned to aim at place and power. The idea of a political revolution like those of Europe must be foreign to the native mind. In Indian history we have changes of dynasty or master, not a few; but apparently nothing like a popular rising for liberty or for a change of political institutions. A series of mutinies in the native army there has been; but these, including, as it seems to be now ascertained, the last and most terrible of them, have been caused not by political discon-

tent or intrigue, though intrigue may have taken advantage of them, but by supposed aggression on caste. One of them was caused by the substitution of hats for turbans; the turban being, it seems, the external sign of the Sepoy's religion. On the present occasion we hear as yet of no disposition to mutiny. The last conquered and enlisted, the Sikh and Ghoorka, seem to be perfectly faithful. The camp appears to be the Sepoy's country.

It is difficult to see how in the chaos of upstart and marauding tyrannies which followed the fall of the Mogul Empire, political sentiment of any kind could have been formed.

In religion there is a division between the two sections of the native population, Hindoo and Mahometan; a division so sharp as to form apparently a very strong security against any combination for the overthrow of the Imperial power.

The source of danger appears to be separation and antipathy of race between ruler and ruled. This showed itself on the side of the ruling race with terrible force at the time of the great Mutiny. Lord Elgin, on his expedition to China, touched at Calcutta and marked with horror the intensity of the race-feeling there:—

August 21st, [1857].—"It is a terrible business, however, this living among inferior races. I have seldom from man or woman since I came to the East heard a sentence which was reconcilable with the hypothesis that Christianity had ever come into the world. Detestation, contempt, ferocity, vengeance, whether Chinamen or Indians be the ob-

ject. There are some three or four hundred servants in this house. When one first passes by their salaaming one feels a little awkward. But the feeling soon wears off, and one moves among them with perfect indifference, treating them, not as dogs, because in that case one would whistle to them and pat them, but as machines with which one can have no communion or sympathy. Of course, those who can speak the language are somewhat more en rapport with the natives, but very slightly so, I take it. When the passions of fear and hatred are engrafted on this indifference the result is frightful; an absolute callousness as to the sufferings of the objects of these passions, which must be witnessed to be understood and believed.

August 22nd.—tells me that yesterday, at dinner, the fact that Government had removed some commissioners who, not content with hanging all the rebels they could lay their hands on, had been insulting them by destroying their caste, telling them that after death they should be cast to the dogs to be devoured, etc., was mentioned. A reverend gentleman could not understand the conduct of the Government; could not see that there was any impropriety in torturing men's souls; seemed to think that a good deal might be said in favour of bodily torture as well! These are your teachers, O Israel! Imagine what the pupils become under such teaching!"

This, it is true, was the feeling as manifested in its extreme form by the ruling race, then in danger of its life. But to be capable of such extreme manifestation, and in a clergyman, it must always have been strong. It was pretty sure always to appear in the bearing, if not of the gentleman, of the rough soldier, towards the native. It was pretty sure also to be reciprocated, however silently, by the subject race.

The social gulf has probably been somewhat widened by the shortening of the passage between India and England, which enables the Anglo-Indian often to revisit England and keep up his English associations. When his life was spent continuously in India he could not help becoming in some measure identified, socially at least, with the high-class Hindoo. A high-class Englishman who had spent his life in India and had long

been the Resident at a native capital, was asked, in connection with the missionary question, whether a Hindoo of the higher class had ever been converted. His answer was, "No gentleman ever changes his politics or his religion." This recognised in a quaint way the social standing of the high-class Hindoo.

Whatever may have been the native feeling there was no native rising of consequence in concert with the great Mutiny, unless it were in Oude, among the partisans of the recently dethroned dynasty. Nor did any one of the native princes revolt. What would have happened if a British army had met with a serious defeat!

England did not originally go to India with any design of conquest. Her object was trade. She had to fight France and Holland for a footing. Conquest was absolutely disclaimed and was interdicted by a resolution of the House of Commons. Bengal, the first acquired territory, was conquered in what was really defensive war, for its ruler was certainly the aggressor. Its acquisition was followed by a period of great abuse, a large field of speculation being thrown open to the poorly paid servants of the Company. Fortunes, dishonestly made, were carried to England, seats in Parliament for rotten boroughs were bought. The Anglo-Indian, for a time, was a political nuisance and Leadenhall Street was a centre of intrigue. But corruption in India had been checked, though not killed, by the strong hand of Clive.

Clive was a great man. Justice has now been done to him. At the time public injustice, arising a good deal from public ignorance of India, then a six-months' voyage off, seems to have combined with disease in driving him to suicide. Justice has also been done to the memory of Hastings, not entirely by Macaulay, who fails to tell us that in the trial of Nuncomar, Impey was not sole judge, but had three colleagues; but by Fitzjames Stephen. That the political morality

of the Rohilla business was Eastern seems really about the worst that can be said of it, and the Rohillas themselves were a marauding tribe. It is not alleged that Hastings was personally the gainer by what he did. Francis, who inspired Burke, was a venomous knave, and Burke, with all his glories of style, was a raving enthusiast who, by his violence, brought down upon himself the censure of his own client, the House of Commons. Was anything more unfair or more mischievous ever written than Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution"?

The rule of the Company in India was a rule of merchants. Dividends were its sole object. It strictly abstained from territorial aggrandisement. It touched no moral or social reforms. It nervously respected native superstitions, even those of the worst kind, such as Suttee and Juggernaut. It discouraged the preaching of Christianity. One of its agents in swearing to a treaty with natives, invoked the native deities. Leadenhall Street seems to have done absolutely nothing in the way of improvement or beneficence.

With a transfer of the supreme power from Leadenhall to Downing Street, with the appointment of a Governor-General, and one so enterprising and energetic as Wellesley, came a marked change from the commercial to the political and social as the object of Government. Political and social the object was, and one of civilisation rather than of territorial aggrandisement. The native powers were half barbarous, intriguing, restless. There was constant liability to aggression on their part, and consequently to desolating war. The last of them which was encountered, that of the Sikhs, was aggressive and unprovoked. The conquest of Scinde by Napier seems to be about the only clear case of the aggressive kind, and in this appeared the spirit of Napier rather than that of British policy. A good deal of territory after all has

been left under the rule of native princes, though necessarily controlled by the Empire.

From that time onwards it may truly be said that the rule, alien, and therefore hardly beloved, has been one of beneficent intention. That it should not always have been intelligent and happily inspired was almost inevitable. The land settlement of Cornwallis in Bengal was far from happily inspired and bad was the result. But nothing could have been better meant. In law and its administration there may have been too much of British technicality, but Eastern unvaracity has probably also been fully as much in the way of justice. There has been an end of the barbarous punishments of the East. A reform of the Zenana, which has been sought, would probably be perilous. Education has been heartily promoted; though its extension, exciting ambition, was not free from danger, as now appears. The native religions, when free from cruelty or immorality, have been respected. At the same time free course has been given to Christianity, though the fruits of missionary enterprise do not seem to have been very great, the diversity of Churches probably standing in the way.

With Imperial rule in the person of Cornwallis came an end of the extortions and peculations which had disgraced the traders' rule, and though checked by Clive, had not been brought to an end till power passed into the hands of the Crown.

When all is said, and whatever may be the estrangement of race, no Empire of race which has ever existed can be compared in mildness and beneficence with British Empire in India; not the Roman Empire even under Augustus, Trajan, or the Antonines. Early in the series of Roman Emperors come Nero and Caligula, with a delirium of tyranny. In the earlier period the provincials enjoyed comparative freedom from war, though by no means from military

imposts, or probably from military insolence. But in the later period the wars between competitors for the Empire were murderous and desolating. The end was universal decay and ultimate ruin. In Pilate we see the Roman Governor with his haughty and contemptuous attitude towards the people, Pliny, under Trajan, looks better, yet is distinctly alien. Herod, delegated by Rome, is a tyrant, and in his last days worse.

The King's Proclamation to the people of India the other day was excellent, and his own spirit was in it. Unfortunately it could hardly reach the masses of the people who were ignorant of the language, but it may have had a very good effect on the world at large.

We seldom hear now in any trustworthy quarter serious complaints of inefficiency in the East Indian service; still more seldom of anything like corruption. Probably no country is more faithfully served. The writer-ships are no longer private patronage; they are given by public examination. It was feared at first that scholars might be impractical, but Lawrence, to whom the misgiving was addressed, answered with an offer to exchange his men of the old school for the same number of "competition *wallahs*."

A ruling race bears the responsibility for everything; for the unkindness of nature as well as for the defaults of Government. The ruling race in India is probably by native ignorance held responsible for plague, flood and famine. If the native could reckon how much the ruling power, with its limited agencies, had done in the way of averting or mitigating natural calamities, and compare it with anything done by the rulers of his own race, his feeling might be changed. From the Government have proceeded all attempts at systematic and extensive relief. Therapeutics, scientific therapeutics at all events, are of British introduction. So are railroads, which must have greatly

facilitated relief as well as locomotion and production.

Two dark stains, it cannot be denied, there are on the history of British Empire in the East. One is the part which necessity imposed on England of upholding the blighting and polluting empire of Turkey over some of the fairest regions of the earth. The other is the necessity to which financial difficulties drove her of forcing opium upon China. The second stain is perhaps the blacker of the two. Englishmen of the higher moral class protested against the opium trade, and it probably cost such a Minister as Mr. Gladstone a pang to turn a deaf ear to their remonstrance. A costly craze, if nothing worse, was the fancy, cherished, like other fancies of the kind, by Palmerston, and flattered by military men, that Russia had designs on India. This led to the disastrous invasion of Afghanistan, and to a morbid hatred of Russia, which helped to bring about the Crimean war. Russia was an old friend, and the Czar Nicholas personally was a great admirer of England and strongly attached to the British connection.

It is, of course, inevitable that the ruling race should keep in its hand supreme power and the sole control of the army. Of the power less than supreme as large a share as possible seems to have been conceded to the native. Personal liberty of every kind, including liberty of opinion and of the press, seems also to have been freely given. Upon the liberty of the press, under the present circumstances, it becomes necessary to put some restraint. But in doing so it is shown how large the amount of liberty has been.

Whether England herself has gained or lost by her Indian Empire is a very complex and difficult question. Commercially, Nassau Senior, one high among the political economists of his day, always maintained that England had lost by the Indian Empire, and wished she were well rid

of it. He looked perhaps at the matter in a strictly economical light. Apart from the glory and majesty, England has had in India a vast field of employment for her youth, a field always honourable, though not so lucrative as it was in former times.

Some day the end must come. It is impossible that a race should rule forever in a land in which it cannot rear its children. The coming may be hastened by this great movement of the East, of which the initiative may come from Japan. But at present, if military power remains in the hands of the governing race, as it

seems likely to do, though there may be, and probably will be, disturbance, it is difficult to see from what quarter revolution can come. Editors of revolutionary journals are not generals, nor will an undrilled and unarmed populace face the cannon. Native Princes have armies more numerous than efficient, but none of them have shown any disposition to revolt or apparently have as much to gain as they have to lose by revolution.

Over the actual crisis at present there is a veil which will presently be raised.

TIR NAN OG

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

Tir Nan Og, the land of youth, was the paradise or blessed land of the Ancient Irish. It was situated "in the West." Cuchullin, Finn, Ossian and all the other heroes and poets are still there enjoying perpetual summer and perpetual youth.

The breeze blows out from the land and it seeks the sea,
O and O! that my sail were set and away—
Fast and free on its wings would my sailing be
To the West: to the Tir Nan Og, where the blessed stay!

The darkness stirs, it awakes, it outspreads its arms,
O and O! and the birds in their nests are still,
The red-browed hill bleats low with the lamb's alarms,
And a sound of singing comes from the slipping rill.

My soul is awake, alone, all alone in the earth,
O and O! and around is the lonely night!
As goeth the sun would my soul go forth to its birth—
O'er the darkling sea to the West—to the light, to the light!

Would'st say, "Be content with the land of the Innis Fail,
O and O! there is friendship here, there is song."
But they smile to your face, when you turn they stammer and rail,
And the song of the singer hath tears and is over long!

A call comes out of the West and it calls a name,
O and O! it is soft, it is far, it is low—
Sweet, so sweet that it wrappeth my soul in a flame
That burns the heart from my breast with the wish to go!

INCIDENT OF CONFEDERATION

BY SIR CHARLES TUPPER

THE most important event in the history of Canada is the Confederation of British North America, and no one will question the necessity for accuracy in all statements relating to it.

My attention has been called to an article on that subject in the June number of *The Canadian Magazine*, which is of the most misleading character, made by Senator Miller, and which demands some notice at my hands.

At the Quebec Conference it was agreed that the resolutions in favour of Confederation should be submitted to the existing Legislatures.

The Hon. Mr. Tilley, the Premier of New Brunswick, fearing defeat on another question, dissolved the Legislature, and a large majority was returned, pledged to oppose Confederation.

As no union with Canada was practicable without that Province, I postponed taking action on that question until the attitude of New Brunswick was changed, but I strenuously advocated the policy agreed to at Quebec.

During the session of 1866, the Anti-union Government in New Brunswick became discredited, when a dissolution ensued, and it became evident that the Province was about to adopt Confederation.

At this time Mr. Miller, who had been elected as a supporter of our party, but who had continually opposed me, sent his friend, Mr. S. MacDonnell, a member of the Legislature, to inquire how I would treat

him if he would announce himself as a supporter of Confederation. I answered that his overtures would be received in the most friendly manner.

Mr. Miller, therefore, made a speech in which he said: "If the Government will publicly abandon the Quebec scheme, and introduce a resolution in favour of a Federal Union of British America, leaving the details of the measure to the arbitration of the Imperial Government, properly advised by delegates from all the provinces, I promise them my cordial support." In the course of his speech he said: "I will not deny that the extraordinary reaction that has taken place in New Brunswick in regard to Union, and the admitted partiality of a large majority of the people of Nova Scotia for the abstract principle, coupled with the firm but constitutional pressure of the Imperial authorities, affords grounds to apprehend that before very long even the Quebec resolutions may be carried in the Maritime Provinces."

I said in reply that I would consult the Government and the Liberal delegates who had acted with me at the Quebec Conference, before giving an answer.

On April 10th, 1866, a week afterwards, I submitted to the House the following resolution:

"Whereas, in the opinion of this House it is desirable that a confederation of the British North American Provinces should take place; Resolved therefore, that his Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor be authorised to appoint delegates to arrange with the

Imperial Government a scheme of union which will effectually assure just provision for the rights and interests of this Province; each of the Provinces coöperating to have an equal voice in such delegation; Upper and Lower Canada being for this purpose considered as separate Provinces."

This resolution was carried by a majority of thirty-one to nineteen.

Mr. Miller may possibly have influenced one vote, that of Mr. S. MacDonnell, but that was all. Yet he is now so anxious to claim the credit of having saved Confederation in a crisis, that, if his statements are correct, he is prepared to violate private confidence and assail the reputation of the man to whom he owes his present position.

The facts respecting the Pictou Railway, as recorded in the debates of the Assembly, are simply as follows: My Government having decided to carry the railway to Pictou, appointed Mr. Sandford Fleming Chief Engineer.

Mr. Fleming had in 1863 been appointed by the Liberal Government of Canada, the Government of Nova Scotia and the Imperial Government as Chief Engineer to survey the railway line from Quebec to Halifax.

After surveying the line to Pictou, he gave an estimate of the cost, and it was let by tender in several sections. On the contractors complaining of difficulty in getting labour, he advised the Government to assist them by importing men from Newfoundland, which we did. The contractors, however, broke down, being unable to pay their men, and the Government was obliged to take the work off their hands.

To relet it under those circumstances would, of course, have enormously increased the cost, and the Government finally agreed to give the contract for the whole line to Mr. Fleming if he would complete the work as designed and settle all claims for work done. A previous estimate

had been made by Mr. Laurie, a distinguished engineer, who placed the cost at a larger amount. When the House met, and all the facts were placed before it, Mr. Archibald, the leader of the Opposition, moved a vote of censure to "protest against an act which, whatever the character of the act itself, may be a precedent for the most dangerous abuse of Executive power." The members for Pictou were the only members of the party who took exception to what had been done, and but one of them voted with the Opposition. After full discussion, the Government were supported by a majority of thirty-one to twenty. Mr. Miller, as usual, voted against the Government. This was on Thursday the 29th of March, and on the Tuesday following Mr. Miller made his speech in favour of Confederation.

Senator Miller says that "the Government, which really meant Dr. Tupper, in the absence of Mr. McDonald, had taken the work out of the hands of all the stranded contractors, and entered into a new contract with Chief Engineer Fleming on the basis of his own estimate less \$100,000. Fleming then ceased "to be Chief Engineer, and McNab, his assistant, was appointed in his stead."

My Government was composed of able and independent men. Mr. Henry, the Attorney-General, who drew the contract, was subsequently appointed by Hon. Alexander MacKenzie a judge of the Supreme Court of Canada, and the Solicitor-General who approved it was the Hon. J. W. Ritchie, then leader of the bar of Nova Scotia, and afterwards Judge in Equity, and the Hon. James McDonald, Financial Secretary, was afterwards Minister of Justice in the Dominion Government and later Chief Justice of Nova Scotia. Mr. McNab was never an assistant to Mr. Fleming, having previously declined to take a position under him.

Mr. Miller's statement that "the Conservative M.P.P.'s, who were in

an overwhelming majority in the Assembly, appealed to the Financial Secretary to repudiate Tupper's railway policy and oust him from power" could only be ventured upon after a lapse of thirty-two years, when they were no longer living.

I can readily believe Senator Miller's statement that Sir Adams Archibald expressed a strong opinion "that there was nothing wrong in Sir Charles Tupper's dealing with Sir Sandford Fleming, and that he believed Sir Sandford and Sir Charles

had both acted throughout the whole business for the best interests of the Province," but I cannot accept his assertion "that Sir Adams Archibald qualified it by saying, 'except in the high-handed manner in which he ignored his colleagues in the Government,'" as he had the best possible evidence that my colleagues in the debate contradicted any such an insinuation by their speeches.

I regret that a due regard to historical accuracy has compelled me to make these corrections.

THE CALL

BY VIRNA SHEARD

Across the dusty, foot-worn street
Unblessed of flower or tree,
Faint and far-off—there ever sounds
The calling of the sea.

From out the quiet of the hills,
Where purple shadows lie,
The pine trees murmur, "Come and rest
And let the world go by."

The west wind whispers all night long
"Oh, journey forth afar
To the green and pleasant places
Where little rivers are!"

And the soft and silken rustling
Of bending yellow wheat
Says, "See the harvest moon—that dims
The arc-lights of the street."

Though the city holds thee captive
By trick, and wile, and lure,
Out yonder lies the loveliness
Of things that shall endure.

The river road is wide and fair,
The prairie-path is free,
And still the old earth waits to give
Her strength and joy to thee.

THE ROMANCE OF THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

BY LILIAN LEVERIDGE

"ARE you sure you have got everything, George?"

"Yes, I think so, mother, and a good load it is, too. We have a pretty fair showing, I think. We surely may hope to carry off a prize or two."

Mrs. Adams stood at the gate with her apron thrown over her head, surveying with satisfied eyes the wagon-load of farm produce which her son, a stalwart young man of twenty-eight, was about to take to the village fair. "If there's any sort of fair dealing we will," she said.

"Well, we'll see to-morrow," answered George from the wagon-seat. "By the way, mother, don't wait tea for me to-night. I may not be home till late."

"Why, what is there to keep you?"

"I intend to call at Williamson's on my way back, and may possibly stay to tea if they ask me."

George paused a moment, then, half-reluctantly, half-defiantly, answered his mother's questioning look: "I am going to ask Viola McKenzie to go with me to the fair to-morrow. She is sewing there for a few days."

"That girl!" There was a world of contempt in the voice that uttered this terse exclamation. The young man's eyes flashed, and he bit his lip with evident vexation. After a moment he said in a tone of forced quietness, "What objection have you to Viola, mother?"

"You know perfectly well, George," Mrs. Adams answered, "that for

years it has been your father's wish and mine that you should marry Hannah Duncan. You would go a long way before you could find a better wife than she would make. You might have her for the asking, too, if you set about it in the right way. You know that, and yet you bestow all your favours on that penniless, little nobody, who I don't suppose knows how to cook an egg."

Mrs. Adams paused, and her husband, who had just come up, took up the theme. "Ay, lad; what your mother says is right. Viola may be all right to amuse yourself with for an hour or two, but when it comes to taking a partner for life you can't find the beat of Hannah. The old place, you know, belongs to you after we are dead and gone; but while we're living we don't want any young upstart coming here to turn things upside down!"

George, who had leaped from the wagon to fix the horse's bridle, now stood erect with flushed face and compressed lips. He knew the time had come when he and his parents must come to a mutual understanding on this vexed question, and he must show them once and for all what his feelings were on the subject of his future wife. He was deeply hurt and his anger was kindled; yet he made a desperate effort to speak quietly, respectfully and kindly.

"Father," he said, "and mother, you may as well know first as last

that your wishes in this respect are doomed to disappointment. I am sorry, but it can't be helped. I have nothing against Hannah Duncan. She will make a good wife for someone, I don't doubt for a minute, but not for me. There is one girl in all the world for me, and that girl is Viola McKenzie. If she won't marry me I shall do without a wife."

"Well, well! So you actually mean to marry that child!" exclaimed his father: "Why, she can't be more than sixteen or seventeen, and ought to be in the schoolroom for a year or two yet. I don't know what you see in the girl anyway."

"You don't know her as well as I do," George answered, "or you would understand what I see in her. She is as sweet and good as an angel; and what she lacks in knowledge and experience she will surely acquire in a reasonable time. The very fact of her being poor and dependent on her own brave efforts for a livelihood makes me long all the more for the right to take care of her. Come, now, say that you will give me the right to bring her here; and promise me that you will be good to her and try to love her, at least for my sake. You don't know, mother, what a help she would be to you, and what sunshine she would bring into the house."

George pleaded earnestly, but his parents showed no sign of yielding. "No, I don't know anything of the kind," Mrs. Adams answered in an ungracious tone, "but I do know you have greatly disappointed me."

"You'd better hurry and take that load of truck to town," added his father testily, "or there will be another disappointment."

Without a word George sprang into the wagon, whipped up the horses, and in a few minutes was gone.

With feelings and tempers very much ruffled the two old people turned back into the farm house, berating the independence of the youth of the present day in general, and of this one in particular.

Meanwhile George, with feelings no less ruffled, was rattling along over the stony country road with little regard for the welfare of the carefully cherished vegetables that were to make so good a showing in the town hall to-morrow. He felt hurt and angry, and thought that his parents had been unjust and unkind. Yet, after he had cooled down a little and tried to look at the matter from their point of view, he realised what a disappointment his choice had been to them. He determined to be as gentle and considerate of their feelings as he could, though the idea of his complying with their wishes by marrying Hannah was too utterly impossible to be dreamed of. No, he would just try to be patient for the present, hoping that the tangled skein would unravel itself by-and-by. Meanwhile he decided to say nothing to Viola just yet.

The long-looked-for day of the fair dawned, to the disappointment of many, with a cloudy sky. At about eight o'clock it began to rain, and rained fitfully for an hour, after which it showed signs of clearing up. But it was not until nearly noon that the sun finally condescended to show a smiling face. When it did it shone with that beaming softness and pleasant warmth peculiar to September.

George started quite early for Sandy Hill, where the fair was to be held, driving the span of sleek two-year-old colts that he had recently broken in; but Mr. and Mrs. Adams set out much later with the staid and steady team and the double-seated democrat. Jim and Tommy Smith, a neighbour's boys, had asked for a ride to the village, where they were to stay a day or two with their aunt. They put in an appearance quite early, and during the interval of waiting made themselves generally useful.

"I must take my umbrella," said Mrs. Adams shortly before they started. "It doesn't look much like rain now, but the weather isn't to be depended on; it's best to be on the

safe side." But just then she remembered that something had gone wrong with the umbrella; it wouldn't stay open.

"I can fix that in two jiffys!" said Tommy, and as Mrs. Adams took her seat in the democrat he handed her the umbrella wide open, saying triumphantly as he did so, "I'll bet you a ride on the merry-go-round that'll stay open now!" It did, indeed, stay open, but nothing could induce it to shut again. Mrs. Adams tried to push it under the seat, but, being a very large one, it refused to accommodate itself to so small a space. There was nothing for it but to hold it up the whole eight miles to the village, although there was no rain or sun to afford an excuse.

The incessant chatter of the boys drove away all melancholy thoughts from the minds of the old people. The most interesting topic of conversation was the merry-go-round, which was to be a new feature of the sports. The boys had never seen one, and they listened eagerly to all Mr. Adams could tell them about it.

It was rather late when they reached Sandy Hill, and the village presented an unusually lively spectacle. An excursion train had just come into the station, adding its quota of people and interest to the crowd of village and country folks already gathered there. Hearing the toot-toot of the merry-go-round, the boys lost little time in reaching the coveted spot; but Mr. and Mrs. Adams went at once to the fair grounds. They were surprised to find the hall and grounds almost deserted. A few stragglers here and there were all that could be seen. It did not take them long to look at all the exhibits; they were even fewer than usual, and the Sandy Hill exhibitions had never been very famous. They were much pleased, however, to find that they had won several prizes. When they had made the round they went to see what had become of everybody else.

The discovery was soon made. In the centre of the village, under a large awning, was the merry-go-round in full motion and well laden with living freight. Massed around it on all sides were the people, men, women and children, gazing at that central point of interest as if its dizzy revolutions represented the chief joy of life. Everybody was there. In fact, unless one wished to be unsociable and spend the day in comparative solitude, it was necessary to remain there, for in no other place could one's friends be found; although, as the day wore on, there were numerous radiations, the little groups and stragglers invariably returned to this centre of gravitation.

It was towards the middle of the afternoon that Mr. and Mrs. Adams, having enjoyed a quiet hour or two at the home of an old friend, returned to the merry scene. They stood and watched it for some time in silence. The machine, doubtless originated for the amusement of children, was not entirely monopolised by them. There were gay young ladies and gentlemen, staid middle-aged people, and even a scattering of grey heads in that dizzy whirl; and judging from their animated faces as they went spinning around to the tireless air of "Dixie Land," they enjoyed the sensation quite as much as did the juveniles.

There were plenty among the on-lookers who held their heads high and scornfully denounced the whole performance as a foolish waste of money. Perhaps they were right. Yet even a few of these were eventually affected by the contagious fascination, and drawn into the maelstrom.

In a little side tent near by was a really good Edison phonograph. There were also on exhibition a number of wonderful phenomena which may have been what they seemed—though we will not risk an affidavit. For the small sum of ten cents any one might see these marvels and also

hear a large number of phonograph selections. It was not necessary, however, to go inside the tent to hear the phonograph. Through an aperture at the side most of the pieces might be plainly heard by those who stood near, even above the lively strains of "Dixie Land."

Mrs. Adams was in a dream. When she had lived at home in the Old Country it had been her dearest ambition to ride on the merry-go-round, but her mother did not consider this a suitable pastime for well-brought-up little girls. Little Mary Ann's dream had never been realised, and oh! how she had envied the girls whose mothers were less particular than her own. This old childish ambition she had thought dead and buried long ago, but now as she gazed at the gay scene its ghost came back to haunt her. Yes, she was actually envying the jolly young riders on those prancing wooden steeds! Just at this moment there rang out clearly from the phonograph:

"Are you comin' out to-night, Mary Ann?"

Now don't say that ye can't, for ye can!
There's a gossoon wants to spoon
Underneath the harvest moon;
And it's me,— don't you see?—Mike McGee."

In an instant the dream changed—as dreams will. The voice was that of her handsome lover. They were roaming together in moonlit harvest fields, gathering dewy crimson poppies, and he was telling her the sweet old story of his love. The voice sang on:

"There's a tale I have to tell Mary Ann.
It's yourself that knows it well, Mary Ann.

There's a kiss goes with it, too;—
Mary Ann, what's keepin' you?
Are ye comin' out to-night, Mary Ann?"

Mrs. Adams was roused out of her dream by a light touch on her shoulder. "Will you come, Mary Ann?"

She looked at her husband with questioning eyes. "Come where?"

"Why, on the merry-go-round. Come and have a ride."

"Why, Michael! Whatever would people say?"

"Say what they like. Who cares?"

Was the childish ideal of happiness to be realised at last? Mrs. Adams' old girlish love of over-riding conventionalities suddenly asserted itself once more, and she answered almost gleefully, "All right, I will."

Mr. Adams darted away to secure a couple of tickets. He was back again in a moment, and they stepped hastily forward as the manager piped out, "All aboard for the next ride!"

"You will take a carriage, I suppose, Mary Ann?"

"Oh, no! a pony, please."

"Can you stick on?"

"I used to be able to stick on a horse."

"I should think you did! and a more lifey one than this by a long shot!" Mr. Adams glanced at his wife with a return of the old admiration he used to feel for her horsemanship.

They were seated and grasping the bridles. The wooden steeds slowly began to move, and "Dixie Land" struck up. Round they went, each moment gaining in speed till the faces in the crowd below became indistinct. Mrs. Adams sat erect with an unwonted light in her eyes. The wind played mad pranks with her soft grey hair, and a pink spot glowed upon each faded cheek. She had become a girl again, and with her lover at her side was galloping over the breezy, heath-clad moorlands of the Old Country. The face of Michael Adams, too, wore a youthful smile. He was dreaming the selfsame dream.

They were rudely awakened. There came a sudden gust of wind, with the sound of straining cords and flapping canvas. Then it seemed as if the skies were falling, and they found themselves enveloped in a cloud. The tent-pins had been wrenched from the ground, and the awning had become a whirling cloud of canvas. Still round and round they flew, each moment becoming more

hopelessly entangled. There were confused shoutings, and the sound of hurrying steps, but they were in darkness as to the meaning of it all. Presently Michael's head emerged from a rent in the canvas, and he saw in a moment what had happened. It was a relief to see daylight out of the confusing chaos, but his wife was still invisible. "Are you there, Mary Ann?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, I'm here safe enough," she replied in muffled tones, "The question is how to get out."

The machine had by this time come to a standstill, and it was discovered, to the general relief, that no one was seriously hurt.

In a few minutes the entangled passengers were liberated—all but Mrs. Adams. She was enshrouded so completely that some time elapsed before she could be extricated. And still that voice sang out mockingly:

"Are you comin' out to-night, Mary Ann?"

Now don't say that ye can't; for ye can."

In spite of those assuring words poor Mary Ann was powerless to help herself just then; but when at last she did emerge from her prison the rejuvenated couple melted away in the crowd, and appeared no more upon the scene.

An hour later, as they were driving homeward under the big umbrella that wouldn't shut, Michael Adams broke a long silence caused by a mutual renewal of that extraordinary interrupted dream:

"Mary Ann, I've just been thinking—when you and I were young it would have been terribly hard for me to marry anyone but you."

A sweet, soft look, the tender afterglow of the light of other days, stole into the eyes of Mary Ann. "And if you had married anyone else but me it would have broken my heart," she said.

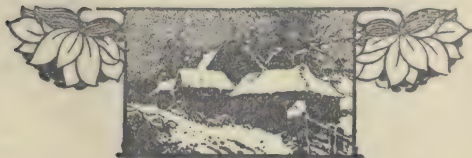
"I suppose the young folks love each other now just as we did," he went on; "and he has always been a good boy. You couldn't find the beat of him in the whole county. I'd stake my last dollar on that."

"Yes, that is true, Michael. And she is a sweet little thing after all. Didn't you notice how pretty she looked to-day? He might do worse than marry Viola."

"What do you say, wife? Shall we tell him to bring her home?"

"Yes, and the sooner the better. Let them have all the happiness they can get while they are young."

"All right. So let it be, then. We'll tell him to-night as soon as he comes home."



DAWN ON THE HILLS

By E. M. YEOMAN

Low in the orange east, where buddeth morn,
The long moon-crescent goes her way serene,
Breathing a fading glory to adorn
The painted dawn-dusk with her yellow sheen.

Wan as some quiet-grieving queen she rides,
Gilding the beauty spread before mine eyes,
Of lofty mountains built into the skies,
Rude monuments of Chaos, from whose sides,
Tinged far away with gloomy amethyst,
Gush snowy streams, whose foaming liquors roar
To gaping caverns full of night, and pour
To far green fields that lie in pearly mist.

This is my universe, and my frail heart
Is centre of it. There, far below,
Where ghostly morn-mists flee away and part,
Showing a goodly land, my ways I go,
Chartless, pursuing with a childish zest
Wraiths of reality—ah me! though skilled
In lore that every way is vain, each quest
A luring void, save as they serve to build
Supernal destiny.

Oh, I do stand
Upon the edges of eternity;
And recking not that Doom shall turn to me,
I carve mine own shape with a heedless hand,
Gifted with master skill.

Now bloometh dawn,
Ripened to vital splendour—lights that spread
Vapours of violet wreathed in gold upon
The mountain-tops, and flaming fires of red,
And smokes that gush from them.

But like the sun,
That riseth now upon the world to see
What all his care of yesterdays hath done,
So shall I rise, when Time hath lifted me,
To view the halls of destiny at dawn,
And seeking mine own self, with bitter thought
And rueful eyes, look forth, and look upon
The hapless shape I wrought.

PLAYS OF THE SEASON

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

THE Devil and Salome threatened for a time to corner public attention in the theatrical offerings of the early season. In coupling the two, however, it ought to be explained that they have nothing in common except their popularity. We make this prompt explanation in justice to the former, "to give the Devil his due," as the phrase goes. Over the *Salomes* was as promptly thrown an eighth and final veil, the veil of oblivion. The exhibitions in her name have no place in the chronicles of the stage or in the thoughts of decent people.

"The Devil" of this wide celebrity is a clever modern comedy by one Franz Molnar, a Hungarian writer hitherto unknown on this side, but now suddenly swept into fame and enjoying the unique distinction of the simultaneous appearance of two versions of his popular play. Of the comparative merits of the rival productions there can be no two opinions, and whatever the legal rights—which do not concern the reviewer—the incontrovertible right of superior performance belongs to the one of which Mr. George Arliss is the interpretative genius.

In this remarkable play the spirit of evil personified, appearing in the lives of certain people at a crucial moment, plays the part of destiny. It is an inversion in a way of the *motif* of "The Servant in the House," where the Christ personified, (*Manson*), appearing in the vicar's household at a crisis, visibly controls the action through the reformation of the principal characters. Both plays are to this extent symbolic, and both are written on modern realistic lines. The original of the Hungarian play is the *Faust* legend, translated into modern terms and fitted to modern methods of thinking. The *Devil* of

Herr Molnar has neither cloven foot nor tail, not even the familiar scarlet cloak, but is in all outward aspects,

at least, an ordinary, sophisticated gentleman of the world, suave, urbane, humorous, audacious, who for social convenience calls himself *Doctor Nicol*. The symbolic character, however, is quickly suggested, even before the leading question, "Who are you?" is put. The story is concise but purposely ordinary, interest depending on the psychological development of the situation and still



Miss Billie Burke, starring in "Love Watches"



Mr. George Arliss, starring in "The Devil"

more especially on the characterisation of the Mephistophelian figure. Six years before the play opens *Madame Vaross* had foresworn the love of a struggling artist and married wealth. During the years that have intervened a scrupulous silence between the former lovers has been observed. While the artist has struggled on to fame, varying the monotony of work with little affairs, *Madame Vaross* remains a loyal, devoted, though emotionally unsatisfied wife. For reasons of conscience, she has even refused to sit for a portrait, but at the time of the play these scruples have finally given way and she appears at the artist's studio for the first sitting. Propriety in the form of the husband protects her to the threshold. She is still the scrupulous, domestic woman when, unprotected,

the artist seeks to awaken the old feeling. It is at this juncture—an embarrassing moment, as it happens in toilet preparations for the sitting—that the *Devil*, with characteristic audacity, appears. He has been sleeping comfortably all the while before the fire, unobserved. An obvious advantage in dealing with the occult is the little need for invention, and the at first enraged artist soon recognises the intruder as someone he has met before. "Monte Carlo, was it not?" Employing the ordinary sophistries of lovers with true Mephistophelian cunning and art, the visitor soon succeeds in kindling the smouldering flame of passion. With scriptural accuracy, he promises them all the glory of the world in the fulfilment of their hearts' desires. Familiar doctrine, all of it, even to the phrasing, but it is just in the familiarity, its up-to-dateness and triteness that the point of the satire lies. For the author's intent—a satirisation and ironical survey of perfectly recognisable human emotions and sentiments—is soon apparent. And his success to this extent is undeniable. An interruption, the returned husband, closes the scene. With the next act the scene shifts to a ball at the *Vaross* mansion, to which the evil one has contrived to invite himself. Here he employs another familiar weapon, jealousy—and how he tortures the lovers in this devil's rack! The act ends with the angry departure of the artist and the complete emotional capitulation of the wife. In the morning all reappear at the studio, where misunderstanding is cleared up, and, head on shoulder, the lovers withdraw, laughing merrily over

an angry letter which the evil intermediary had conveniently forgotten to deliver earlier.

This harsh and necessarily incomplete outline conveys no impression of the subtle, insinuating character of the piece. Its elusiveness is one of its charms. The plot, if it can be called one, is the merest superstructure, on which the author has built a startlingly clever analysis and *exposé* of certain liberal tendencies in modern thought. So much—one might say everything — depends on the actions aside, the impression and observations by the way, the subtle suggestion of casuistry, the insinuation, often diabolical but always humorous, the clever satirical shafts, the sparkling dialogue and sly reference in which the play abounds.

What the play owes to its chief interpreter is everywhere evident, excellent as the play is both in purpose and fulfilment. The first act is well nigh mighty, thoroughly dramatic, tense in situation, luminous with wit and epigram, and charged with deep, underlying symbolism. Had the strength of this first act been maintained we should have had one of the great plays of modern times. The situation, however, is so fully drawn in this, so skilfully projected, that we have the effect of climax. And whatever the intellectual and psychological interest of the succeeding acts, the great moving dramatic interest has subsided. Mr. Arliss has probably no peer on the English-speaking stage. Not since Irving, perhaps, have we had an actor of his keen, subtle in-

telligence and *finesse* of execution. Such drawings as *Cayley Drummie*, *Lord Steyn*, *Brack*, *Brendel*, and a score of others, are masterpieces in dramatic portraiture. And the present seems an amplification, a fulfilment of the promise of all that has gone before. "Love Watches," adapted by Gladys Unger from the French



Miss Alexandra Carlisle in "The Mollusc"

of R. de Flers and G. Caillavet, is one of those refreshing studies in Gallic temperament, modelled in delicate relief against a socially conventional background of Parisian life. The comedy is one of considerable cleverness, much daintiness and great charm, and in the presentation these qualities were fortunately preserved. *Jacqueline*, with a simple girlish directness, and an ardour calculated to shock the ordinary Teutonic mind, loves *Count André*, tells him so and weds him out of hand. A rather enviable situation this for the Count, we reflect as the warmth and singleness of her post-nuptial feelings are disclosed; but a very precarious one, too, as experience so often proves. It is all the more precarious where the past cannot be included in the confiscating present. And the Count has a "past," done with, but there are no safeguards against misunderstanding, and the Devil's shadow is soon thrown on their young happiness. The passionately impulsive *Jacqueline* has threatened, too, that, at the first sign of unfaithfulness she will within the hour take revenge. True to her word, she dashes into the studios abode of poor *Ernest Augardé*, a bachelor cousin, who loves her dearly, but hitherto

without hope. But now she has come to him, and the poor book-worm's heart glows with expectation. For the first time life has tossed him a favour, a smile of recognition. He reaches to clasp his joy, and in her avoidance, a conscious shrinking from

the embrace, he learns the truth, learns that she has come to him only to be revenged on her husband. Then follows a scene of tender upbraiding, in which the thoughtless cruelty and pathos of the situation are made clear to her. But good *Augardé* helps along the plot notwithstanding, helps to kindle a spark of jealousy in *André's* heart, and does it so realistically that with true feminine perversity *Jacqueline* soon comes to the rescue of the distracted husband. Everything is explained, of course, on both sides, and the young doves nestle down to a new lease of happiness, less ardent possibly, but more substantial. A balm for poor *Augardé's* heart is found in the secretary, who is devoted to him.

Miss Billie Burke, the latest Froh-

man star, is the charming heroine of the piece, and a bright, vivacious, ardent, singularly beautiful *Jacqueline* she makes. Mr. Ernest Rawford plays the ingenuous *Augardé*, and adds another, and possibly the best, to his many delightful characterisations. The



Mr. Arnold Daly, in "The Regeneration"

dramatic interest of the piece undoubtedly lies in his artistic handling of the library scene. A note of exquisite human appeal is struck here, and the underlying pathos of the situation is revealed without sacrificing for a moment the spirit of comedy.

Another comedy of unmistakable literary quality is "The Mollusc" by

Hubert Henry Davies, in many respects one of the most important and welcome offerings of the early season. Lightness of theme and delicacy of touch are not the conspicuous qualities of English dramatists, and the fact that "The Mollusc," which possesses both qualities to a marked degree, comes from the pen of an Englishman, makes the event all the more noteworthy. This is the play that had a prolonged run in London with Sir Charles Wyndham in the leading rôle. The casting on this side, however, is far from noteworthy and much of the excellent characterisation is in consequence lost. In spite of this serious defect, all the more serious in a play of its light, texture, the quality of the author's work is evident. The piece is essentially dramatic, exhibiting genuine conflict of character, with plenty of humor and insight and a sense of the theatrical value of situation.

The *Mollusc* of the play is a pretty, plump little English woman, Mrs. *Baxter* by name, whose affectations of invalidism have enslaved her entire household, including a complacent husband and an attractive governess. A brother, *Tom Kemp*, just home from Canada, makes vigorous efforts to cure his sister of *molluscry* (his own

diagnosis), but soon discovers that neither his good temper nor his resolution can successfully oppose her good-natured, imperturbable indolence and blandishments. Her engaging selfishness goes the length of opposing the brother's marriage to the pretty governess, for no other reason than that she will lose the services of one on whom she has learned to depend. The husband has also learned, he finds, to depend on this valuable member of the household, and the brother uses the knowledge to stir a pang of jealousy in the placid invalid. The move is successful, and the play ends in a prospect of marriage for the lovers and a prospect also of more domestic happiness.

Miss Alexandra Carlisle, an exceedingly attractive English woman and clever actress, plays the name part, and Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson, the rôle of the governess. The latter is particularly charming and effective. The male rôles are entrusted to Mr.



Photograph by W. A. Cooper

Mr. Harry Lauder, the eminent Scottish comedian, now touring Canada

Joseph Coyne and Mr. Forrest Robinson, both good actors in their own field, but obviously unsuited to a play of this character.

"Diana of Dobson's," by Cicely Hamilton, did not prove a success on this side, notwithstanding the presence of so thorough an artist as Miss Carlotta Nilsson in the title rôle. The failure

was all the more remarkable from the fact that in London Miss Lena Ashwell has scored one of her most notable successes in this piece. Miss Ashwell, of course, would be much better suited to the part than Miss Nilsson, while the English atmosphere so essential to its interpretation would be ready to hand.

Moreover, the cream of the play has already been skimmed for us by Mr. Clyde Fitch in "Girls."

"Think of the foreign noblemen who live on their wives' money."

"I'm not a foreign nobleman, I'm an American citizen."

This patriotic scrap is the text of a vivacious comedy by Rupert Hughes which, for some reason not quite clear, met the same fate as the same author's gloomy "Triangle" of a few seasons ago. There was plenty of brightness in "All for a Girl," some excellent characterisation and enough sentiment—patriotic and human—to meet the ordinary demand. The performance of Miss Jane Corcoran in a typical low comedy characterisation, itself made the entertainment worth while. Mr. Douglas Fairbanks was the young star of the occasion.

"The Man from Home," by Booth Tarkington, was more successful—entirely successful, one should say—in exploiting home-made American sentiment. The play is also a refreshing comedy, full of delightful quips and humorously effective situations. As an answer to the frequent taunt, for instance, that America has no leisure class, the author points to the negroes. This may not be profound, but it is



Miss Blanche Bates, in "The Fighting Hope"

witty and undeniably to the point.

The prominent part which Mr. Arnold Daly took in the Bernard Shaw movement a couple of seasons ago and his interesting efforts last year to found a "Theatre of Ideas" have been fully recorded in former articles. His appearance this year in a frankly melodramatic offering, "The Regeneration," by Owen Kildare, would suggest that, for the time at least, he has forsaken the "literary" drama for a less exclusive but more profitable domain of endeavour. This, of course, does not infer a less serious attitude or a less artistic individual performance. Mr. Daly is above all things an artist, and the same high standard of excellence shows in this as in "Candida," "You Never Can Tell," "Arms and the Man," or "The Monkey's Paw." The decline is in the dramatic vehicle, a decline, for instance, from the intellectual breadth and clear spiritual vision of Mr. Bernard Shaw to the commonplace of a sentimentalist. As *Owen Conway*, a noted Bowery tough, Mr. Daly presents a virile, consistent character study and succeeds at times in creating the illusion of the finest acting art. But for the inevitable comparison which this actor's presence invites, "The Regeneration" would, moreover, pass as a highly interesting melodrama of theatrically effective situation, while the characters portrayed are no doubt fairly representative of the under side of Bowery life. The action revolves around the reformation of *Owen Conway*, who, by a fortuitous combination of circumstances, comes under the influence of a settlement worker. In all "reformation" plays, the evolutionary capacity of the hero is, of course, conceded, and the hero of "The Regeneration" is no exception to this rule of susceptibility.

"His Wife's Family," by George Egerton, which followed "The Regeneration," was an interesting study

in Irish character, exceedingly well acted. It presented Mr. Daly in a very agreeable portrait of an exuberant, spendthrift, high-stepping gentleman of that thriftless poetic isle. There was, however, very little character development and less story, and lacking these essentials of drama and of popular stage appeal, the fine work of Mr. Daly, Miss Doris Keane, and Mr. Edward Harrigan was lost.

"The Offenders," by Elmer Blaney Harris, another "reform" play, held the promise of good melodrama at the outset, but soon developed into a more or less sentimental review of the broad sociological problem of child labour and its corollary, juvenile crime. The leading characters are an ex-convict, the benevolent judge of a juvenile court, and a settlement worker who happens also to be the young wife of the State political boss



Miss Isadora Duncan, who has revived the classic dance



Miss Gertie Millar, in "The Girls of Gottenberg"

The ex-convict, reformed as in "The Regeneration," becomes a valuable ally of the juvenile court, thwarts the political boss who has killed the Child Labour Bill, and catches him red-handed in the act of accepting hush money from a notorious offender against the law of serving liquor to minors. This leads to a strong climactic scene, showing the inevitable clash of characters and conflict of purpose. The issue rests with the

wife, whose contemplated desertion of the iniquitous husband will send the young hero back to prison. The hero, being a hero, decides for her and goes down for another term. Up to this point we have stirring melodrama at least, with only occasional lapses. The rest is sentiment, some pretty, some mawkish, but with none of it is the stage especially concerned. The play was exceedingly well presented and cast, and Mr. Robert Edeson's ex-convict proved an excellent character study.

"The Gentleman from Mississippi" is the lawful successor of "The Man of the Hour," in the exposure of corruption in high places, and is also heir to the same entertaining qualities, humorous insight and delightful characterisation that made the earlier play such an emphatic success. "The Man of the Hour," as you know, dealt with civic corruption. The present play deals with corruption in that august body, the United States Senate. Comedy is again the vehicle, and its superior effectiveness, even in a serious undertaking, is again demonstrated. "The Offender" is an object lesson in the contrary view. The simultaneous appearance of the two, and the long list of politico-sociologic, economic plays already extant again suggests, also, that whatever else may result from these burning years of social and political upheaval, an apparently inexhaustible supply of dramatic material has, at least, been furnished.

"The Gentleman from Mississippi"

takes its title from the central character, a quaint, kindly, old-fashioned, newly-elected senator, a child in the game of politics, but a man of old-fashioned honour, and a gentleman in the best Southern sense. An easy mark for the modern politician, it would seem, but on his arrival in Washington, disclosed in the opening act, he has the good fortune to fall into the hands of a bright young newspaper reporter, who becomes his secretary, and, for the time, senator *de facto*. The issue that develops is a naval base in the Gulf, and a location in which certain senators and representatives are financially interested seems to be the choice. Through his son, a ready tool of the schemers, they have even made the new senator a nominal partner in the deal and so tied his hands as they suppose. But they have reckoned without the honour of a Southern gentleman, and when the graft plan is uncovered he makes it a condition of his support of the bill that they repudiate every penny of their interest. Of course, virtue triumphs, and the triumph is all contrived in a splendid vein of humour, even to the final situation. The central character, enacted by Mr. Thomas A. Wise, a part-author also, fairly exudes geniality, kindness, loveliness and genuine humour. Without his presence it is difficult to say what the piece might be, but with it, "The Gentleman from Mississippi" is one of the best and most entertaining plays of the season.

"The Call of the North," by George Broadhurst, which Mr. Edeson presented earlier, is founded on Stewart Edward White's story, "Conjuror's House," which, as those who are familiar with the book know, deals with life in the Hudson Bay country. The alleged Canadian types, familiar enough on the stage, would hardly be recognised, however, as distinctively Canadian, while, if the facts—or factors—are as represented, a Government commission in that country is urgent. As a story, however, "The

Call of the North" is thrilling, full of stirring action, romance and love interest. Mr. Edeson, as the romantic hero of this dramatic invasion of Canadian territory, quite realises our ideal of the bold, venturesome, courageous, and resourceful adventurer.

"Glorious Betsy," by Rida Johnson Young, is a laudable attempt to treat dramatically the romantic courtship and marriage of Jerome Napoleon and Miss Elizabeth (Betsy) Patterson, of Baltimore. According to history, the marriage took place a few months before Napoleon was proclaimed Emperor, and history further records that on the Emperor's refusal to recognise the match—having arranged for his brother an alliance with the house of Wurtemberg—Miss Betsy was granted an annuity of 60,000 francs a year, on which she lived to a ripe but not very tractable old age. This, however, is not just the material for a romantic drama, so the dramatist supplies her own. For instance, at the time of the proclamation and Jerome's recall to France, the lovers are in an advanced stage of courtship merely, and, as lovers, both set sail for France to make personal intercession with the Emperor. According to history, Napoleon refused to see Betsy, but according to the dramatist he comes out to meet the frigate, orders Jerome ashore, and the sorrowing Betsy to return without even the satisfaction of landing on French soil. The inconsolable heroine returns home, but she has hardly arrived when the devoted lover re-appears and the scene closes in a prospect of happiness for both. It is a much pleasanter tale than the recorded one and, dramatically, at least, consistent. Interest centred in the performance of Miss Mary Mannering, who proved a captivating *Betsy*, realising in the earlier scenes all the pretty charms of the coquette, with the winsomeness of youth, and in the later scenes a full rich chord of mature womanhood.

"The Fighting Hope," by William

J. Hurlburt, the annual Belasco offering of the season, has revoked a number of Belasco traditions. The cast is very small, there are no changes of scenery, no supplementary stage effects, no dissolving curtains, no rain or realistic gusts of wind—nothing but acting. And the acting does it all, overdoes sometimes, one might say, forcing the theatrical note too much, and making unduly obvious situations that are self-evident. The play deals directly with the existing prejudice against corporate institutions, as a result of the epidemic of investigation. *Robert Grainger*, ex-cashier of the *Gotham Trust Company*, has been sent down for the over-certification of a check. In the existing state of public feeling it is generally supposed that the subordinate has been made the scapegoat for the real criminal, *Burton Temple*, the President of the Trust Company. The convicted man's wife naturally shares this view, and to get at the facts that will free her husband and send the guilty man down in his place, she enters *Temple's* employ as a private stenographer. Instead of finding evidence of her husband's innocence, however, she finds conclusive evidence of his guilt in the form of an incriminating letter which the now indicted president has just obtained. On the spur of an impulse, however, she destroys the letter, and then discovers that to save her guilty husband she has destroyed the only evidence that can save the man—she has come to love. The complication that naturally arises in her own feeling is finally straightened out by the killing of her husband in an attempt to escape. Before this happens, however, his weakness and criminality have been sufficiently exposed to alienate any chance sympathy for him.

The acting opportunities of such a piece will be evident. Miss Blanche Bates, as *Mrs. Grainger*, shows herself an actress of quite remarkable emotional range, though one could wish at times that she were more free

from certain theatrical mannerisms. She has both poise and subtlety, grace and tenderness and some of her best moments are her quietest. In the scene with the husband, however, she realises an abandon and hysterical frenzy with tremendous theatrical effect. Next to Miss Bates the honours of the performance belong to Mr. John W. Cope, in a delightfully realistic portrait of a cynical, abrupt lawyer and confidential adviser of the financier.

This play will have a further interest for Canadians from the fact that the late Mr. Reuben Fax was rehearsing one of the parts when his death occurred.

In presenting "*Mater*," described as a comedy of American life, by Mr. Percy Mackaye, as a successor to "*The Servant in the House*," Mr. Henry Miller is maintaining his reputation for the production of plays of solid worth and distinct literary merit. This joyous comedy, too, is full of poetic charm, so wholesome and gracious, so free from the sentimentalism of much that we have reviewed.

Although the scholarly author of "*Mater*" is still in the early thirties, three of his plays have now been presented on the public stage. Two years ago Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothorn produced his "*Jeanne d'Arc*," and a year ago Mr. Fiske presented his poetic tragedy "*Sappho and Phaon*," with Mme. Bertha Kalich in the rôle of the Lesbian poetess. From these native realms of poetry and romance, to a domestic comedy set in an atmosphere of modern politics, seems a far cry, but Mr. Mackaye has demonstrated that the spirit of "*Mater*" may even reconcile such apparent incongruities as politics and poetry. For the spirit of "*Mater*" is the spirit of genial compromise, of wholesome worldly-minded wisdom and winsomeness, the gift of laughter and love. Its form is a comely woman. Poetry, the author charges with a practical mission, as well as with prophecy, while into the coarser strands of poli-

tical intrigue he has woven coquetry of the lightest, daintiest texture, holding the scales of poetic justice so fairly that the extrication is accomplished without a single unnecessary pang. Coquette and politician play their little dissembling game to the end, or until the coquette has accomplished her purpose—the election of her son.

Mater, the charming coquette of the play, is the widow of a United States senator, and the mother of two very serious children, black swans she calls them, feathered like their swan father, in contrast to her own golden, downy fluffiness. She is the mother goose of her metaphor, and with a touch of charming fancy she relates how as a little gosling plaything on the hill-side, with a sky-blue mud puddle for a mirror, she was caught up by a big black swan that came out of a cloud and carried off to the dome of the Capitol. In the shadow of that dome these two black swans were born. *Mater*, you see, can laugh at her children, who, in turn, patronise her for her touch of domesticity and lightness of nature. One of these swans is a daughter, devoted to settlement work—"parlour philanthropy," the mother calls it—and to her brother *Michael*, who in turn is seriously devoted to a political career. Both in time become devoted to their great father's memory. At the time of the play the son is standing for election, and the opening scene discloses the devoted sister reading to her boy admirer from a ponderous volume *Michael* has just published entitled "Common Sense and the Common Weal." Burdened with his theories and scornfully refusing to contribute the little sum of four thousand to "campaign expenses," the uncompromising idealist has almost succeeded in antagonising the political machine, when the quick-witted mother comes to the rescue. In the skill with which

she handles the situation there is a suggestion of the part she had also no doubt played in the dead senator's career. Whether she contributes the required sum or not, we do not learn, but she coquettes, angles, delightfully and gracefully with *Cullen's* susceptibilities, and in the belief, well contrived, that he is engaging the attention of *Miss Dean*, the politician is soon her devoted *Adonis*. "True love," says Balzac, "does not give more joy than graceful treachery," and *Mater's* treachery it not only graceful, but charged with laughter. *Cullen* laughs, too, and the scenes between them are replete with wit and brilliant repartee and, of course, the situation is not without its humorous complications. Miss Isabel Irving plays the title rôle with all necessary charm and delicacy.

A number of musical comedies have made their appearance this season, and one at least has distinct merit—"The Girls of Gottenburg," fresh from the Gaiety Theatre, London. With this has also come in Miss Gertie Millar an English comedienne of unmistakable charm and refinement. Buoyant, blithe, bewitching, and a star who can both act and sing, Miss Millar is a distinct acquisition to the comic opera stage on this side.

Of Miss Isadore Duncan's famous classical dances it would be tempting to write at length. Not in any hope of doing her great act justice, but merely to measure out one's personal emotions in retrospect. If the real test of art is the power to communicate joy, Miss Duncan is a supreme artist. One's heart sings with every movement of her graceful body, and when, as in the *Danube* or a *Bacchanale*, she gives expression to the great passionate joy of life, the response is an ecstasy of exquisite feeling, measurable only by a sunset or the flight of a cloud across a June sky.

THE MODERN OLYMPIA

BY H. J. P. GOOD

IT is a dozen years since the first modern Olympian championships were held at Athens. Born of romance, the idea of the revival of the games, the only reward of success at which was an olive leaf, seized an impressionable people, and while the games proper were probably unattended by such scores of thousands as flocked last autumn to the Stadium at Shepherd's Bush, the land that captivated a Byron turned out its proportionate multitudes. The English-speaking people took up the idea and did its best to give it impetus. It attracted, if not the competition of many aliens to Greece, at least the national athletic world. There was just a sufficient accession of foreigners to increase the interest; but in the following quadrennial celebration, held at Paris, France, there was a larger attendance of competitors, and, of course, of the public. The third holding of the modern games, at St. Louis in 1904, was a pronounced success. Then we come to the fourth, two instead of four years later, when the ancient course at Athens was the scene. Canada was there and carried off the main event—an event that attracted the attention of the world to the prowess of our footrunners in the same way as Hanlan's success in Great Britain had done well-nigh a quarter of a century before. And now, two years still further on, the fifth celebration has taken place.

To understand what the Olympic games mean, one must bear in mind

that their revival was like reincarnation, an invocation of the gods, a living over again to the Greeks of the days when their country led the world in all the things the world held worthy, and a revival of the period when the young men developed brain and body harmoniously; for if there was every stimulation for him who would emulate the intellectually great—encouragement for debate and orations, recitation of poetry and presentation of the drama in historic places and in the presence of the honoured leaders who were yet walking among them—there was corresponding glory for the physically superior; constant practice in bodily exercises, frequent athletic competitions, and, above all, the intense excitement of the Olympic games, which periodically aroused the populace to frenzied enthusiasm.

In those great days when the spirit of the citizens was nurtured by a system of education as much physical as mental, as much emotional as intellectual, a youth could hope to perform no more renowned feat than to win a prize at the Olympic games. Crowned in the temple was he with a wreath of wild olive and he returned in state to his native city, where, that he might not have to enter the city gates as an ordinary citizen, they sometimes breached the walls. Quite often a marble statue was erected to the hero. He might even be pensioned for life, and now and again the nation's poets felt sufficiently inspired to compose odes to his greatness. The pension money is gone and

the statues have crumbled, but the Olympic odes have come down to us in all their lyric beauty, and what else need the soul of man care for?

As in the old days the Olympic victor was of some note in the community, so, the present day people of Greece decided, was he worthy to be again. And here the power of the press was brought into play. For months preceding the games at the first revival, every newspaper in Greece seemed to be drumming on that one note—the glory that was their ancestors'—until at length was born an all-absorbing desire for the recreated Olympic festival. At first there was some discouragement because no structure suitable to the occasion was at hand; but the patriotic Averoff offered to, and did, furnish the funds for a stadium to be built on the banks of the Illissus, above the site of that stadium wherein the sacred festival was last held at Attica. And so, after fifteen hundred years, they dug out the old yellow marble blocks that once were so white, and erected the present superb stadium, and merely to glance at it is worth a year of classical research in any dusty library at home. All white marble from track to upper walls, marble that gleams in the sun like a dream of unsullied snow and of a capacity to seat seventy thousand people; and, above and around the inclosure, encompassing the white walls so closely as to seem a continuation of the serried seats, are the slopes of the same hills whereon the multitude sat in the old days also. Thousands inside, thousands outside; a gathering to set bounding a man's pulses when for the first time he comes out to face it.

In olden times, besides running, leaping, boxing, wrestling and throwing the discus, there were horse-racing, chariot-racing, etc. Sometimes there were contests in eloquence, poetry, reading and so on. The victor's prize, as previously suggested, was always a simple wreath

of wild olive. A material of small value was chosen, that the combatants, or rather contestants, might be stimulated by courage and the love of glory more than by the sordid hope of gain. In fact, the glory of the conquerors, who were termed Olympionicæ, was inestimable and immortal. Their statues were erected in Olympia in the sacred wood of Jove. They were conducted home in triumph on a car drawn by four horses; were complimented by painters, poets and orators. Many privileges and immunities were thenceforth conferred on them. Not only all the cities of Greece, but foreign nations also resorted to these games in great numbers, even as they do now, from the extremities of Egypt, from Lydia, Sicily and other countries. The combatants contended naked. At first they were wont to tie scarves round their waists, but his scarf having once thrown down a contestant by entangling his feet, and causing him to lose the victory, even this covering was thenceforth laid aside. The priestesses of Ceres excepted, no females were permitted to be present; and if any woman was found to have passed the River Alpheus during the solemnity, she was ordered to be thrown headlong from a rock. These practices would hardly suit the modern idea, for the glory of the man of to-day is to excel in the sight of his women-folk. The ancient Greeks were made of sterner stuff, and revelled in the sense of their own fitness and in the sense that they were superior to their fellows. Theirs was a devotion to the art of physical culture that is unknown in the present day and in its entirety is hardly ever likely to be revived. Still we rejoice in our strength and in our ability, and therein lies the ideal of athletes and the desire for achievement. We who have passed the days of our boyhood wonder how young men can be devoted to the niceties of athletic sport; how they will try in the heat of the sun to start the fastest off the mark;

how they will perspire and persevere; and yet that is the proof that the manhood that existed in the days of Grecian conquest exists to-day.

Coming to the Olympiad of 1908, which covered several months, it is not altogether easy to say whether such world-wide attractions are of world-wide benefit. On the one side, it is suggested that instead of improving international feeling they embitter it. On the other hand, the argument is advanced, and it would seem with more reason, that even the excess of physical culture and of devotion to the outdoor life is better than none at all. The latter, at least, is not difficult to believe, for, after all, are friends so often estranged by quarrels at play that play should be abandoned altogether? If America and England dispute over athletics as members of the same family, they are entitled to such differences, and it would doubtless be woe to the third party who ventured to interfere. Still, it is to be deplored that angry passions should be fanned into flame by actualities that are intended to make for harmony and peace. But, so it is: we go our way whistling and smiling, content with the whole world, when suddenly some sort of collision occurs, and our cheerfulness is in the air. Tongues and eyes, mind and body are lashed into fury. The United States delegates to Shepherd's Bush had ideas of their own as to how things should be done. The Englishers had theirs; and the two did not agree. That the greed for victory had something to do with the situation is undoubted, but is intense earnestness possible without such seeming greed? It is just as important to be in earnest in competitive play as in other things.

There were, however, incidents that occurred in the athletic games that were not prompted by any differences in rules, or even by keen rivalry, but were the outcome plainly and simply of utter boorishness. We are told that when the athletes were

reviewed before the King, while all the other foreign bodies dipped their flag as they passed his Majesty, the Americans alone held theirs aloft and gave no recognition of the royal presence. The man who carried the flag was Ralph Rose, of the Olympic Athletic Club, San Francisco, who boasts of prowess as a shot-putter. Had the incident ended there, it might have been put down to absent-mindedness or to utter ignorance. Anyway, the one man would have been held guilty of a disgraceful disregard of courtesy, not alone to the King, but to the country which was extending its hospitality to the visitors from across the Atlantic. Unhappily, it is further stated that the man Rose was regarded by his team mates as a hero, and warmly shaken by the hand and patted on the back "for his pluck." The Philadelphia paper that relates this incident ventures the assertion that the games were fairly and even generously conducted, and adds that, after all, the Englishman's reputation as a sportsman is not likely to suffer, even in the United States, because of a few loud-mouthed talkers and boasters from this side of the Atlantic. Other unpleasant and disgraceful incidents are said to have occurred and, sad to relate, even the women who gathered in the little colony, which sat as much as possible by itself, participated in the proceedings. They made insulting remarks, so we are told, while some of their companions made use of language both blasphemous and obscene. And these rowdies were received and honoured by the President, the first man of their country. It is to the credit of the best English papers that they took the more dignified course and declined to comment on or even to report such abominable behaviour. Thus, as I have said, differences are unavoidable but can be generally explained away. There is, however, neither excuse nor explanation for unseemliness such as that with which the American dele-

gates are charged even by their own people.

It is not the object of this article to harp upon the disreputable conduct of the American team of athletes, but reference to it can hardly be avoided. Unfortunately matters were neither amended nor improved by the attitude assumed by the athletes on their return home. They continued to talk about the unfairness with which they had been treated and to say harsh things of the people who were lately their hosts. They were for the most part silent regarding the causes of the unpleasantness, confining themselves mainly to generalities. Their one object appeared to be to perpetuate enmity. To this day, not one of them has had the honesty to acknowledge that Carpenter in the 400-metre race acted with any unfairness or even accidentally traversed the rules. That he deliberately fouled Halswelle, the leading English competitor, facts and photographs only too plainly indicate. The pictures of the footsteps prove the crossing and boring, while two distinct bruises on Halswelle's body prove that he was elbowed and jostled. There is also reason to believe that the whole thing was premeditated and was not the outcome of the excitement of the moment or of temporary eagerness for victory. The English officials were warned the previous night that something was afoot, and they accordingly put on extra officials and employed patrol judges at sections where trouble was likely to occur. Gentlemen who were present from Canada bear out in their entirety these stories, and consequently it is impossible to doubt their truth. 'Tis pity, but the pity of it does not modify the scorn and contempt that must be held for men who can so act and so discredit their country.

Turning to the part played by Canada in these immortal and classic games, while the points scored did not make our representatives rivals

in success with those of older and wealthier countries, we have no cause to complain or to feel discredited. Several men secured the right to compete in the finals and figured as runners up, but Robert Kerr of Hamilton alone accomplished the feat that justified a claim to the olive, represented by a piece of Windsor oak, presented by His Majesty the King. Young Kerr's victory was a notable one over the fastest sprinters that all the countries could produce. Others performed well enough to win in good company, but here they were in competition with the best the world knows. It was, in fact, the choice of a few, so far as Canada was concerned, against the pick of many—the best in 200,000,000 against the best of less than 6,000,000. We have neither the wealth nor leisure of other people. Nor do our men of means take that interest in the welfare of the young, who may fairly be termed their charges, that the well-to-do of other countries do. There are no palatial club-houses or well-equipped extensive grounds devoted to athletics in Canada as there are in many cities of the States and of Great Britain and at the various centres of Europe. Our young men are largely thrown upon their own resources, and the wonder is not that they achieve so little in these Olympic tournaments, but that they achieve so much. In rowing we undoubtedly had greater expectations than in athletics, but here the old story of ultimate defeat by the best oarsmen and scullers of the Empire on their own water and in their own climate was told. Once more the Canadians did well, but not quite well enough. Since their performance there has been much criticism of their style and methods. It is possibly justified, but it seems to me that wiser and less hasty men would prefer to see British oarsmen and scullers perform on Canadian waters before denouncing one style as worse or less efficacious than the other.

Running water is different to still water, and streams and rivers, with their tides, currents, eddies, twists and turns, are far from the same as the broad surface of the great inland lakes of America. So, too, do the climates vary. Hanlan accomplished wonders on English waters, but good as they are the Argonauts are not Hanlans, neither have they the time of the professionals, or of the rich leisure class of Britain, to devote to pursuit of the game. In shooting, Canada gained some glory, and in the lacrosse tournament, completed as

late as October, her representatives came out easily first. And here let me pay a sincere compliment to the motherland. While the team Canada sent over under Mr. Foran was probably the best Canada has ever sent across the Atlantic, the Englishmen in two instances put up so strong a game that the result to the end was doubtful. But still we won, thus proving that, after all, we have our own measure of excellence and superiority, which in the time to come will of a certainty expand and grow after the fashion of the country.



UNITED STATES OLYMPIC GRIEVANCES

—Racey, in *The Montreal Star*

WHO KILLED HIM?

BY HEADON HILL

IT was, perhaps, to be expected that an elderly King's Counsel, more at home at the Central Criminal Court and on the Western Circuit, should feel like a fish out of water at my old friend Sir Walter Bridgecourt's smart house-party. But, in addition to this sensation of being somewhat out of my element, I was conscious from the very moment of joining it that there was an incongruity in the general composition of the assemblage.

For instance, it was a little disconcerting to find Senator Hotchkiss Beaumgartner, of the American Pulp Trust—to say nothing of his amazing wife—a guest under the roof of our austere and somewhat pompous host. To Miss Maisie Beaumgartner, their lovely and very charming daughter, no one could object but the Senator was hardly the kind of person likely to commend himself to Sir Walter Bridgecourt. The latter had no son to need an alliance with Transatlantic millions, or any other reason that I could guess at for cultivating the society of a creature with old Beaumgartner's table manners.

Moreover, in the train of these wealthy vulgarians there came another American, one Felix Shafter by name, to whom, though personally less objectionable than the pulp magnate, I took an instinctive dislike from the first. I was introduced to Mr. Shafter in the billiard-room on the afternoon of my arrival.

"This," said dear old Walter in his ponderous way as he brought me in, "is my good friend and former school-fellow, Mr. Vincent Jerrold,

the eminent King's Counsel. His title to fame consists of having caused more unfortunate wretches to be hanged than any other gentleman of the long robe in the kingdom."

Shafter looked me up and down with an impudent stare as he shook hands. "First-class legal luminary, eh?" he said, using with unwarranted familiarity a term I abominate. "Pleased to meet you, sir; though sorry I can't put any business in your way."

I saw Sir Walter Bridgecourt wince, and, wondering why he had asked such cattle to his ancestral home, I asked him at the first opportunity.

"My dear fellow, the fact is I couldn't very well help myself," he replied nervously. "I had to ask the Beaumgartners, and Shafter is travelling in England with them. He's the sort of individual who would push in anywhere; wouldn't be shaken off."

It did not sound very satisfactory, and I left the question of why he had invited the Beaumgartners untouched. That, however, was a point on which I felt that it would be a breach of privilege to press my friend, and I contented myself with unobtrusively studying the American visitors. I had no reason to modify my opinion that the old couple were ostentatious plebeians, that their daughter Maisie was a sparkling and attractive damsel of no great depth of character, and that Mr. Felix Shafter was an insolent intruder into surroundings with which he was quite unaccustomed.

My habit of observation led me also

to the conclusion that he had matrimonial designs on Miss Maisie, though I could not detect any signs of encouragement in her treatment of him.

There were, of course, some other members of the house-party—people of high position in the social and political world—to whom the extension of hospitality by Sir Walter to these “undesirable aliens,” as some wag dubbed them, was as much an enigma as to myself. Had not most of them been similarly bound to Walter Bridgecourt by ties of long-standing friendship the resentment might have found more open vent.

As it was, we could only wonder why a gentleman of such acknowledged tact and taste as our host should have endeavoured to make oil and water mix in this unpleasant fashion, and wait for developments to enlighten us.

But we were no nearer a solution, when, four days after the arrival of the majority of the guests at the Abbey, it was sprung upon us that the climax of the singular mix-up had not been reached. The surprise came at the breakfast-table, after the opening of the post-bag, when everyone was reading letters. Sir Walter Bridgecourt, with old-fashioned courtesy, had put aside most of his own correspondence for perusal afterwards, but he had broken the seal of one letter, and from this he presently looked up, clearing his throat as though to make an announcement.

“We—er—shall have—er—an addition to our pleasant company to-night,” he began haltingly. “I have here a note from the Duke of St. Ives, accepting an invitation which I sent him to run down and spend the week-end. He will be here in time for dinner. I shall motor to the station and fetch his Grace myself.”

Now the Duke of St. Ives was, next to his Majesty the King, one of the most important personages in the realm. A nobleman of ancient lineage and enormous possessions, he was at the head of one of the great parties

in the State, and, though not at present in office, had been several times Prime Minister, with every prospect of returning to power after the next general election. He was an aristocrat of the aristocrats, not personally popular by reason of his haughty aloofness. Under ordinary circumstances, it would have been a condescension for him to stay with a mere baronet like Sir Walter, but that he should have been asked to join a gathering which included the egregious Beaumgartners and their parasite Shafter was a supreme paradox passing all understanding.

An awed silence followed the announcement, broken at length by Senator Beaumgartner with the remark—

“Lor sakes alive! Maisie, gal, you’ll have to put on your best bib and tucker to captivate this top-sawyer.”

Glancing at the girl, I was astonished to see that she was looking down at her plate, bridling and blushing, and that for once in her life she was without a pert reply. I thought I caught a furtive twist of her fine eyes in the direction of Mr. Felix Shafter, and to his I transferred my attention. His face was a mask of insolent unconcern, which he almost immediately emphasised by saying—

“Well, I guess I ain’t taking any dukes. I’ve just had a letter calling me to go up to-day and see a man in the City of London about a block of shares in our little combine. I reckon I sha’n’t get through with him in time to return before Monday.”

An audible sigh of relief fluttered round the table. The number of the “undesirables” would at any rate be reduced by one, and with good luck the Beaumgartners might be overawed by the presence of the great statesman into comparative obscurity. The Senator’s “Lor” sakes alive” showed that he was duly impressed by the fact of the forthcoming arrival of such an towering personality.

Strolling about the grounds after breakfast, the English guests gave

free rein to discussion of the situation. Some of them clustered round me, as an intimate friend of our host, and tried to pump me as to the meaning of it all. I think that they hardly believed me when I professed myself as much in the dark as themselves, and they turned with avidity to Roger Dalrymple, the young rising member for a northern borough, when he professed to have solved the mystery of the Duke's acceptance of the invitation.

"I didn't say he had been asked to meet the Beaumgartners," Mr. Dalrymple protested to his eager questioners; "I said I could guess at the reason for his Grace joining this—shall we call it, menagerie."

"They are going to rope him in as a director of the Pulp Trust?" hazarded a flippant youth in the Guards.

"I repeat," insisted Mr. Dalrymple, with the severity of the new-fledged Parliamentarian, "that in my judgment our American guests have nothing whatever to do with the matter. You, Mr. Jerrold, who observe everything and everybody, must have observed that nice-looking young fellow who dined with us last night—Rayne Linscott, the son of the vicar of the parish?"

I admitted that I had noticed Mr. Rayne Linscott, and, pointing across the lawn, I drew the attention of those around me to a clean-built man in white flannels, carrying a tennis racquet, who had just joined a tall and strikingly pretty girl armed with a like implement.

"There he is, with Evelyn Cartew," I said. "He has just come into the grounds probably as the result of an overnight appointment."

Dalrymple nodded. "Probably," he assented. "Rayne Linscott is amusing himself just now, but he has his serious moments—very serious moments indeed. I, as you know, am on the same side in politics as the Duke of St. Ives, and I can tell you that that young gentleman is a thorn

in our flesh. Though not more than a year down from Oxford, he is to be labelled distinctly dangerous—owing to the hold he has got on the masses of the unemployed. Mild-mannered youngster as he looks in private life, he is popularly supposed to be an eloquent champion of the doctrine of physical force."

"And you think that St. Ives is coming down here, by collusion with our host, to try to extinguish the fire-brand?" I said rather incredulously; for it seemed preposterous that a statesman of the Duke's calibre should attach importance to the vapourings of the nice-looking boy in the immaculate flannels. The only thing that lent colour to the theory was the well-known proneness of the Duke to Machiavellian ways, and to a certain sardonic humour. His Grace, if I had diagnosed him truly, was just the man to suspect that juvenile precocity, such as that attributed to Rayne Linscott, would bow the knee when face to face with prestige, however loudly he might have barked from a distance.

But the Member of Parliament stuck to his guns, and in doing so delivered himself of a pronouncement which was to bear fruit later in the day.

"That is exactly what I do think," he replied gravely. "Mr. Rayne Linscott was reported as having said at a Hyde Park meeting that he did not regard a political assassination as a crime. Very likely he didn't mean it, but our revered chief does not spare himself, and the silencing of such noxious propaganda is the very thing to appeal to him. If His Grace does not succeed it is possible that you may have to deal with young Linscott professionally before long, Mr. Jerrold."

I never encourage references to my practice at the bar, and, changing the subject somewhat curtly, I walked away to reflect on what I had heard. In crossing the carriage-drive to the shrubbery I had to draw back while

one of Bridgecourt's motor-cars whirled past. The only occupant besides the chauffeur was Mr. Felix Shafter, presumably on his way to the railway station to keep his business appointment in London. Arrived in the seclusion of the shrubbery walk, I tried to adapt Dalrymple's suggested motive to the Duke's weekend visit—not with entire success.

It had been no news to me that young Linscott had embarked on the stormy sea of agitation, but after a careful study of him on the previous night I had formed the opinion that his Hyde Park escapades were the mere blowing off of youthful steam. To take him too seriously, I felt sure, would be a mistake which the Duke of St. Ives was far too astute to commit. And, if I myself did not greatly err, he was in a fair way to have his comb cut far more effectually than by flattering him with a tribute to his own importance. Evelyn Carthew, the tall girl with the tennis racquet, who was staying at the Abbey, was the sister of an old Oxford chum of Linscott's, and they were evidently renewing an existing intimacy with zest. They had looked at each other with lovers' eyes, and Rayne Linscott could hardly be such a fool as to aspire to the Honourable Evelyn Carthew, daughter of Lord Bessfield, if he meant to go on as he had begun.

For, otherwise, a match between the pair would be quite in the order of things, Rayne's father, the vicar, being a clergyman of good family and very large private means.

So, on the whole, I was inclined to discard the young gentleman as a factor in the situation, and to revert to the presence of the Beaumgartner's as the underlying cause. It is, of course, an axiom in my profession that when two abnormal incidents occur in the same sphere a connection between them should be suspected. That the American plutocrats should be received at Bridgecourt Abbey was quite an abnormal incident; that the

Duke of St. Ives should be invited there simultaneously was almost incredibly abnormal. Therefore, I argued, the explanation of the one marvel would be found to be contained in that of the other.

So I decided to leave it at that, and for the remainder of the autumn day I gave myself up to the enjoyment of Bridgecourt's princely hospitality. I did not see Sir Walter alone; even if I had had the opportunity I should not have returned to a subject which was clearly embarrassing to him. A lifelong friendship, to say nothing of the duties of a guest, forbade anything of the kind.

I happened to be in the great entrance-hall when he passed through to go to the forty horse-power car which was waiting to take him to the station to fetch the Duke. The twilight was only relieved by the flickering wood fires in the huge open hearths, but I thought that my old friend looked depressed and pre-occupied, as though his errand were distasteful to him.

From the Abbey to Stenwade station was nearly four miles—a distance not worth thinking of in connection with the great automobile, which, if the train was punctual, might be expected back in something under the half-hour. As the time approached the electric light was switched on, and most of the house-party gathered in the hall, eager to witness the great man's arrival. The Beaumgartners—father, mother, and daughter—with studied carelessness took up a position near the front door, and conversed in loud tones about the numerous titles of the Duke, his decorations, his many castles and estates, and the acreage of the latter. It was obvious that they had been very diligent students of every possible work of reference on the subject.

"I'll bet you a sovereign the fair Maisie means to have a shy for His Grace," the frivolous guardsman whispered in my ear. "The old boy

is a bachelor, and they're simply gorged with Debrett as to him."

I made no reply, for the hum of the car was heard as it rushed up the drive, and a moment later it snorted to a standstill, like a fiery dragon, under the portico. Sir Walter Bridgecourt's high-pitched, well-bred voice reached us, saying—

"Take my hand, Your Grace, and let me help you out. You are not familiar with the step."

There followed hushed expectancy in the hall and an intense silence outside. The courteous reply we were all listening for did not come, but after a wondering pause we heard an exclamation of alarm, and then our host stood framed in the doorway—a trembling and pathetic figure.

"I fear the Duke is ill," he faltered. "I cannot induce him to alight, and he does not speak. Ah! you are there, Cleaves. Perhaps you will—"

The eminent Harley street specialist, who was one of the guests, hastened through the wide portals before the sentence was finished; and then, by one of those swift, subtle gradations through which great disasters are made known, we learned, all in the space of twenty seconds, first that the Duke of St. Ives was dead in the car, then that he had died from a bullet wound, and lastly that he had undoubtedly not died by his own hand.

I chanced to be standing near Senator Hotchkiss Beaumgartner, and a sound in his throat like the crackle of a rattlesnake drew my eyes to him. He was mouthing and gibbering inaudibly at his ineffable wife, while Miss Maisie was changed to a living statue white as marble.

Then, with the privilege of Walter Bridgecourt's oldest friend, I dropped a hint or two, with the result that the hall was quickly cleared of the horror-struck throng, so that the august remains might be borne in.

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Three hours afterwards, in the seclusion of his splendid library, Sir

Walter Bridgecourt was repeating the narrative with which he had already puzzled my not inexperienced ears. He had as audience, besides myself, Roger Dalrymple by virtue of his position as a member of Parliament, Sir George Cleaves the eminent surgeon, the local sergeant of police, and Inspector Willard, who had been brought quickly as possible by telephone from Scotland Yard. The inspector and I were old acquaintances at the Central Criminal Court, sometimes as opponents and sometimes as allies, but always with a regard for each other's capabilities.

The story which Sir Walter Bridgecourt had to tell was simple as to facts but absolutely baffling as to cause. He had met the Duke of St. Ives at Stenwade station, and with his illustrious guest had entered the *tonneau* of the motor-car, the front seat being occupied only by the chauffeur. The Duke had been in the best of spirits at first, chatting affably with his host, and expressing delight at the prospect of the visit. But after the car had been running five or six minutes, while it was climbing a steepish hill at about ten miles an hour, it commenced a series of "miss-fires," the sharp reports precluding further conversation. They very soon ceased, but on Sir Walter again addressing the Duke he met with no reply, and, thinking that his Grace was annoyed by the interruption, he himself remained silent for the rest of the short run. On reaching the Abbey the terrible discovery had been made that for the last two miles he had been sitting beside a dead man.

Inspector Willard shot a glance of inquiry at Sir George Cleaves, who nodded. "Yes," said the great surgeon. "The Duke had not been killed more than a few minutes when I saw him. The bullet was fired from behind, and at fairly close quarters."

"Not near enough for any smoke-discolouration or singeing?" I asked with intent, for my friend's nervous

condition warned me that the question was necessary if he was to be saved from collapse.

"Oh, dear, no!" Cleaves answered, catching my drift as such a man would. "The shot must have been fired from six or seven yards off—at least."

"Then that absolves me from having murdered my guest," Sir Walter was beginning with pitiable emotion, when the inspector stopped him with a peremptory: "Come, sir, control yourself! You have been through a nasty ordeal, but nobody blames you."

The reproof acted like a douche of cold water flung in the face of an hysterical woman, and for half a minute there was silence. I knew Willard so well that I was content to leave to him the next move, wondering whether he would agree with the theory which I had formed as to how the shot was fired. When he spoke it appeared that he did.

"The Duke of St. Ives must have been shot from another car," he said quietly. "It must have crept up behind close enough for the murderer to make sure of his victim. A very silent and very fast car must have been selected for the purpose. May I ask, Sir Walter, if the car you were in is in the habit of miss-firing?"

"Yes, it frequently does when going uphill," was the reply.

"Then probably the assassin was aware of that fault and chose the scene of his crime accordingly," the inspector proceeded. "He must have relied on your confusing the report of his pistol was the similar sounds your car was making. Can any of you gentlemen staying in the house make a suggestion as to some person having the requisite knowledge, combined with a motive?"

Before I could stop him Roger Dalrymple was pouring forth his suspicions of Rayne Linscott, mentioning the hot-headed young fellow's public utterances, with which Willard was already familiar. Sir Walter

feebly protested that he was certain that Rayne's speeches were all froth, and that he was innocent, but Willard shut his note-book with a snap and moved towards the door.

"I'll go over to the vacarage at once and get Mr. Linscott to account for his movements this evening," he said briskly. "And you, sergeant, had better take some of your men and see if you can trace the second car. It must have backed and turned after the shot was fired, and the roads are dusty enough to show wheel tracks."

I followed the police officers out into the hall and laid a detaining hand on Willard's arm.

"You'll do no harm in questioning young Linscott, so long as you don't arrest him on suspicion," I whispered. "Mr. Dalrymple is a well-meaning young ass and has put you on a wrong scent. I don't know the right one yet, but I shall—if you come back in an hour."

The inspector regarded me with a countenance that was grim at first, but which broadened into a friendly smile. "I'd rather take a hint from you than anyone, Mr. Jerrold," he said. "But why, if he isn't the pea under the thimble, should I worry this young gentleman at all?"

"Because it will be a lesson to him, and also because it will keep you out of the way while I pursue certain inquiries here," I replied. "See here, Willard," I dropped my voice lower still, "I have been living in the heart of the mystery that culminated to-night for four days, and I think I can solve it."

"That's good enough for me, sir," the inspector replied. "How about the sergeant tracing the second car?"

"By all means let him go on," I said. "It will be most important when you come to follow the clue I hope to hand over to you."

They went their way, and I retired into the library, where Dalrymple was holding Cleaves in animated discussion, but at a sign from me the

surgeon took the voluble M.P. out of the room and left me alone with Sir Walter. My old friend seemed overwhelmed, not to say dazed, by the tragedy.

"Look here, Bridgecourt," I began sternly. "You know as well as I do that St. Ives wasn't killed by that rash boy, though unless you speak up it may go hard with him. Your duty is to the living, and not to the dead. Just answer me a few questions. The Duke really invited himself to stay with you, didn't he?"

"He asked me to send him an invitation," came the admission.

"On your own initiative?" I snapped out in my best New Bailey manner. In my desire, for his own good, to force my kindly but foolish friend to full confession, I was only sorry that I could not use the stereotyped formula: "On your oath, sir!"

The touch of professional bluster bore instant fruit. Bridgecourt passed his hand across his eyes, then glanced up at me and caved in.

"No," he replied. "Not on my own initiative, thank God! You carry too many guns for me, Jerrold, and you may as well have it first as last. St. Ives persuaded me to ask the Beaumgartners as well as himself. Goodness knows what mid-summer madness had got the poor fellow, but he was just crazy to meet Miss Beaumgartner and offer her marriage. He had seen her at the opera, and couldn't get introduced any other way."

Having got what I wanted, I relaxed my professional manner. "My dear old Walter, you are suffering the fate of all go-betweens," I said, "though you will come out of this with cleaner hands than most who lend themselves to such perilous business. Only one more question. Was the Beaumgartner gang aware of all this?"

"Yes, I had to tell the Senator, to induce to him to come to what he was pleased to term a 'dull hole' like the Abbey," was the reply which I was glad to note was flung out with

indignation. "I daresay you have observed that they were as cock-a-hoop as a pack of monkeys in a nut grove?"

"That and more has come under my observation," I answered drily; and I urged my friend to go straight to bed and leave the matter to me, unless he felt equal to joining his guests in the drawing-room. It had been too late for them to leave that night, though, of course, after what had happened, there would be a general exodus in the morning. To my satisfaction he elected to retire to his own room, so that I had Inspector Willard to myself when he returned. The detective had assured himself that Rayne Linscott had been more pleasantly engaged than in murdering a distinguished statesman.

"I found him spooning in the vicarage garden with a young lady named Carthew—the Honourable Evelyn Carthew," said the detective. "A bit of a caution, that girl. She properly rated him for laying himself open to suspicion by his fool-talk, and then she proceeded to whitewash him with a complete *alibi* which I have no reason to doubt. At half-past six, she unblushingly avowed, they had been doing precisely what I caught them at four hours later—spooning in the vicarage garden. And what luck came your way, sir?"

"First tell me, is there any news from the sergeant?" I asked.

There was news of the soundest, it appeared. The local men had found the marks of the second car, conclusively proving Willard's theory. But, over and beyond this, a smart constable on a bicycle had tracked the car to the "Angel" at Guildford, where it had stopped ten minutes after the commission of the crime. The solitary occupant had gone in for a drink, and though he had worn a mask and goggles, the waiter could swear by his accent that he was an American. The Hostler, too, who minded the car while the driver was in the hotel, had noticed the private

mark on it of a well-known garage in Pimlico, and further he believed that he had had the same car through his hands before. It was of great power, and had the appearance of being let out on hire.

"Now, Mr. Jerrold," concluded the inspector, "it remains for you to put a name to the man who drove it?"

"I can do that with confidence," I replied. "I will eat my wig and gown if he doesn't turn out to be a Mr. Felix Shafter, who has been staying at the Abbey, but who went up to London this morning. He should be found at the Hotel Colossus in Piccadilly."

Willard cocked his eye at me. "The joker won't be found at the Colossus," he rejoined naively. "Shafter isn't the name he gave, but I'll lay odds you haven't made a mistake, Mr. Jerrold, any more than we have."

"What! You've pinched him?" I cried.

"Safe as houses. I got on to the telephone at the 'Bridgecourt Arms' just as an off chance of heading him off when he returned the car to the garage, and sure as eggs the fellow had played the fool on the road, stopping for drinks here and there, and our people were waiting for him when he brought the car in."

"Smart work," said I; "but you might have a difficulty in fitting him with a motive. It's a case of jealousy,

Willard—not so much on account of the charms of his fair enslaver as of her father's money-bags."

And so it was proved at the trial which sent Felix Shafter to a righteous doom. Hanger-on and jackal of the pulp magnate, he had conceived the ambition of marrying Maisie, and, finding the rich prize likely to elude his grasp owing to the intervention of the Duke, he had plotted to remove his rival. Not for nothing had he, while staying at the Abbey, made himself familiar with Rayne Linscott's revolutionary proclivities. When his conviction was beyond doubt he cynically admitted that he had intended his crime to be attributed to that loose-tongued orator.

It required a little *finesse* to keep Sir Walter Bridgecourt's name out of the business as the intermediary of St. Ives; but fortunately Shafter had not been enlightened by Hotchkiss Beaumgartner as to the part played by my weak old friend. And with equal good fortune Beaumgartner's pride of wealth kept him silent in the witness-box about the reason—I had almost said the excuse—tendered by Sir Walter for inviting him and his jack, on the strength of the slenderest acquaintance, to stay at the Abbey.

I have not seen Rayne Linscott again, but I see by the papers that he and his wife are shining lights of the Primrose League.

GOOD OLD YEAR!

By JEAN BLEWETT

You took some light and laughter from my life, old year,

You took the friend I trusted, love I called my own,

Took toll of glad companionship—old year; bold year!

You brought me what I longed for, strength to walk alone.

THE LOVELIE LADYE OF HOLYROOD

BY JEAN BLEWETT

Elizabeth—

“What think ye of the Stuart woman?
Is she fair?
Prithee, good Lennox, picture her to
me.”

Lennox—

“You set me far too great a task, your
Majesty.

This Mary hath a beauty indescribable,
The softest, whitest, warmest thing God
ever made;

With eyes which draw the mightiest man
against his will.

Ay, draw and hold — a subtle lure is
there, and——”

Elizabeth—

“God’s death; and do you, sirrah, mock
me to my face

With rhapsodies which would befit some
love-sick youth?

This ‘softest, whitest thing,’ this Saint
of Holyrood,

Look you, Lord Lennox, is sworn foe to
England’s QUEEN.”

—Old Play.

GREAT actors have trodden this stage, named Holyrood—the king (no make-belief king in a tinsel crown, but the real thing), wearing that massive gold circlet set with jewels which an adoring people fashioned for Robert the Bruce; the king’s fool, though he knew not the part he played; the queen, with small hands grasping the sceptre firmly: the maid of honour proud and fair; princes, prelates, soldiers, lovers, statesmen—a galaxy of stars, each playing his or her part to the bitter, or blissful, end.

And the plays! the gruesome tragedies relieved by the tenderest love

scenes ever depicted; the dramas with the wonderful heart throb of jealousy and passion running through; the comedies, too human to keep the sob from mingling with the mirth! Oh, the mad, reckless plays, the royal highhandedness, the scheming, the plotting, the loving, the hating!

When Margaret, the fair Saint Margaret, niece of Edward the Confessor, came over to wed Scotland’s king, she brought, so say the Records of her House, “a piece of the Holy Cross or Holy Rood, to which our Lord was nailed, enshrined in a cross of solid gold.” On this relic King David founded the Abbey and Castle of Holyrood early in the twelfth century.

The history of Holyrood is the history of a nation. Every stone in this old abbey has a story. Here Scotland’s rulers were crowned, married and buried; here was held the Court of Rejoicing over the freeing of Scotland from the vassalage in the days of William the Lion; here Robert Bruce called his first Parliament; here, with the great bells ringing joyously and every candle aglow in the mammoth crown of hammered brass which served as candlestick, the Papal Legate, in the name of Pope Julius II, presented James IV. with the purple headpiece adorned with golden flowers, and the sword with hilt of gold studded with gems



From the painting by Furino

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

which has its place among the crown jewels of Scotland, now guarded jealously in Edinburgh Castle.

Here the first Stuart held court; Bonnie Prince Charlie, the idol of Jacobite hearts, rode from these gates to grim Culloden Moor—and disaster.

Yet to the throng it is but the palace of Mary Stuart, who at nineteen turned her back on

“The chosen home of chivalry, the garden of romance,
The land where her dead husband slept,
the land where she had known
The tranquil convent’s hushed repose, and
the glories of a throne.”

and came to Holyrood as leading lady in a play of absorbing interest entitled: “The Queen and the Woman.”

There were many men in the cast—with Mary Stuart the heroine it could not be otherwise.

“The softest, whitest, warmest thing God ever made.”

But the hero was not Darnley, the King; nor Moray the Regent; nor silver-voiced Rizzio; nor Bothwell, free-booter and hot-headed lover: the hero was that gaunt impassioned man of power, barren of chivalry, sympathy, and courtliness, John Knox, Reformer.



From the painting in Holyrood Castle

"AIDED BY SOME TRUSTY FOLLOWERS, MARY ESCAPES FROM LOCH LEVEN CASTLE"

Take one scene. Knox has just published his scathing work, "The First Blast Against the Monstrous Regimen of Women," and also preached, from the pulpit of St. Giles, a sermon which has offended all classes with the strength of its denunciation. The Queen summons him to her audience chamber—this turret room with the tattered silk hangings, marks it well.

Knox is at a disadvantage, any man is who wars with a woman, and when the woman is a Queen, and so "faire that menne may not look on her unmoved," the odds are proportionately greater.

During the interview Mary takes on different roles. First she is Mary the woman, hurt by his harshness, yet ready to forgive and forget. Her slender hand is reached to clasp his, her eyes are wells of pure friendliness, her voice, tremulous, pleading, urges her right to the faith of her fathers. Will he not cease to be her enemy? Will he not use more charity in judging?

Then we have Mary the Queen, grand in outraged dignity, and friendship repulsed. Her eyes flash fire, her slight figure seems to tower. In all her pride and power she faces him with the question: "Who are you that dare affront me? What are ye in this commonwealth?"

He answers sternly: "A subject of the same madame, and albeit I be neither Earl, Lord, nor Baron, yet a profitable member of the same." "Your mission?" she demands. "To teach the nobility their duty to that commonwealth."

Then we have the most fascinating Mary of all, with bosom rising and falling stormily, face aflame, passionate protest, and, under it all, a certain belief in her own power, a hopefulness of victory. Surely he will yield. Mary sees in him a man, and therefore to be won over; he sees in himself a mission, and remains unmoved by her wrath as by her beauty.

"My youth, my position, claim your chivalry," she cries thrillingly,



From a photograph

ON CARBERRY HILL, WHERE MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS
SURRENDERED HERSELF PRISONER

"yet you treat me as no prince was ever treated. Do you forget that I am a woman and a Queen?"

No, he does not forget, but the woman is a Jesuit, the Queen a Stuart, and he has no faith in either. The face might be carved from stone, so inflexible is it as he answers: "When it shall please God to deliver you from the error in which ye have been nourished, your Majesty will find the liberty of my tongue nothing offensive."

"Go, churl!"

The curtain falls on a gasping hysterical Mary. Gone self-control, gone womanly vanity, gone belief in her own power; a Mary weeping passionately over defeat, shaking

like a reed with wrath and self-pity, and perchance regret that this one man, of all men, should be against her.

After it falls we get a last glimpse of Knox, standing in the ante-room preaching against the pride of the eye and lust of the flesh with a fierce zeal which sends the Queen's four Maries, and other ladies-in-waiting, cowering against the tapestries.

O, there have been stirring scenes enacted here, and in that grim reformer "who never feared the face of man" ye found a foeman worthy of your steel, fair Mary Stuart!

The Holyrood of to-day is a quadrangular building fronting west. At either extremity is a square tower four storeys in height, with three circular turrets at its exterior angles, rising to the battlements of the main tower. In the centre is the grand entrance, with four Roman Doric columns, over which are blazoned the royal arms of Scotland. The

Court is surrounded by a piazza having nine arches on each side. The east, north and south sides of the quadrangle are three storeys high, and between the windows of these storeys are pilasters, Doric, Ionic and Corinthian.

Here in the north-east quadrangle are the ruins of the chapel where Mary, standing under the great east window with its crown of fleur-de-lis, plighted troth with Darnley; before this altar knelt the ill-mated pair while John Sinclair, Bishop of Brechin, read the marriage service.

In this same chapel she made a proclamation to the effect that she desired her loyal subjects to call her husband "King," a thing her loyal

subjects refused to do. They hated Henry Darnley in the beginning, and, as Scotch folks are nothing if not consistent, they hated him to the end.

"For the ceremony," says the Court Chronicle, "the Queen had the whim to wear the mourning gowne of blacke, with wide mourning hooede, worne at the funeral of her first husband, and looked sorrowful, but of an exceeding fairenesse."

We find her wearing this "mourning gowne" in the last scene of all. At Fotheringay Castle, on the February morning when she came forth into God's sunlight after nineteen years imprisonment, never fairer, never more the Queen in looks and bearing, she wears it. It trails behind her as without support from any arm she walks forward to the block, and bends her proud head to the executioner's stroke.

To the left of the grand entrance is the picture gallery, a hundred and fifty feet long, and twenty-four broad, in which hang the portraits of a hundred Scottish kings, beginning with Fergus I. and ending with Prince Charlie, the bonniest of all.

Next come Lord Darnley's suite of rooms reached by a crooked stairs, lighted by narrow windows. A private stair runs to the apartments of the Queen, which consist of an audience-chamber, twenty-four feet by twenty-two; her bedroom, twenty-two by eighteen; her dressing room, and the famous chamber known as the Queen's supping-room. The place looks bare and mean now, but the records of the jewel house go to show that Mary had an eye for magnificence and effect. These rooms were decked with a splendor which made them "the grand rooms of Holyrudhous." We find that she had eleven tapestries of gilded leather; eight of "The Judgment of Paris"; five of "Triumph of Virtue"; eight of green velvet brocaded with armorial shields and branches; ten of cloth of gold, and satin figur-

ing; thirty of massive cloth of gold, some bearing the story of Court de Foix; eight the Ducal arms of Longueville; five the history of a great king; one the tale of Tobit; and one "The Hunt of the Unicorn." There were, also "sixteen carpets from Turkey to cover the oaken floors, and meny cushions of brocade and damaske with tasselling and gold cordinges."

No lack of luxury in the days when the lovely Lady of Holyrood queened it here. The supping-room is the scene of Rizzio's murder. Down the private stairs from Darnley's rooms came the conspirators, and burst in on Mary sitting at supper with the Countess of Argyle, Lord Beton, Captain Arthur Erskine, and the object of Darnley's hatred, Rizzio the lame musician. Darnley, Ruthven, Douglas, and half a dozen others, a gallant band seeking the life of one poor singer of love songs. The table is dashed to the floor. As Mary stands up to demand an explanation Rizzio flings himself at her feet crying out, "Save me, save me!" and even as she spreads an arm above him Douglas gives him a dagger thrust. He is then seized on by the others, dragged through the bedroom and ante-chamber, and left at the head of the crooked stairs pierced by no less than fifty-six desperate wounds. The damp old place smells of blood to this day, and from the tattered hangings a cupid stares in stony horror as if ever seeing a woman, soon to become a mother, striving to succor a weakling, and striving in vain.

"It shall be dear blude to some of you," rings out the vibrant voice of the Queen, and the curtain falls on the scene of violence.

It was from this narrow window set deeply in the stone wall that Mary leaned the summer day when handsome, reckless Bothwell launched his horse down Castle Hill and won what he desired, a glance of admiration from her dark eyes.



From an Engraving

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE



From a painting by De Witte

RIZZIO, LOVE-SICK AND LOVE-LORN

Up these stairs she came on her return from visiting Darnley at Kirk o' Field, her train of torch-bearers setting the whole place aglow. Before the shrine in the chapel she kneeled when news of the murder was brought to her a few hours later.

Through the bedroom and ante-chamber Rizzio was dragged by his assassins. Along the same course Darnley's poor bruised body was carried to lie in state in the Audience Chamber previous to being deposited in the vault of Chapel-Royal.

On an April morning Mary rode from the gates of Holyrood, and took the road to Stirling where her son was lodged. On her return Bothwell at the head of eight hundred men seized her, carried her to his castle, and there kept her till such time as he could procure a divorce from his wife. He was lawless, reckless, and a free booter, and have this "softest, whitest, warmest thing," he would in spite of church or state.

He brought her back to Holyrood, she mounted on his great charger, he walking and leading it by the head to show his humility. And in the chapel at four o'clock of a gray morning, they were married.

Then the saddest scene of all, sadder than Langside, or Loch Leven, more tragic than Fotheringay, the saying a last farewell to this storied pile, the home of her fathers, the pride of her race, this ancient palace of Holyrood, and going out a "Queen Uncrowned."

Hers was perhaps the most difficult role ever essayed by a woman. The times were troublous, dissension was rife; religious animosity, than which nothing is fiercer, raged at home; chivalry was at low ebb, power was gained and held by intrigue and conspiracy. Had Mary possessed more judgment and less emotion, more head and less heart—but then we would not have had "the Lovelie Ladye of Holyroodhous."

Nature meant her to be noble. The face which smiles down from Furi-no's canvas in the Castle room tells us this. The broad brow, the eyes, clear, tender, expressive, the firm set mouth—the pride, the courage, the recklessness of her race show there—but not one trace of littleness or meanness. It is the face of a Queen.

The play is too full of human interest to be forgotten.

The accessories of the stage, tapestries behind which villain lurked, and lovers thought themselves shut safely from the world, scenery which

shifted, curtains which rose and fell as fate saw fit to pull the strings—dust, all dust; velvet, and ermine, and cloth of gold, broidered gown and buckled shoon—dust, all dust. So with the players, king, queen, jester, prelate, soldier, lover, statesman—dust, all dust.

Yet the grey pile which has stood at the foot of Castle Hill for eight hundred years remains one of the show-places of the world. Time has filched much of its magnificence, but it is still alive with memories of the "Lovelie Ladye of Holyrood."

HER HEART BREAKS SILENCE

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

Because that thou art pale and cold and still,
 I feel thy spirit, Winter, one with mine;
 All times are sunlit saving only thine,
 And all but thee the joys of life fulfil:
 Sweet madcap Spring skips free from hill to hill,
 And Summer's golden sap swells every vine,
 The wine-dark eyes of Autumn brood benign
 Through purpling ways upon the whippoorwill.

His note is silenced, gray and lonely ghost,
 By thee alone; from thee the birds and streams
 Shudder away for shelter, love thee not;
 And the great Glory thou dost worship most
 Withdraws his being, and averts his beams,
 And leaves thee to thy melancholy lot.

He does not know the secret in thy heart,
 And why thy face is pale he does not dream,
 Nor yet how excellent thy sight would seem
 If he approaching saw thee what thou art:
 In his smile smiling, of his presence part,
 By his warm radiance made to glow and gleam;—
 Thy fruitful beauty straight becomes his theme,
 And love his challenge is, and love his chart.

So, Winter, is it with the soul of me
 My hero scorns so slight and frail to find—
 And ever slighter while it waits unblest;—
 O turn he but a moment, he should see
 His own light in these eyes, to all else blind,
 His holiest honour in this faithful breast!



THE NEW CZAR OF BULGARIA AND HIS CONSORT IN FRONT OF THEIR PALACE
AT SOFIA

BULGARIA: A STUDY IN HISTORY

BY J. CASTELL HOPKINS

AS a nation and a people, the Bulgars are of the distant past; as a factor in Eastern history, they hold a long record of turmoil and trouble, pride and power, strength and weakness. Of all the subject races which have endured the dominance of the Turk, none have suffered more bitterly and continuously than they. With the exception of the Armenian, none have been the victims of so much oppression, degradation and outrage. Yet they have managed to stand together in a more or less compact nationality and for the past decade they have held a position of prosperity and increasing power which has been only marred, and hampered in its progress, by characteristics developed under centuries of cruel misgovernment, and accentuated by the ever-present evils of Russian intrigue.

In all the historic storms of war and barbarous strife which have swept

over the Balkan Peninsula they have had a share. Originally, the Bulgars were only a wandering portion of some race of uncertain extraction located on the lower banks of the Volga. They came across the Danube in the fifth century and settled amongst the Slavs by whom the eastern portion of the peninsula was populated. Through intermixture with this race, and the adoption of its manners and customs, while maintaining some strong characteristics of their own, they have practically become one of the branches of the great Slavonic family, which includes Russia, Serbia and parts of other countries in European Turkey. For centuries they were a warlike, aggressive people, and the record of the Bulgarian Kingdom, from its foundation in A.D. 674 to its conquest by the Turks in 1396, is a story of almost continuous conflict between its rulers and the Greek emperors at

Constantinople—or Byzantium, as it was then called. Even before the kingdom was really established, the antagonism of races showed itself in a Bulgarian siege of the Christian capital, which was only saved from capture by the skill of Belisarius. Afterwards, under the leadership of Czar Kroum, Adrianople was occupied, Byzantium forced to pay tribute, and a treaty of alliance entered into with Charlemagne of France. One of Kroum's successors, Michael Boris, was converted to Christianity in 864, and he constituted a church which, with some exceptions, maintained its autonomy during several centuries, distinct from the Churches of Rome, Constantinople and Russia. It was in the tenth century, after successful wars with the Magyars of Hungary and with the Greeks, or rival Christian power to the south, that Bulgaria reached the summit of its ancient national strength.

Its ruler of that day, Simeon, assumed the title of "Emperor of the Bulgarians and of the Wallachians, Despot of the Greeks," took possession of the very suburbs of Byzantium, and reigned over the whole peninsula. The ruins of his capital, Preslau, illustrate the passing power of kingdoms and attest the Eastern splendour of his palaces, the beauty of his churches and the magnificence of his court. Another, and previous, King of Bulgaria, Johannes, actuated, no doubt, by national hostility to the head of Eastern Christendom at Byzantium, had acknowledged absolutely the spiritual supremacy of the Pope at Rome, and upon one occasion defended himself in a most remarkable letter from the Pontiff's reproaches concerning a defeat he had inflicted upon the Byzantines. "I have received my crown," he wrote, "from the Supreme Pontiff; they have violently seized and invested themselves with that of the Eastern Empire: the Empire which belongs to me rather than to them. I am fighting

under the banner consecrated by St. Peter; they with the Cross on their shoulders which they have falsely assumed. I have been defied; have fought in self-defence; have won a glorious victory which I ascribe to the intercession of the Prince of the Apostles."

But this connection with the Church of Rome was only a transitory one, and, upon the whole, the Bulgarian Church up to the Turkish conquest was an independent unit. Some centuries later began those peculiar expressions of Russian religious sympathy and practices of Russian intrigue and intervention which lie at the root of so much of the Eastern Question. Meanwhile, in 1396, the country had fallen completely into the hands of the expanding Mahometan power, and its church came under the jurisdiction of the Greek Patriarch at Constantinople, who had been allowed by the Turks to retain his spiritual position and such authority as he might still be able to wield. The military conquest was a thorough one and the Bulgarian Empire absolutely disappeared from view. Nothing but some ruined fortresses and a few popular songs were left to mark the power won and long retained amid torrents of blood, in days when fighting seems to have been a normal condition and peace something strange, if not absolutely remarkable.

To make matters worse, their Slavonic neighbours hardly looked upon the Bulgarians as Slavs, or felt that racial sympathy which, later on, brought them the help of Russia in fighting the Turks and the hindrance of Russia in the building up of their own national position. Isolated, ignored, and debarred from all communication with the civilised and Christianised world, they lapsed into a position only slightly affected by their nominal Christian profession, but very strongly controlled by a character of inherent morality and kindliness. No doubt, amid the toil and hardship of a life in which there

was little of brightness or hope, the faith of their fathers found much individual expression, despite the ceremonial abuses and corruptions of their Church and the oppressive cruelty of the Moslem. And, as time passed, the people became divided into two distinctive sections. The poor, who had remained, at least nominally, true to their Church and national feeling, gradually deepened in their faith and patriotism as the Ottoman yoke became more and more unbearable. The richer classes, on the other hand, adopted Islam in order to save their property and obtain immunity from persecution.

But as the faith of many became more real, the expression of it became less and less possible and the sufferings of the people greater. Their moral and intellectual qualities could not avoid being affected in some degree. Their dress was even made a mark of servility to the governing Turk. Their means of livelihood became the subject of every species of exaction and illegal tax. Their families were made liable every five years to the terrible blood tax by which the ranks of the Janizaries were forcibly recruited from the finest children of the Province. No Bulgarian woman was safe from seizure or outrage at the hands of Turkish pashas, officials, or so-called police. Even the most ordinary, wretched, insignificant Turk was infinitely superior to any Christian in the eye of the Moslem law, and his will and word were sufficient against a multitude of miserable Bulgarians.

Such a condition of affairs could not but produce some measure of disastrous effect upon the character of a race which is still a splendid one physically. It gradually but surely undermined, in many parts of the country, the national spirit, cowed the bravery which had once made its people conquerors; weakened imperceptibly, but none the less surely, the popular ideas of right and wrong; taught the peasant to cringe before

the overmastering and vindictive Turk. What else could be expected from an unarmed people—utterly defenceless in law and fact—in the face of Turkish troops and irregulars, Turkish police and civic rulers and private masters, all armed to the teeth? Prior to the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 and its preliminary—the ghastly Bulgarian massacres—the appearance of a solitary Turk coming towards a village would be the sign for all women to either hide themselves or flee into the country, while the men concealed any little valuables they might have and prepared to give the terrible visitor the best the place could offer in the way of food or supplies. Against the unarmed and helpless villagers any crime was possible and horrible were those sometimes committed. The slightest opposition to a Turk's will, or the least sign of violence or reprisal, meant a probable massacre in the ensuing week or torture and death in the case of individual revenge.

Naturally, such conditions developed an intense, though suppressed, hatred of the Turk which overcame even the peace-loving disposition of a people only too anxious for the right of indulgence in quiet farm-work and the enjoyment of their domestic life. And, before the dawning of 1876, with all its inconceivable horrors of torture, outrage, impalement and massacre, other troubles had come upon them. In 1864 the conquest of Circassia by the Russians had caused a migration of some 20,000 Circassians from their mountainous districts into Turkey. The Sultan, with great liberality and hospitality, welcomed this influx of foreigners and calmly "placed" them in armed thousands throughout Bulgaria. This meant that a wild, semi-barbarous body of men, strong in physique, unaccustomed to labour, but quite accustomed to take what they required or desired by force, was planted amongst an unarmed and helpless peasantry with power which added a fresh terror to



THE ALTERED MAP OF THE BALKANS

the ever-present oppressions of the Turk.

Meanwhile, a determined effort was being made by the many Greeks who held official positions under the Porte, and influenced the people in a religious and educational sense through their fealty to the Greek Church, to Hellenise the race. The Greek language was taught everywhere to the exclusion of the Bulgarian tongue, and all that could be done to suppress national feeling and memory was done. Oppressed by the Turks, harried by the Circassians, educated by the Greeks, and deceived by the Russians, it is really a marvel that this people was able to rise out of its troubles and to assume even the halting national position which they have occupied in recent years. But before the attainment of that partial independence there came a baptism of blood such as few other nations have had to face, and such as the nine-

teenth century had seen under no other government than that of the Turk. The Bulgarian Horrors are pretty well known by name; their details can be guessed at but hardly described; their result very nearly wrecked the Turkish Empire and, incidentally, helped at the polls to defeat a great British party leader.

At the beginning of 1876, the Ottoman Porte was in a very difficult position. The Herzegovinians were in revolt. Bosnia and Montenegro were known to be in readiness to join them. Moldavia and Wallachia were about to declare their independence under the name of Roumania, and knowledge of the condition of things in Bulgaria naturally made the Turkish authorities anticipate a rebellion there. Russia was also known to have numerous emissaries all through these countries stirring up the people to aid in the greater war which seemed imminent. These circumstances afford

some explanation—they can offer no excuse—for what followed in Bulgaria. Undoubtedly the Sultan gave strong orders concerning the instant and stern suppression of any attempted revolt and, in the existing state of affairs, this was sufficient ground for pillage and massacre without any further direct orders from Constantinople. But it is also certain that the commanders of the Bashi-Bazouks, or irregular Turkish cavalry, the chief of the armed Circassian bands, and the officers of the regular troops sent in to "preserve order," were all aware that the murder of Bulgarian Christians would be an aid to promotion, as their plunder was a sure path to wealth. And, as it turned out, the greater the massacre, the higher were the honours bestowed.

Exactly how the troubles commenced can only be guessed at. Early in May, 1876, it seems probable that there were two or three small bands of insurgents in the country, mostly recruited from men whose homes had been harried by the Turks or Circassians, and in whose breasts the ruin and loss of everything they cherished had produced an active hatred, instead of the too common condition of dumb despair. But small and unimportant as these bands were, they furnished ample excuse to the Turkish forces, regular and irregular. The massacres promptly commenced, and were at first as carefully concealed as those in Armenia a quarter of a century later. Gradually however, news filtered through the Ottoman lines, and despite the utmost precautions of the authorities and threats against all who spread rumours of the kind, horrifying details reached the ears of ambassadors and finally filled the columns of English papers. Investigation brought to light the whole dreadful record. It appeared that regular troops under the direct orders of the Sultan had been on the scene of the operations during the entire series of massacres; that they had watched and, in many cases as-

sisted, in the wholesale murder of helpless local populations by Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians; that Chefket Pasha, the "hero" of the terrible scenes at Boyadjik, had been immediately afterwards given a high place in the Sultan's palace; and that Achmet Agha, the author of similar events at Batak, had been rewarded with the Order of the Medjidie. So much for the question of responsibility.

The Batak massacre was a peculiarly awful one. A large number of helpless Bulgarians, men and women and children—about 1,200 in all—took refuge in the local church, which happened to be a very solid building and capable of resisting the efforts of the soldiery to burn it from the outside. They therefore fired in through the windows, and ultimately got upon the roof, tore off the tiles, and poured blazing oil and burning cloths upon the wretched victims within. Finally the door was forced in, and the massacre completed amid scenes which absolutely beggar description. But Batak was only part of the district or sandjak of Philippopolis, in which the total number of persons massacred was estimated by Mr. Schuyler, the American Consul-General at Constantinople, as 15,000, and by Mr. Baring of the British Embassy as 12,000. Perhaps the worst of all, in a series where degrees of horror were almost imperceptible, was that of Boyadjik. It was committed by regular troops assisted by the Bashi-Bazouks. The villagers in this case came out in a body to the commander, Chefket Pasha, stated that they had gathered together for protection against the Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians, urged their claims to protection and offered to surrender their arms. He promised mercy to the suppliants at his feet and then, as soon as they had returned to the village, the order was given to take it by storm and massacre the inhabitants with the usual accompaniments of outrage and torture. Of this scene Mr. Baring wrote, under all the limi-

tations of a knowledge that his ambassadorial chief, Sir Henry Elliot, was desirous of avoiding grounds of rupture with the Porte, that :

What makes the act of Chefket so abominable is that there was not a semblance of revolt. The inhabitants were perfectly peaceful, and the attack on them was as cruel and wanton a deed as could well have been committed. Nana Sahib alone, I should say, has rivalled their (Achmet Agha's and Chefket Pasha's) deeds.

Sir Henry Elliot, of course, protested and urged punishment, while the Sultan denied or minimised the massacres, and conferred honours upon the perpetrators. Outside the district already referred to the proceedings were as atrocious as those faintly indicated, and fully as many more helpless Bulgarians were murdered; the children being slaughtered or sold as slaves, and the women who were not killed reserved for Turkish harems. Altogether some 20,000 Bulgarians were massacred, while the generals—Achmet Agha, Raschid Pasha and Chefket—defiantly and publicly declared that they had in their pockets the definite official order to slay, burn and terrorise. Needless to say, the "insurrection" was suppressed and the leaders returned to receive their rewards and divide their booty in Constantinople. What plunder the troops obtained is incalculable, but it was as easy to take under the circumstances as was the slaughtering process described to Consul Reade by one of the Turks with true Moslem callousness: "When I tell you that even our schoolboys killed their five or six Bulgarians



THE TSARVENU

PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA—"THREE CHEERS FOR ME!"

AUSTRIA (*tentatively*)—"HIP! HIP! HIP!"

THE OTHER GREAT POWERS (*after long and careful deliberation*)
—"Hooray!" —Punch (London)

what can you imagine that I did?"

The reception of the news in England was varied. At first there were grave doubts, and Lord Beaconsfield, in view of the crisis created by Russia's avowed determination to this time break up the Turkish Empire, endeavoured to soothe the public alarm and to prevent a wild and panicky policy of surrender to that power. To prevent Russia obtaining Constantinople was, he pointed out, the true British policy—in the interests of England, not in the defence of Turkey. But Lord Derby, the Foreign Secretary, was finally authorised to write Sir Henry Elliot that "any sympathy which was previously felt here toward that country (Turkey) had been completely destroyed by the recent lamentable events in Bulgaria. The accounts of outrages and excesses committed by the Turkish troops upon

an unhappy and, for the most part, unresisting population has raised a universal feeling of indignation in all classes of English society." He further spoke of the almost insuperable obstacle thus placed in the way of England defending Turkish territory against possible Russian aggression. About the same time Lord Salisbury—then Secretary of State for India—wrote to a stormy meeting at the Mansion House that: "Every one must concur in reproaching the abominable crimes which have been committed in Bulgaria; and a desire to relieve the Christian populations of those regions from a renewal of the atrocious oppression under which they have suffered is felt as strongly by members of the Government as by any other Englishman."

But this was not enough for Mr. Gladstone. He came out of his retirement of the moment and demanded instant action. No matter if the Bosphorus became a Russian channel, the Turkish peninsula a Russian stamping-ground, or the Mediterranean a Russian lake, justice must be done, the Turks must be cleared out of Bulgaria and, if possible, out of Europe. This "loathsome tyranny" must be checked at any cost. "Never again," declared the eloquent leader, "while the years roll on in their course, so far as it is in our power to determine, never again shall the hand of violence be raised by you; never again shall the dire refinements of cruelty be devised by you for the sake of making mankind miserable in Bulgaria." His burning pamphlet entitled "Bulgarian Horrors" created a sensation in Europe and, although not at the moment leader of his party, his tremendous campaign of the next six months against Turkey, against Lord Beaconsfield, and against the whole foreign policy of the Government, practically placed him at the head of the Liberals once more and contributed largely to his electoral triumph in 1880.

Meanwhile Russia had declared war

and settled the question for the time being by over-running the Principalities and Bulgaria, and accepting the alliance of Serbia and the aid of a rebellion in Bosnia. Eventually her armies came in sight of Constantinople and forced from the Porte the Treaty of San Stefano. With the signing of this compact, by which Turkey became practically a shorn and helpless vassal of the Czar, there developed one of the most acute stages of the historic Eastern Question. Lord Beaconsfield had to face the problem of either sacrificing Britain's traditional policy and Imperial interests, by letting Constantinople fall into the hands of the great rival of England, or else interfere and face Russia in the teeth of the popular passion aroused at home by Mr. Gladstone against the Turk and all his concerns. He chose the latter, and the Treaty of Berlin and "Peace with Honour" was the result.

By this arrangement Bulgaria was created an autonomous province, tributary to the Sultan, but independent so far as concerned its internal government and affairs. Roumelia, however, which naturally pertained to it by the nationality, language and customs of the majority of its people, was still left under Turkish rule and its acquisition or annexation became henceforth a chief object of Bulgarian policy. At first the country fell completely under Russian influence, and its infant Parliament was opened at Tirnova by a Russian—Prince Dondoukoff Korsakoff—in the presence of Russian soldiers and amid the booming of Russian guns. Shortly afterwards the new constitution was promulgated and found to be fairly liberal in its terms, while Prince Alexander of Hesse was elected Prince of Bulgaria on April 29, 1879, under the title of Alexander I., and with the approval of the Russian Czar. Before settling down to the duties and difficulties of his position, the Prince made a tour of the European Courts and paid a visit to Queen Victoria.

Upon his return, the Russian troops evacuated the Principality, and nominally at least, the country was left to experiment with its new self-government.

During the next five years all was confusion and disorder. Lifted out of centuries of despotic oppression by an alien power into the light of constitutional liberty, the Bulgarians naturally did not know how to use their privileges while, to add to these complications, came the continuous intrigues of Russian emissaries and officers and the pressure of a Russian Government bent upon making Bulgaria a dependent Russian state and its people a part of the great Pan-Slavic movement. Hence the distinct formation of a Russian and an anti-Russian party. In numbers the latter was, of course, the chief, and indeed the national party, but the former was backed by Russian prestige and Russian gold. Prince Alexander, assisted by Karaveloff, placed himself at the head of the national aspirations, struggled against foreign interference and, by the necessary exercise of almost autocratic power, tried to temper the system of government to the requirements and capabilities of his people.

In 1885, he boldly proclaimed the reunion of Roumelia—or South Bulgaria, as it is now termed—with the Principality, and amid great national enthusiasm the people armed for a Turkish struggle which seemed imminent. But the Porte only protested, and the expected war broke out in another quarter. For some years the Servians—who also obtained their freedom in 1878—had been upon bad terms with the Bulgarians. Despite the folly of quarrelling in the face of their mutual foe, the Turk, and in spite of some measure of blood relationship between the races, their rivalries and jealousies had been growing in strength until the annexation of Roumelia aroused still further the passions of the Serbs and induced King Milan to declare war. A few

weeks of active and varied fighting followed. Bulgaria was invaded by some 40,000 Servians, and its troops defeated at Tru, and Kula, and Wiladin. Then Prince Alexander routed the invaders at Slivnitsa and at the Dragoman Pass—where the Servian loss was estimated at 6,000—and turned the tide of war by entering Servia and winning several other victories. Finally, an armistice was concluded through Austrian intervention, and in January, 1886, mainly by the influence of Sir William White, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, the practical union of Bulgaria and Roumelia was admitted by the Porte through the courteous fiction of Prince Alexander being appointed to represent the Sultan in the latter portion of the new Bulgaria. In March peace was signed with Servia.

Then came a tragic result of Russian intrigues. Alexander had shown himself altogether too virile and able a ruler, too representative of the national aims of the people, too desirous of strengthening the national independence, too anxious to extend the national territory. So, one day in the August following his return from the war, a conspiracy was organised by Russian sympathisers and purchased officers, and the Prince surprised, kidnapped, and carried off a prisoner; while Zankoff, a former pro-Russian premier, formed a constitutional government at Sofia. This, however, was promptly repudiated by the army and the people, and a loyalist government was temporarily established at Tirnova, under the strong and determined leadership of Stambuloff. Within a few months the pro-Russian conspirators were prisoners and Prince Alexander, who had in the meantime escaped, or been allowed to escape, returned to his capital in triumph.

Realising, however, the almost impossible difficulties of governing the country against the will of the Czar, he soon afterwards abdicated and left the state for which he had done so much and in which he had won such



THE ACCOMPANIMENT TO THE HYMN OF PEACE

Explanation of that grinding sound that comes from Southeastern Europe.

—*Fischietto* (Turin)

deserved popularity. For a time after this the situation in Bulgaria was a grave one, and the Eastern Question seemed to have assumed a new phase. General Kaulbars was sent to Sofia with the generally accepted aim of making the country a Russian dependency, while Russian warships were despatched to Varna. The General found, however, that the mass of the population was opposed to his policy and that whatever was done must be done under cover.

Eventually Russia was side-tracked, in a diplomatic sense, and Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Cobourg was in 1887 chosen ruler by the Sobranje or parliament over the head of the Russian nominee, Prince Nicholas of Mingrelia. Prince Waldemar of Denmark and Alexander, himself, had previously refused the perilous honour. The years which followed have been, upon the whole, a period of substantial progress amongst the people, hampered by inevitable Russian in-

trigues and occasional small revolts. But the strong hand of Stambuloff, more perhaps than any special qualities in Prince Ferdinand, held the country together and guided it along the path of development and independence. The brutal murder of the great Premier in 1895 was only one more of the sins which must be laid at the door of Russian schemers playing upon the still brutalised instincts of a portion of the population, and making the weaker character of Bulgarian politicians a cover for frightful crime. Time, and education, and progress are curing this evil and pro-

misgiving to suppress the barbarism which has here and there been developed amongst the people. The baptism of little Prince Boris into the Greek Church some years ago, while it may or may not have meant a fraternisation with Russia, will give to the people—if he lives—a native ruler with a national name, and inspired in all probability with the national ambition of "on to Constantinople." The present declaration of complete independence and the assumption by Ferdinand of the historic Bulgarian title of Czar emphasises the national evolution and development. To succeed in this great policy, however, the Bulgarians have to grow in strength and wisdom, to keep free of Russian complications, to retain the good-will of England, and defeat the rivalry of Greece and Serbia. From the Turk they have probably little to fear at the present moment of political evolution and general disruption.

FIVE FAMOUS EMPTY CHAIRS

BY FRANK YEIGH

STRATFORD — Abbotsford — Ayr
— Gad's Hill — Sunnyside!

Shakespeare — Scott — Burns —
Dickens — Irving!

Five famous literary shrines with five empty chairs; five famous names enshrined in the guild of English literature.

It is an unimpressive old house that stands in Stratford-on-Avon as the reputed home of Shakespeare, and yet this little old timber house is one of England's most valued possessions. Three hundred years after its occupant lived, thirty thousand pilgrims annually make their way thereto, representing all nationalities and all quarters of the globe, to see only a house, with quaint case-ments and odd gables and great crossbeams between the plaster, but a home in which the greatest of all the world's writers lived.

Carlyle asked: "Which Englishman we ever made, in this land of ours, which million of Englishmen would we rather not give up than this Stratford peasant?" On the walls of the ancient residence are written the names of companion geniuses of the pen—Scott and Byron, Tennyson and Thackeray and Dickens, Tom Moore and Washington Irving—all pilgrims to the shrine of the Master.

The leading object of curiosity in the Shakespeare house is the poet's chair, standing in the chimney nook of a small room just behind what is claimed to

have been his father's shop. Here he may have sat many a time when a boy, here he may have dreamed dreams that were later transmuted into words.

It is the custom for every visitor to sit in the celebrated seat, whether with the hope of imbibing any of the inspiration of the bard one dare not conjecture. Irving relates that the hostess of his day privately assured him that, though built on solid oak, such was the fervent zeal of devotees that the chair had to be re-bottomed at least once in three years. But the sight of the chair and the desk, of the fireplace and niches, of the timbered ceiling and the deeply recessed window help to make real the otherwise shadowy figure of Shakespeare.

*

Unlike the Stratford cottage, the home of Sir Walter Scott was a palace. Like Stratford, Abbotsford is a place of pilgrimage, with seven



DICKENS' CHAIR



THE HOUSE IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN

thousand as its yearly record of visitors. The capacious chair of the Scottish wizard is as much an object of interest if not of reverence as the more ancient piece of furniture in the home by the Avon. In the plain and substantial seat in the castle by the Tweed sat the great romancer, at the desk he spent many a toilsome hour, and facing chair and desk are the shelves of books that constituted his working reference library, with his main library in an adjoining room.

Abbotsford was planned and built by Sir Walter at tremendous cost and struggle, and yet he lived to enjoy it but little. One of his ambitions was to live in the true castle style of the Border nobles he so effectively portrayed; he dreamed, too, of founding a family rich in both wealth and fame that he would leave them as a heritage. But his castle turned out to be but a house of cards. His fortune dwindled away. As an old man he started in to overtake his financial distress, "with his quill digging a mountain of debt away."

The owner of Abbotsford was, however, permitted to spend his last days

in the castellated home he loved so well, but a heart-break is after all in his life. He was called upon to wage a war against debt such as had never entered into his early plans.

What was first in his mind for a home was a cottage or villa, but the idea steadily grew into a veritable castle whose weight was destined to crush him and his fortunes. We have the picture of his last days. It has been drawn by Lockhart in a chapter that has been termed the perfection of pathos.

"Lockhart," said the dying baronet, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man, be virtuous, be religious, be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

And this master in the realm of literature was able to pen, toward the close of his life, "I am drawing near the end of my career. I am fast shuffling off the stage. I have been perhaps the most voluminous writer of the day, and it is a comfort for me now to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith and to cor-



SHAKESPEARE'S ARM CHAIR

rupt no man's principle, and that I have written nothing which on my death-bed I should wish blotted out."

Worthy indeed is this last will and testament of the occupant of the Abbotsford chair.

*

There is another famous chair to see before we leave Scotland. On the banks of the River Doon stands the town of Ayr.

"Auld Ayr wham ne'er a toon surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses."

And hard by it is the auld clay biggin, a lowly cottage by the country wayside, containing some of the treasures and mementoes of Bobbie Burns. A little solitary window opens out on the street, so small a window indeed that Bobbie's youthful face must have filled its frame. The heavy thatch of the roof, often renewed since the poet's childhood days, slopes down to the top of the low entrance way. In the wee living room stands an ancient bed press, an old-fashioned cupboard with shelves of rare dishes, and a rarer row of mugs. There is too a deeply recessed fireplace and a solemn old clock ticking off the

relentless years with never a skip of a second.

The chair and the desk are in keeping with the other furniture inmates of the home—a desk that has been made to carry the carvings of many a worshipper of the ploughman's poet.

Burns' feet trod the flagstones of the homely apartment, his eyes rested on the low ceiling and the tiny windows, and his boyhood days were spent under the shelter of this Ayrshire home. Soon after Bobbie was born, a high wind shook down the gable of the frail old structure and the little lad was carried through the storm to a neighbouring farmhouse. Years after, Burns dreamed of this early home:

"All in this mottie, misty clime
I backward mused on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthful prime
An' done nae thing—
But stringin' blethers up in rhyme
For fools to sing!"

Alloway Kirk adjoins Burns' birthplace, and in its graveyard are the tombs of his father, mother and sister. The old church is roofless and



ABBOTSFORD, THE HOME OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

its walls are bare, but peering through one of the window spaces you can see the spot immortalised by the dance of the witches on the night when even the children knew the *deil* was abroad, as Tam O'Shanter did.

And as the lover of Burns visits these haunts of his early days, as one drinks in the spell that he wove

over Scotland, it is borne in on the mind that Highland Mary's lover

"Still haunts his native land as an immortal youth.

His hand guides every plow,
He sits beside each ingle nook,
His voice is in each rushing brook, each rustling bough."

✱

March the fourteenth, 1856, was



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S CHAIR



BURNS' COTTAGE

termed by Charles Dickens his lucky day, for he then wrote a cheque for the purchase of Gad's Hill Place, the spot on which he had so often enviously gazed when a poor boy living at Chatham.

At first his purchase was intended chiefly as an investment, intending to spend only a part of his time

there, and lease it for the other portions of the year to recoup him for the interest on the \$8,500 it originally cost him.

But the speculation speedily merged into a hobby. As Dickens grew older, he grew fonder and fonder of his home, as Irving did of Sunnyside. As the years went by,



INTERIOR OF BOBBY BURNS' COTTAGE, WITH HIS CHAIR



ENTRANCE TO "SUNNYSIDE," WASHINGTON IRVING'S HOME AT TARRYTOWN, N.Y.

Gad's Hill Place was beautified by the addition of many rooms and the improvement of the garden and grounds. Fechter, the actor, presented Dickens with the Swiss *chalêt* in the adjoining park, and this quaint structure the recipient often used as a workshop when he desired complete retirement.

Dickens indulged in so many expensive vagaries in connection with this home that the matter became a family joke and when, on the Sabbath before his death, he showed the new conservatory with much pride to his youngest daughter, and remarked, "Well, Katey, now you see positively the last improvement at Gad's Hill," there was a general laugh at his expense. The word came true nevertheless, but only by the intervention of the Grim Angel.

In the course of time the last day came, and on this last day Dickens

penned, sitting at his Gad's Hill desk and in his swinging chair, the last words of *Edwin Drood*—words telling of glorious summer sunshine transfiguring the city of his imagination, and of the changing lights and the songs of birds, and the incense from garden and meadow "that penetrate into the Cathedral of Cloisterham, subduing life's earthy odour and preaching the Resurrection and the life."

A few hours later the end suddenly came and the chair was forever emptied of its illustrious occupant. The wonderful brain that had created its two thousand characters was at rest, the pen dropped from the hand, and Charles Dickens' work was over.

*

There are famous chairs in America as well as in Britain's sea-girt isles. One is to be found in "Sunnyside," the architectural creation of Washing-

ton Irving. After buying the original stone cottage—the “Wolfert’s Roost” of Diedrich Knickerbocker’s immortal history—Irving described the place as “full of angles and corners as a cocked hat; indeed, it is said to have been modelled after the cocked hat of Peter Stuyvesant—Peter the Headstrong—as the Escorial in Spain was patterned after the gridiron of the blessed St. Lawrence.”

Irving grew to love more and more his home by the Hudson, and as the pilgrim of the twentieth century approaches “Sunnyside” through a lane of mighty oaks and elms and catches his first glimpse of the structure, with its narrow windows like half-shut eyes looking out on the velvety lawn, the historic home casts a spell over the passing visitor. Fair to look upon are the grounds and forest giants and the gardens of “Sunnyside,” fairer yet the broad sweep of the Hudson as it spreads away in a filmy mist to the stern Palisades of the western shore.

Rechristening “Wolfert’s Roost” as “Sunnyside,” Irving here set up his rest, thanking God he was born and permitted to live on the banks of the river that lapped its base, and wherever the author might roam in lands home or foreign, to “Sunnyside” he returned as to a haven and a refuge.

It was on a delicious summer day that I made my way to the many-gabled pile and sought admission to the library. The interior is in harmony with the exterior. Entering by the eastern porch, a glance showed a vista of apartments connected by archways, dining-room and parlour opening from the entrance hallway. While the apartments are small in size, there is an air of roominess combined with cosiness that makes an attractive picture.

The library is the smallest of all



WASHINGTON IRVING'S CHAIR, AT "SUNNYSIDE"

the rooms, and in it is to be found the chair of the master. On the walls and mantels are mementoes of the author's European travels, with Darley's etching of Knickerbocker characters looking down upon one. A quaint little workshop it is, and yet with an atmosphere that must have marked the Gladstone Temple of Peace at Hawarden.

The spacious elbow chair stands empty at the empty desk. Here the “Life of Washington” was written; here Washington Irving lived his happiest days, and here, in picturesque old “Sunnyside,” he passed away after serving his three-score years and more of life.

Thus we have visited five famous chairs in five famous literary homes; thus we have had recalled five of the honoured names on the world's roll of fame.



JOWWOWX

BY CARL AHRENS

"QUEER people, mighty queer people," said Peters, reminiscently.

"That's the truth," said Henderson, stabbing a coal for a pipe-light.

"What about 'queer people'?" asked Beatty, a rich New Yorker, the money end of the hunting expedition.

"Jowwowx Indians," said Peters.

"Jowwowx be hanged," said Beatty, "what kind of a pipe dream —?"

"Say, Beatty, you came down on us with your eighty-five-storey sky-lifters, and we didn't say a word back—just kept mum and took it all in."

"Like sucking eggs," said Henderson.

"Now, I'm going to present you with some facts which will be a gain to science, and add to your store of knowledge."

"Gawd!" said Henderson.

"I purpose telling you about the Jowwowx, but I don't want any interruptions; they are disconcerting to my lay of dates. So keep quiet. Light your fires and get the fog going, and I'll tell you about the queer people, and Hen will vouch for everything I say."

"That's right," said Hen, "went through the whole business, and say —"

"You see, in the early days when Hen and me first took to the woods we were unsophisticated and timid. We hadn't any experience in society to speak of. We were members of the church and had to be mighty

careful and keep clear of anything that sounded like fiction, and we didn't want to be accused of taking too much red-eye—we wouldn't think of such a thing."

"That's right, Petey," said Sen. "You see, we carry five or six gallons for colic and such like, but as for drinking—"

"That's the reason Hen and me are taking you in on the ground floor. The first time we ran into the Jowwowx, say, Hen, ever forget that night?"

"Never will, never will."

"And how his Jows made ringers all through the woods. It was spring, somewhat late, A.D. 1895, and Hen and me were making to the nearest post to trade in the winter's catch and lay in a fresh supply of provisions and such."

"Don't forget the pain-killer, Petey."

"The sun was getting well down among the tree boles, when we sighted a good camping spot, with a big hill, well-timbered, running up at the back. We landed, stuck up the tent and had just got supper over and things kind of fixed up for the night, when, sufferin' cats! we heard the dangdest strange noise you ever heard."

"Sounded like a calliope running short of steam," said Hen.

"Then a thrashing about the bush. 'Hen,' said I, 'there's a baby elephant loose in the tangle, if there ain't. I'm a liar.' So Hen took a club, and I my gun, and we walked around towards the noise."

"Gawd, wasn't it hell, Petey?" said Hen.

"It wasn't too dark to see some, and it ain't policy to carry a head-light when you're looking for trouble. It was a clear case of plain lurk. So we all-foured and mauled our way into a patch of clearing. We were just working around a big spruce, when something that looked like a man-monkey, Chinese cross, with Tolstoi spinach, fell upon Hen and me, and say, if you ever saw a six-handed ballet, it was right there on that bald spot with the big hill as a background, and the calliope piping to beat four of a kind."

"Gawd, but didn't it?" said Hen.

"Talk about your Wagnerian dissonance with locomotive attachment!"

"There wasn't any tim eto how-do or kow-tow, just grab, scratch, pull hair and bite. I could hear Hen spitting out whiskers. 'I've got a half-Nelson on its chimese, Petey. Tie it up and sit on its shouter, so I get a chance to think,' yelled Hen. Well, we made it understand that we were mighty bad men to fool with. We explained that we would cut it off at the pockets and smear it over the bush, if it didn't act nice and polite. So we pried it back to camp, took its photograph and introduced ourselves. Ever forget how it looked, Hen?"

"Never will, so help me. It looked like a cigarette edition of a mission saint."

"Well, we patched up a little with court plaster. It had bitten out the ring-hole of Henny's ear—"

"That's right," said Hen, "you can search me. I'm shy the goods."

"And clawed a few red lines through my stubble. 'It's a beauty,' said Hen. 'Say, Spinach, who's your mother?' And if it didn't say 'Skidoo' I'll eat olives and swear off golf forever. 'Let's give it something to eat,' said F. And while Hen fed it I made an inventory and figured on its bring-up. It was as handsome and decorative as a Chinese god,

somewhat *décoletté* to the waist. It wore a belt of plaited hair and below that a petticoat made of woven peacock feathers, with a peacock tail spread up from its waist-band like a fan-tailed pigeon. On its legs it had nothing."

"The shameless thing," said Hen.

"And on its feet it had raw-hide sandals tied from the toes back to the ankles. And talk about hair and whiskers! Say, every time the wind blowed you had to duck to keep out of the mesh. 'Now, look here, young man,' said I, 'it appears to me you've been walking in your sleep, and papa will be looking for you. Hadn't you better run home?' 'Leave the poor boy to me,' said Hen, 'and let me gyrate our beautiful language into signs.' 'Long about morning, after an all-night session of free masonry, we found that His Whiskers was one of a tribe of Indians living on the hill back of the camp. 'Jowwowx,' he said, 'Jowwowx.' That was the name of his people."

"The hairy son-of-a-gun," said Hen.

"'Hen,' said I, 'we'll have to see his Jowwowx home. It stands to reason his maw will be pining for him, besides he might miss his piano lesson.' So, after feeding up and taking on plenty of cartridge ballast and our guns, we gave his Jows the word to move, and he did. He started. did a complete turn around the fire, butted into Hen, grabbed and hung to his neck a sif afraid he'd fall. 'Say, Hen,' said I, 'his Billy-goat is short six inches on one leg. Oh, Sweet Annie, didn't we have a time getting him to the foot of the hill, a good mile away! Whenever we let him go he'd do a ring-a-rosy 'round a tree and butt one of loose from something. He had a chest like the bow of a river tug. He was perfectly harmless, mind you, didn't mean to be naughty; good-natured as a Salvation happy. 'Gawd,' said Hen, 'I wonder if the family's large, and whether we'll run across any more strays.'

We felt like two busted peapods before we reached the hill foot, but when we did we found our troubles almost over. His Jows was built for hills. He was a ramakabo on two legs."

"Remember the ramakaboo we tamed, Petey? Say, he was 'most the cutest animal you ever saw. We caught him on a hill one day and took him on to the level. But he wasn't built for the level gait, and 'most drove Petey and me giddy-headed watching his chase his tail. So we had a Vet dock his two off legs, and he was that pleased—say, he'd—"

"I never saw anything so grateful as his Jows when he was on the hill again," continued Petey. "He embraced us both to beat the band 'Stick in your tongue, Hen,' said I, it ain't polite.' 'Look me over,' said Hen, 'get my strawberry mark located. My family won't know me when I get home, and it's up to you, Petey, to swear to a lost father.' We got our wind after a little and began to work up. We'd gone about twenty feet when we ran into a trail built like a step going around the hill. As soon as his Jows struck it, you should have seen him perk up. He waved his arms, cracked his joints, drew in great gulps of air, puffed out his chest and pounded out a sound like a staccato on the big string of the bull-fiddle. Then we started to move toward the top. We'd work along the trail a-ways, and about every fifty yards we'd run into a row of notches leading up to the next trail, and so on. When we were about half way up we began to hear sounds of life, like dawg and bag-pipes mixed with baa-baa and Chinese theatre."

"Just hell," said Hen, "a regular whocup-up."

"It only took a few minutes to reach the top, and say, weren't we glad to see papa come home! Mrs. Jows and Kid Jows, as thick as love and just as mushy. And dawgs, all kind of dawgs, long dawgs, short dawgs, lean and fat dawgs, and pigs

that looked like sun-fish on legs. Nan-nans and billy-baas and peacocks."

"Peacocks be——"

"Now, hold on, Beatty. They were, as you will find, unusual people; so don't let the note of suspicion dam a choice narative. Cheer up, truth will always show the way."

"Cost you a dollar," said Hen.

"Yes, they were peacock and nan-nan breeders, and all over the hill side they were thick as brush, and made the landscape look like the crazy quilts mother used to make. And the Jow ladies! They were the joy of Jow-town, and came from a tribe living on the flat-lands below. They had normal anatomy, and so had the kiddies; their legs were all right."

"Oh, how crude of you, Petey," said Hen.

"But the pa Jows were all the same—looked the same—dressed the same."

"Their father must have been a Mormon," said Hen, "and the whole bunch twins. We had to keep track of our Jow by the hole I bit in his whiskers, and after that evened up we had to put a string on him."

"I never could make out where they came from," went on Petey, "but they were a sweet and joyful bunch, and would burn the fuzz all off a day before it got fairly started. It took Hen and me a few days to find out we hadn't died an accidental death and gone to a sort of a peacock heaven. But when we did, we began to take in the sights. Their houses were well made, built of mud-brick, running in a row all around the hill top, with a wide flat patch left in the centre, and each house backing up to it. The patch of flat land was hard as stone pavement, and sunk two feet down, making a shallow pit in which they danced the husks off a queer bean-shaped grain which grew on the table-lands of the hills near by."

"It made mighty good flour, and

danged fine buns," said Hen, "but the yeast they used, to give it the bloat, smelled to heaven. I went looking for a Dutch saloon the first sniff I got."

"But the thing that caught Hen and me," said Petey, "was the dance. It was a thrashing-bee to music. Whenever the flour bin got low, the pit was filled with grain heads, all ready to be shuffled out. Then the pa Jows sat on a semi-circular seat above the pit. Each one had a square drum with sides and bottom of thin wood. The top was goat-skin. Across the right hand side of each drum was an octave of strings made from kid skin. They plucked the strings with one hand and beat the clear space with a stick and the cushion of the other. The lady and kid Jows all wore sandals with cleats of raw hide across the bottoms, and the way they hit the tan, four-four time, allegro, was fierce. But to get onto the subject of dope: they made a mush, coloured with blueberries, a sort of nocturne in purple and brown. Then we had peacock stuffed with butter-nut meats; roast and boiled baa-baa and baked pig garnished with wild leeks."

"And all kinds of giblets," said Hen. "I tell you, nothing with giblets, from muskrats to babies, is safe about me now. Petey and me went to Jowburg looking like taffy-pulls, and in six weeks we were roly-poly at the ankles, same as an English slavey, and looked like twin Tafts."

"After we'd been in Jowtown for some time," resumed Petey, "Hen began to get restless, and I could see that something was weighing heavily on his bosom. I began to figure that maybe he was in love, when he ponied up and threw his discard right into my lap. 'Say, Petey,' said he, 'I've been thinking. I believe I can fix the male persuasion of Jowburg so they'll be able to walk on the flat and straight path. Been figuring on it for some time. Now, it's like this: you can't dock the guys, they'd

look out of drawing, but you can add to the shortage. Then we'll have a Jow that will be safe to turn loose on the level and he can travel the flat land without bumping into himself. My idea is to build an attachment like a small cradle-rocker, as wide as three foot and the same length, with side straps running from the foot to the knee, a strap over the toes and instep, and two around the leg.' 'All right, Hen,' said I, 'go ahead, but for the sake of my large family, work it on our Jow first, and put him on a picket line while he makes the try. My liver's been floating ever since we played ring-a-rosy on the flats.' Well, Hen made a peach of a job the first crack. We fitted our Jow into it, and got on each side of him to give him a fair start, but he took to it like a duck to water. Glad! I should say so!"

"Gawd, wasn't he?" said Hen, "I had to rub the glad spots he left on me with hoof oil for two weeks."

"Well," said Petey, "he teetered some, at first, but in half an hour he had it mostly his own way. Then we started him onto a bit of shelf-land and had Jowtown turn out to see Willy perform. Say, it was great! In fifteen minutes the whole burg was ours; and all the Jows were on their elbows. For two weeks we worked overtime; we were peg-leg makers to the Kingdom of Jow. All the time we'd been evening up with the Jows, the Obhikes—the tribe on the flat lands—were making ready for the yearly feast. One week each year was set aside for celebrating and cultivating the glad hand. The feasts and merry-making were always held on the level; and the Jows had to be skidded to the scene of action. But this year they sure had a surprise for the maws-in-law. About three days before time to drop in on the relations down hill, Jowtown was turning out cookies, baked peacock, goat and pig. Early in the morning of the beginning of the *fête* week, the chow was taken down on a sort

of hill-scow. Talk about good grub! Ambrosia was like the fourth course in a cheap restaurant 'side of that feed layout, and when the dinner horn rang out, 'come-a-running, come-a-running, make your shirt-tails crack,' Great Kybosh! you should have seen the speed of us! Talk about your Ben Hur chariot race—it was tame fish alongside of our swoop on the Obhikes. We all had wooden scoops with goose-neck handles. You sat on them, grabbed the goose-neck between your legs, and trusted to luck to come to, when you reached bottom. When we started, it was just a fright."

"Dangdest row I ever heard," said Hen. "Chicago board-of-trade, hell and camp-meeting all mixed together."

"Our Jow gave the word," said Petey, "'Skidoo,' said he, and we skid. When the baa-baas saw us coming, they yelled for help and stampeded all over the hill. The peacocks screamed, pigs squealed and Jows and Jowlets howled like Apaches. We whopped her up some plenty on the start, but after we got properly going, and the trees began looking like a fine tooth comb, we put in our moments reaching for breath. We tore like blue blazes down the smooth patches. Scratching over gravel, dropping and bumping off short

ledges. I never in all my life—"

"That's right, Petey, it was a fright. Like getting into line bargain Friday."

"When we landed and examined conditions, we found that Hen would have to walk with his back to the fence, until draped with a peacock tail."

"Yes, and wasn't I just too cute?"

"But it was all in a day, and we made a day of the week. Then we told the Jows we'd have to hinch along. We were getting wheezy and needed a course in physical culture. They didn't want to lose us, but we were pining for society and the boiled shirt. So we kissed all the nice Jow ladies good-bye, and shook the camp. Two years ago we went back, or thought we did. We either didn't strike the right hill, or Jows and Jowtown had been blown off the earth. Nothing doing; nothing in sight. We found some flat-footed Crees on the low land, and they intimated that Hen and me were buggy in the works. I've always said to Hen, it's a clear case of inborn bashfulness and procrastination putting a clog in the wheel of science."

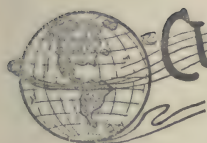
"Munchausen was a liar," said Beatty, "but you two——!"

"Rise," said Hen, "rise, Petey, and bow to the gentleman, you funny old son-of-a-gun."


RECOGNITION

By LOUISE C. GLASGOW

From out my arms Love strayed in long gone years,
A slender, weakly child, all doubts and fears.
To-day there met me in Life's market-place
A love with sturdy limb and ruddy face;
Entranced with all his charm, I stood, and lo!
It was my little Love of long ago.



Current Events



By
F. A. ACLAND

THE appointment of Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King, M.P., as one of the British delegates to the International Opium Conference opening at Shanghai on February 1st is not only a marked compliment for the gentleman named, but is an illustration of the continual development of Canada in matters having an inter-Imperial or international bearing. One precedent after another, suggesting community of interest and looking to unity of action within the Empire, is being swiftly established in these days, and in this way the pathway to an imperial unity of some sort is being roughly blazed, though often it may be without any definite consciousness on the part of those concerned of doing pioneer work of this kind. The nature of this particular conference is an example, too, of genuine advancement in the attitude of the great nations to a question of general morality, since it marks a serious and concerted effort on the part of the powers concerned to assist China in the herculean task of extirpating the opium habit from among her people.

* * *

If one may judge from the recommendations on the subject contained in a report to the Chinese Government from its own officials charged with an investigation of the matter, the most drastic measures will not be too severe to fall within the sphere of

possible reforms, the suggestions including not only a proposition for the sale of opium only by a system of permits both as regards sellers and buyers, subject to heavy penalties for infringement of the law, but also a recommendation for the establishment of a list of opium smokers with names and place of residence, to whom all honours should be closed and who should be treated as pariahs, while, so far as the official classes are concerned, those who persist in the habit are to be deprived of their rank. This is reform with a vengeance, indeed, and represents an interference with individual liberty which would perhaps be impossible under any system of Government other than an autocracy. It shows, however, the earnestness with which Chinese statesmen are considering the subject and is suggestive of the magnitude of the evil for which a remedy is sought. The international aspect of the matter develops in connection with the immense foreign traffic in opium, in which, of course, Great Britain, through India, is vitally interested. It is gratifying to know that the Anglo-Saxon nations are taking the lead in coöperating with China to reduce the production of opium, and Canada does honour to herself in participating actively in the counsels relating to so vast and beneficent a scheme of reform. There will be representation at the conference also from all the

great nations of Europe and from the leading countries of the East.

* * *

The cable despatches lately told us a somewhat mystifying story of certain other despatches that had been received, so it was alleged, from the land of spirits or dreams. Through the medium of a Mrs. Piper, a Boston spiritualist long resident in England, communication was said to have been established with the spirit of the late F. W. H. Myers, a scholarly gentleman who died five or six years ago and who was much given in his day to psychical research; and Mr. Myers was alleged to have forwarded from the spirit realm several messages of curiously vague import and even some lines of verse, the latter of a character not at all likely to improve the excellent literary reputation he had earned while on the earth. Not much attention would probably have been given to the matter by the general public but for the fact that the name of Sir Oliver Lodge, one of the foremost scientists of the age and an intimate friend of the deceased scholar, was quoted as an authority for the genuineness of the whole story. Sir Oliver being known to have a *penchant* for speculative theories in the direction of psychical matters and to be a leading member of the Society for Psychical Research of Great Britain, the use of his name seemed to give serious weight to what would have passed otherwise for idle gossip, if not, indeed, for a foolish hoax. The cable has said no more on the subject, but it is interesting to notice a tiny letter of eight lines in a recent copy of the *London Times* in which the widow of the late Mr. Myers, referring to the alleged spirit-messages states explicitly: "My son and I wish to state, in reply to the many inquiries we have received, that after a very careful study of all the messages we have found nothing which we can consider of the smallest evidential value." We

may take it for granted that the use of Sir Oliver Lodge's name in connection with the matter was not authorised and may hope that the preposterous story has received its quietus. But it is astonishing how little the cable troubles to set the public right on matters when it has for the sake of a sensation set it all wrong.

* * *

Perhaps things will be better in this respect when we get the penny-a-word cable rate, a condition which appears at last to have passed within the region of practical politics. Possibly the drop from the present high rates to the low figure suggested is too much to expect all at once, although the change would be hardly greater than that effected in the original achievement of penny postage. It is very certain, however, that if the Empire secures its own cable system, making of it what the Hon. Mr. Lemieux felicitously described during his recent visit to England in connection with the project, as "an all-Red Cable," the rates will be greatly cheapened. Cheap cable communication between the various parts of the Empire, but more particularly between the mother country and the overseas communities, will mean the forging of a new imperial link of tremendous strength. As Mr. Lemieux himself has pointed out, it is inconceivable that serious friction or difficulty could exist under its influence. Such a system, too, would enable many of our leading newspapers to maintain their own special correspondents in London, a luxury they have never yet been able to afford, or from which, in the rare instances where the effort has been made, the high cable rates have prohibited an adequate return in the way of usefulness.

* * *

Speaking of newspapers, that interview with the German Emperor which appeared in the *London Daily Telegraph* was certainly a brilliant

journalistic feat—"scoop" it used to be termed in newspaper parlance. There has been, of course, a world of criticism of the action of the Emperor in giving such an interview to the representative of a foreign country, but there has been no suggestion that the newspaper took other than a perfectly natural course in publishing what the impulsive sovereign had said. From a newspaper point of view the interview was perhaps the finest piece of copy since the London *Daily Mail* published the exclusive story of the massacre of the foreign legations in Peking, with the difference that the interview was founded on fact and the massacre on fiction. The interview caused in Germany probably the severest crisis through which the Emperor has passed, and perhaps his personal popularity, which cannot be doubted, alone averted a serious weakening of his authority. As it is, the Emperor has been given to understand in the plainest of terms that if he is not more circumspect in his utterances his imperial wings will have to be trimmed, and the Emperor, who, when he stops to think, can no doubt read the signs of the times as well as his neighbour, has definitely promised in future to keep tongue and pen under better control. He has, indeed, but to look across to the neighbouring isles of Britain to find in his uncle, our own Edward VII., the best of examples of a constitutional monarch, whose example he could not do better than follow. We cannot well imagine King Edward giving out an interview to a Berlin newspaper; yet the British sovereign is not without influence in Europe.

* * *

The times are not in fact propitious to autocracy in any form, save in that of a more or less graceful fiction. Real autocracies are toppling over at a rate that is almost alarming. Japan is an old story, of course, yet it set the great precedent of modern times, and in its wake are travelling Russia,

Persia, Turkey, China, each one with a brand new parliament established or about to be established, and each manifesting aspirations for free and enlightened government that will not be gainsaid. We need not imagine that the demand will be limited to these. A wave of enthusiasm for progressive and well-ordered government of the type evolved in Britain is sweeping over the whole world, and in every land the forces that make for the higher life that comes from intelligent effort and strenuous toil are being strengthened and advanced. Just where it will all end it is impossible to say, and we may depend upon it that long before the end comes there will be painful and bitter moments for every nation as for every individual, but we may at least be sure that these old nations who have rusted so long in their fetters are the better already for the glimpses they are getting of human freedom and will enjoy a larger and higher measure of happiness as their shackles are one by one struck off.

* * *

Canadians cannot but feel a deep and even pathetic interest in the troubled condition of India. Week by week the situation appears, judged by the press reports, to grow darker and more ominous and is declared to resemble all too closely the period immediately preceding the great mutiny of half a century ago. There are two points in the outlook that furnish ground for hope. The British people, the rulers of India, are at once infinitely more powerful, more sympathetic and more prepared than they were in 1857. Facilities for communication and transportation have immeasurably improved, and the clouds that hang over India are being observed and studied in London as closely as in Calcutta; if wise statesmanship and high intellectual effort can avail to do so, the clouds will be dissolved.

* * *

Probably no more striking tribute

has been paid to Lord Morley at any time during his long career in literature and politics than that which reaches him now from every corner of Britain and of Greater Britain in connection with the giant task that occupies him in India. It is generally conceded that his retirement to the House of Lords would never have taken place but for his desire to be able to devote his great powers solely to the problems of his department. Lord Morley has a reputation that has never been surpassed for earnestness of purpose and sincerity of conviction, and as his essays on "compromise" show, no one realises more clearly the necessity of proceeding a step at a time in the achievement of real progress. No matter how deeply his sympathies may be stirred by the unhappiness and unsatisfied ambitions of large masses of the people of India, he lays theories aside in a great crisis and becomes a man of action. He is ruling India firmly and will not have untimely concessions forced by murder and conspiracy. When the clouds have passed—if pass they shall—Lord Morley will be the first to concede all that India can safely accept to-day.

* * *

Mr. Roosevelt, who finds a speedy solution to most problems that come to him, has settled what shall be done with ex-Presidents of the United States. He at least is going to be an editor, if report speaks truly. First, indeed, he is going to take a holiday, and naturally his holiday will take the form of hunting. Big game in Central Africa, then the delivery of a Romanes lecture at old Oxford, where, needless to say, he will receive an LL.D., and then, somewhere about the fall of 1910, the editorial chair. *The Outlook* is the lucky journal, always one of the sanest, best edited and most influential among the weekly journals of the United States. From his editorial chair Mr. Roosevelt will exert a healthy and beneficial influence on the public life of the day.

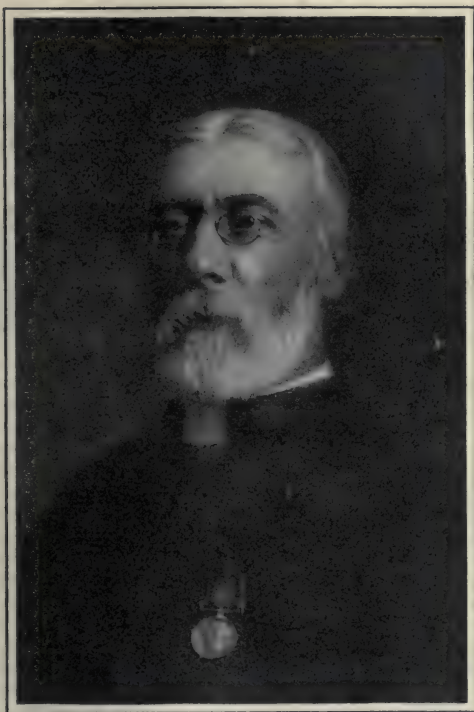
His absence for eighteen months or so will perhaps prevent that influence being in any way embarrassing to his successor at the White House.

* * *

It is curious to reflect by the way that at the moment of writing there is no ex-President of the United States, and Mr. Roosevelt will be alone in his class when he enters it. American statesmen in these later days have not been long-lived, not counting, of course, those whose lives have been unnaturally shortened by the hand of the assassin, a class which unhappily includes a large percentage of those who have filled the highest office in the Republic. Perhaps Canadian politics are less strenuous than those across the border. Sir John Macdonald lived to a good old age and died in harness; Sir Wilfrid Laurier, after twelve years of arduous premiership, finds himself at 67 in better health than before he took office, and despite the long term of office Sir Wilfrid has enjoyed, Canada is still able to present in Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Sir Charles Tupper two hale octogenarians who preceded the present Premier in the leadership of the Government.

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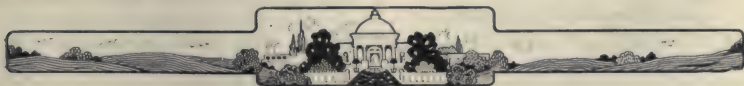
Few pastors celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their charge under circumstances so happy as those that awaited the Rev. Dr. Barclay of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Montreal. His congregation had arranged the testimonials and addresses which an able and popular pastor might under such circumstances expect, but an incident which gave the anniversary an interest and importance almost sensational was the announcement of the munificence of Lord Mountstephen, a former member of the congregation, in placing to the credit of Dr. Barclay, in honour of the occasion, no less than \$75,000, or, to be exact, \$75,325. The sentences in which Lord Mountstephen expressed his intentions were Nelsonic in their



REV. DR. BARCLAY, OF MONTREAL, WHO RECENTLY RECEIVED A
GIFT OF \$75,000 FROM LORD MOUNTSTEPHEN

terseness and brevity: "I do not wish to interfere in any way with what the congregation may wish to do in regard to a testimonial but would like to do something personally. Will you see Dr. Barclay, and, if he does not object, use the authority I enclose and transfer to Dr. Barclay securities for \$75,325." The kind thoughtfulness of the Canadian peer is as pleasant to hear of as the princeliness of the gift itself. The

congregation of which Dr. Barclay is pastor ranks among the wealthiest in the Dominion, and it was as a body not unmindful of the pastor's celebration. Although the members did not make so magnificent a gift as Lord Mountstephen made, they nevertheless manifested their appreciation in a very tangible form. Let us hope Dr. Barclay will live long to enjoy a good fortune more frequently deserved than reaped in pastoral work.





TO SHAKESPEARE'S MOTHER.

Did he, madonna, on thy bosom turning,
 Look in thy woman-eyes and see

soft fires
 Glowing and melting, passioning and

yearning,
 Lit with the mother-light of far

desires?
 Oh, did he fix his still regard upon

them,
 Learning their meanings manifold

and strange,
 Climbing with wonder up to count and

con them
 Ere they should vanish and the

moment change?

The visions that thy soul revealed
 him then,

Though thou hast died, madonna,
 may never die;

They dwell eternal in pure Imogen,
 Cordelia's truth and Desdemona's

sigh,
 Rosalind's Arden, Miranda's island

wave,
 Girlish Ophelia's love, and Juliet's

grave.

—George Herbert Clarke, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

*

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

A READER of *The Canadian Magazine* has addressed a letter to this department, asking why the

"Temperance Question," as the interested writer calls it, is not discussed more frequently in these columns, since the whole matter is one of grave importance to the household. There is no doubt that the restriction of the manufacture and sale of liquor must be creating public discussion to a remarkable extent. On this continent, there is hardly a magazine which has not an article on the subject in the twelve months' *menu*. The articles on feminine intoxication, which have appeared so freely in various publications during the last year, have been commented upon in this department, but the general matter of what is called temperance legislation is too large a subject for anything but lengthy discussion.

Frankly, I believe in prohibitory laws if they will prohibit. Some excellent citizens, entirely in favour of temperance, have grave doubts as to the efficacy of such enactments, stating that, where prohibition is tried, the last state of that community is worse than the first. However, the fact that liquor dealers almost invariably throw the weight of their influence against prohibition may indicate that such legislation *does* diminish the sale of intoxicating drinks. One would prefer to see humanity rise to such heights of dignity and self-control as to avoid drug

and drink habits out of mere respect for whatsoever things are decent. However, humanity, in this matter, appears to be lamentably weak and in need of re-enforcement.

Woman is playing a more quiet and, perhaps, a more effectual part in the modern movement against liquor than she played in its earlier stages. With the exception of the hysterical Carrie Nation, the feminine upholders of the temperance cause are more intelligent and broad-minded than the pioneers in the movement. Their views are stated with firmness, but with moderation, and their efforts to protect the home against the greatest curse of modern times are carried on with a unity which means strength. The evils, attendant upon the liquor traffic, are so great, the abuses in connection with its manipulation are so vile, that it is difficult for a sensitive woman to enter upon temperance work without becoming, for a time at least, extreme in her views.

"What I cannot understand," said a young worker among the distressed of a Canadian city, "is how a Government can allow this traffic to go on and actually license it."

The ways of any Government are, indeed, wonderful, but there are many indications that the men in civilised states are rousing to the drink danger and are insisting on its diminution. The drink evil appears to be especially rampant in Anglo-Saxon countries, Latin Communities preferring light wines in moderation to a disgusting excess in strong drink. There are readers of modern fiction who find Miss Corelli's tracts too violent for the dictates of literary judgment. But there is little doubt that her recent novel, "Holy Orders," is doing a great work in the fight against the British brewers. Her depiction of a besotted village is in most vivid colouring and her assertion that the workingman's beer is poisoned, has aroused the public conscience to an extent hardly hoped for. However,

the would-be clerical reformer of the story cannot hope to do much for the labourer unless the wine is banished from the vicar's table. The inconsistency of a clergyman, who indulges in French wines, preaching total abstinence to a hard-fisted toiler is almost ludicrous. There must be some sacrifice on the part of the enlightened before the degraded elements of society can be reached.

The charge that many women are drinking to excess has been made, again and again—sometimes, it is to be feared, with a view to sensational effect by the speaker or paragrapher. The dames who drink were dealt with severely last year by the yellow journals, the magazines and the novelists. Mrs. Gertrude Atherton is the latest to write on the subject in an article "Bridge-Whist and Drink" in the Christmas number of the *Red Book Magazine*. Mrs. Atherton expresses this arresting opinion:

"I have known many men of brilliant parts with a weakness for alcohol, but I have never known a woman drinker who was not more or less a fool. Women of strong brains do not take to drink to drown their woes or to stimulate their brain cells . . . I think that when a woman of mature years takes to drink she is not worth bothering about . . .

The world is well rid of her like. No doubt it is one of Nature's plans to determine the survival of the fittest, for some women have enough provocation in their daily lives to drown their woes. But the ninety-nine find strength, and if the hundredth cannot, she were best out of the way."

This seems the last word, if a hard one, on the subject of the inebriate "lady." She is an unedifying object and has tottered long enough through the columns of newspapers and magazines. Let us despatch her quietly to the gold cure, or decently inter her, with the hope that the evil she has done may not live after her. She is offensive to eyes, ears and nose, being ugly, noisy and malodorous, and

her disappearance from the planet and the press would fill a long-felt want.

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THE OLD FIRMS.

IT is curious how the well-known labels on jars, bales or boxes become so familiar that they finally seem like old friends. An English writer on "An Art in its Infancy," referring to the gentle ways of the modern advertiser, says that the returning Briton may soon be able to discern on the "white cliffs of Albion" the familiar sign of a sauce, preserves or pickle, familiar to his childhood. We object decidedly to this fashion of spoiling the landscape, but are by no means averse to the old friends' faces in the Christmas magazines. I remember once, when more than a thousand miles away from Canada, being seized with an attack of something resembling homesickness, at the sight of a familiar label on a marmalade jar. The astonished merchant did not seem to understand why I clamoured for that particular jar nor why I insisted on carrying it myself.

The names, "Pears," "Eno's" and "Horrockses," are almost as much household words as that of Queen Victoria herself. The last is assuredly British. "Horrockses" must flourish beneath the Union Jack, and it has a comfortable, substantial sound which belongs to dainty nainsooks, enduring long-cloths and flannellettes that are the stuff of which the best morning-gowns and blouses are manufactured. There is, in fact, a permanence about these standard British goods which is not always to be found in modern material; and the quaint eighteenth-century picture, going back to our great-grandmother's days makes us feel that the business houses of the "seventeen-hundred-and-ninety-one" have an interesting history on their shelves and counters.

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A BOOK WORTH READING.

IT is pleasant to read that "Anne of Green Gables," the delightful Prince Edward Island story by Miss

Lucy Montgomery, is making friends everywhere. I have deplored, on several occasions, the scarcity of bright, wholesome books for girls. Wherefore, although that sparkling chronicle has been reviewed elsewhere, in an autumn issue of this magazine, it may not be out of place to refer once more to a story that is full of quaint and sprightly charm. The novel is by no means a story for juveniles only, but every unspoiled girl will surely take it to her heart. The chapter which tells of the story-telling club, in which the members composed such "thrillers" about Geraldines and Gwendolyns will appeal to every imaginative school girl. Anne, fortunate girl that she was, had no access to the city matinee and, consequently, had all the flowers, birds and trees of that island home to talk to and befriend. She is a captivating, if somewhat voluble young person, and we are going to Prince Edward Island next summer to become acquainted with Anne and Green Gables.

*

BREAKFASTS THAT HAVE BEEN.

THE Lord Chancellor of England recently gave a breakfast to three hundred guests in the House of Lords, thereby reviving a social entertainment which once was a brilliant event. The *Argonaut*, commenting on the recent affair, remarks:

"A great array of every kind of sandwich loaded the table, but the dish most in evidence was chicken and ham. Champagne, hock and claret cup were available, though it was noted that the beverage most favoured by the legal world was iced coffee. The Lord Chancellor's breakfast, which is eaten standing, is an institution which goes back to the days of the versatile Brougham. For the last forty years it has been held in the House of Lords, but at an earlier date it was given in the Lord Chancellor's residence. It is a relic of the times when breakfast was a great social function. In the early years of the Nineteenth Century, the

breakfasts of the poet Rogers were famous as the *rendez-vous* of wits and literary personalities.

"Many other great men of that period had what may be termed the breakfast habit. Thus Mr. Gladstone was a regular giver of breakfasts and a constant attendant at them when given by others.

. . . To our ancestors the meal was a solid one, of many dishes of meat, qualified by sack possets or small beer, the ancient equivalent of soda water. Tea was not invented and coffee was only to be found in the mediæval analogue of the modern museum."

Breakfast has not entirely vanished as a social occasion. Even on this prosaic continent, there are certain old homesteads in the Southern States where there is an occasional "gathering" for breakfast, to which invitations are formally issued, the usual hour for assembly being ten o'clock.

*

A MUSICAL MAID.

THERE is an ambitious St.

Thomas girl, Miss Gertrude Huntley, who has already realised part of her aspirations, in the form of several years piano study under Moszkowski and violin under Gelo so in the city of Paris. Miss Huntley graduated from the Barron Conservatory, London, Ontario, took a post-graduate course under Alberto Jonas and a Chataqua season with Sherwood before going abroad. On her return to St. Thomas this autumn, she was greeted by such an audience, as proved that the gifted young musician is honoured in her



Miss Gertrude Huntley, an ambitious young Canadian musician

own country. Last March, the great Moszkowski himself, who had not played in public for nearly ten years, took part in this Canadian girl's *début* concert in Paris, playing his own concerto with his pupil. Miss Huntley is naturally enthusiastic over the master and believes the piano is her real work, although she has spent much time and energy in violin study as well. We shall probably hear her in Montreal, Toronto and, perhaps, away out to the Coast.

JEAN GRAHAM.



The WAY of LETTERS

Mr. Robert E. Knowles, of Galt, may now be regarded as firmly established as a novelist of more than ordinary ability. He is the author of four volumes of fiction, and, what should be very gratifying to a young author, his readers will regard his latest production as being superior to his other efforts in symmetry, technique and general excellence. "St. Cuthberts" and "The Undertow" earned for their author a wide circle of readers, while "The Dawn at Shanty Bay" was not so pretentious in volume or important as a piece of literature; but "The Web of Time" will give Mr. Knowles a standing among writers that is not easily attained nowadays. While dealing with some of the great passions and weaknesses of humanity, "The Web of Time" is not sensational, and it therefore will scarcely appear among the few "best sellers." Its appeal will be made mostly to thoughtful persons, and among such its influence should be pronounced and enduring. Hereditary susceptibility to the stimulating influence of alcohol is something on which all opinions do not agree, but all do agree that some persons are susceptible to such influence. Mr. Knowles takes the case of a father and son who, during the son's childhood and early manhood, are estranged owing to the father's weakness for strong drink. To that

weakness the son in turn falls victim, and the novelist, with deft and convincing narration, baffles all the good offices of human love, sympathy and solicitation; and finally, after repeated failures to overcome the desire, conquest is gained through divine instrumentality. The reader is left to take for granted that a complete mastery has been bestowed from Above. In every other instance, the father and son (it is the son's, and therefore the hereditary, case that has been most seriously considered) have been unable to overcome the craving, and the reader reads for himself failure after failure, but he is not permitted to raise the veil and test the endurance of the spiritual deliverance. But perhaps that circumstance merely throws some light on the author's astuteness; and, if it does, a sequel must be forthcoming. If it does not, then the reader is at liberty to challenge the author and to say that in the efficacy and permanence of divine assistance in cases of human weakness such as the book so well describes this lesson is not finished. (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell. Cloth, \$1.25.)

*

Another Canadian writer, one whose purpose is perhaps more pronounced than usual is "Marion Keith", or Miss Esther Miller, of Orillia. Her latest novel is entitled "Treasure Val-

ley." Other earlier volumes by the same author are "Duncan Polite" and "The Silver Maple." The work of this young woman is marked with grace, wholesomeness, a decidedly Canadian flavour, while she might quite properly be credited with a keen appreciation of a humorous situation. Her humour, however, inclines towards caricature, and, instead of making her characters appear funny at times, she makes them appear a little ridiculous. She seems to pay rather too much attention to the niceties rather than to the subtleties of her art, but that is a detail that might easily be overcome. She develops situations that afford opportunity for the display of manly and unselfish traits of character and the redeeming virtues of human sympathy and compassion. "Treasure Valley" can scarcely be regarded as anything but a caricature of an out-of-the-way community in rural Ontario, but while a touch of caricature is in many instances a necessity from an artistic standpoint, it is scarcely so when the subject is in itself far removed from the commonplace. Some of the characters are well depicted. The theme of the novel is the redemption through childish intervention of a man who has lost his self-esteem and sense of moral responsibility. Throughout, there is an engaging love story. (Toronto: The Westminster Publishing Company. Cloth, \$1.25.)

*

A STORY OF THE SEA.

In "The Gentleman," by Mr. Alfred Ollivant, we have one of the best novels published in 1908. This writer's first work, "Bob, Son of Battle," was proof of a vigorous and original spirit in the ranks of English fiction writers.



Robert E. Knowles, whose latest novel, "The Web of Time," is reviewed in this number

This latest novel by Mr. Ollivant is more brilliant and forceful than even the readers of his early work might have expected. It is a story of 1805, the summer of Trafalgar year, and it is such a tale of naval warfare as few have achieved. Napoleon and Nelson are felt, as moving behind the scenes in which the little *Tremendous* fights and sinks. It is a wonderful story of slaughter and strife, and yet told with a grace which never falls into mere gory chronicle. It belongs in fiction to the class assigned to Tennyson's "The Revenge" among ballads of the fleet. Indeed, the reader will, more than once, link the narrative of Ollivant with those lines from the poem:—

"And the sun went down and the stars
came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of
the one and the fifty-three."

One of the most delightful features about the story is the italicised line after the conclusion: "*I will answer no questions about this book.*" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.)

*

"FATE'S A FIDDLER."

The question of title has often been mooted, but most of us will agree that "Fate's a Fiddler," from one of W. E. Henley's brave poems, is such as to invite the reader's attention. In this book, Mr. Edwin George Pinkham tells a delightful tale of a young hero's adventures, beginning with his earliest experiences in a wonderful old Boston book-shop. The hero's name, *Sumner Bibbue*, is reminiscent of Dickens and, in fact, the characters have a decided flavour of "David Copperfield," the hero's father being a modern *Micawber*, with all that worthy's gift of unflinching optimism. There is a villain of the old-fashioned sort who commits horrible deeds with a masterly finish, and there is a charming girl called "Starbright," who is well worth a hero's devotion. The story is told with an easy-going friendly touch which is rare in these days of hurry. By all means, the modern reader should become acquainted with the *Bibbue* family. (Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Cloth, \$1.50.)

*

A NOVEL INDEED.

Mr. Stanley Weyman has announced that "The Wild Geese" is his last work of fiction. It is to be hoped that this author will change his mind and, like the singers and actors of the fare-well tours, give us several more "last" novels. Mr. Weyman is an artist above most who are in the fiction field to-day, and even his host of imitators do not seem to have injured his reputation. He is preëminently a story-teller, leaving theology, science (Christian or otherwise), and frenzied finance to take care of themselves. A troubled

corner of Ireland in the turbulent days of the First George is the scene of many a thrilling adventure. When one learns that the heroine's name is "Flavia," there is doubt of the author's wisdom, for the classic syllables recall at once the Princess who made Anthony Hope's *Zenda* a memorable kingdom. However, this later Flavia is worthy of the name and of the race from which she has descended. "The Wild Geese" is one of the best novels of the year. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, \$1.25.)

*

WILLIAM WYE SMITH'S SELECTED POEMS.

All who know the sympathetic and beneficent character of Rev. William Wye Smith, of St. Catharines, will be pleased to know that a volume of his selected poems has been recently published. While the author has never claimed to be a great poet, he has had many admirers of his simple and unaffected style. In some of his poems he strikes a delightfully quaint note, especially some that are written in the Scotch dialect. The selections cover a wide range of subjects, and are notable for their simplicity and kindness. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.00.)

*

TALES OF UNCONVENTIONAL LIFE.

Bohemia is a word that covers a multitude of human weaknesses. Its location is indefinite, and yet it is world-embracing, and may be found anywhere. For some persons a very small amount of unconventionality at once transforms the environment into Bohemia, while for others the transformation cannot be accomplished without a good deal of beer and song and loose society. "Tales from Bohemia" is the title of a volume of short stories by the late Robert Neilson Stephens, whose most widely-known accomplishment was the play called "An Enemy to the King." These stories have been collected and

edited in a most sympathetic manner by "J.O.G.D.," who gives a retrospect of the author and tells something about the circumstances in which he worked. The stories themselves are only fair. Some are much better than others, immeasurably better, and most of the best ones are reprinted from magazines wherein they first appeared. They deal with persons who live or lived in what is popularly regarded as a Bohemian way—actors, actresses, musicians, etc. While not being the work of a keen and artistic pen, some of them (to mention one, "The Triumph of Mogley") are well worth reading. They are illustrated by Wallace Goldsmith, and are excellently well presented by the publishers. (Boston: L. C. Page & Company. Cloth, \$1.50.)

*

AN INFERIOR NOVEL.

Mrs. H. A. Mitchell Keays created unusual interest some years ago with the novel, "He That Eateth Bread With Me," which treated of the "divorce question" in a more dignified style than that usually adopted by the novelist dealing with social problems. "The Road to Damascus," a later publication, showed a decided improvement in literary grace; but Mrs. Keay's latest attempt in fiction, "I and My True Love," is emphatically retrogressive, both in story and style. The authoress' "heroine" is a woman who cruelly forsook husband and child, because she found domestic life irksome, and lived for many years with a man who was fairly typical of the modern voluptuary. After his death, she suddenly became desirous to return to her husband, who had amassed fame and fortune as a popular playwright, and this obliging person displayed a magnanimity that was somewhat invertebrate. The characters are unwholesome in their cheap cynicism and unprincipled grasp of the material good of life, and there is no



Miss Esther Miller, of Orillia, who in the pen-name of "Marian Keith" is the author of several novels, among them her latest, "Treasure Valley"

distinction whatever in treatment of the subject. (Boston: Small, Maynard & Company.)

*

QUAINT CHARACTERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

To all who are tired of society and problem novels "Cy Whittaker's Place," by Joseph C. Lincoln, is recommended. This is a refreshing and humorous story of life in New England, full of clean, wholesome, quaint dialogue and amusing situations. The humour begins even on the first page: "Keturah Bangs, who keeps 'the perfect boarding-house,' says it was Tuesday, because she remembers they had fried cod cheeks and cabbage that day—as they have every Tuesday. . . . Keturah says she is certain it was Tuesday, because she remembers smelling the boiled cabbage as she stood at the side door looking up the road. . . ." There are about thirty excellent illustrations

by Wallace Morgan (Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, \$1.25.)

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NOTES.

—A book of recent date, entitled "Corrie Who?", by Maximilian Foster, may attract the reading public both by its cover design and by its name. The narrative deals with what is many a novelist's pet theme, namely, love and mystery. As may be imagined from the title page, uncertainty surrounds the life of the heroine, inasmuch as her identity or legitimate name is unknown both to herself and to her lover, till the concluding chapters are reached, when the barrier to their marriage is removed. The attempts at humour are by no means a pronounced feature. The description of the most outstanding character, *Mrs Pinchin*, who is the bane of the heroine's life, impresses one as being quite strongly drawn. This woman guards the secret attached to *Corrie's* life, to gratify selfish desires, and possesses a most unyielding, unattractive nature. The narrative is dealt with in a manner not unlike the make-up of what might be intended for a play. (Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. Cloth, \$1.50.)

—Artists will find much to interest them in the November number of *The Studio*, which contains several reproductions in colours of drawings by Edmund Dulac, a young illustrator who has within the last couple of years made a tremendous impression in British art circles, particularly with his illustrations of "The Arabian Nights." Although only twenty-eight years old, Mr. Dulac has displayed uncommon powers as a draughtsman, as well as a phenomenal imagination and great decorative skill. In delicacy of colour and technique his work is masterful. Besides these colour plates and an article on

the artist, there are plates and articles on Auguste Lepère, painter and engraver; William Mouncey, of Kirkcudbright; the Scottish Modern Arts Association, recent designs in domestic architecture, and much other material of more than passing interest. (London, W.C.: The Studio Publishing Company. Is. net.)

—"Nancy McVeigh of the Monk Road" is the title of a small volume of short stories, with a thread of connection running from one to another. The author is R. Henry Mainer. *Nancy McVeigh* is the mistress of a roadside tavern, and the purpose of the book is to show that the influence for good of a person in her position may outweigh the influence for bad that so often attends the selling of alcohol. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.00.)

—"Letters to the Family," a series of articles on Canada by Rudyard Kipling, are now available in book form. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Paper, 25 cents.)

—Messrs. Cassell and Company (London and Toronto) issue every year an excellent volume of reproductions of the Royal Academy pictures and sculpture, and the volume for 1908 is a most valuable one to all students and lovers of art. It contains more than two hundred reproductions, some of which are six by nine inches in size. The frontispiece is a splendid sepia photogravure of "The Boy and the Man," by George Clausen. More than 125 painters are represented, among them such well-known names as Sir Alma-Tadema, Frank Brangwyn, Annesly Brown, George Clausen, the late David Farquharson, Elizabeth Stanhope Forbes, J. J. Shannon, S. J. Solomon and Arthur Hacker.

—"Talks to the King's Children" is a volume of short object talks for little folks by Sylvanus Stall, D.D. (Toronto: William Briggs. \$1.00.)



Within The Sanctum



THE beginning of a new year seems to commingle in a most perplexing manner the opposing emotions of joy and sadness. Sadness (or is it seriousness?) comes first and does not usually last long. With those who are awake, it begins about five minutes before midnight on December the thirty-first, and ends a few minutes after the new year has been formally ushered in. There is a peculiar psychological phenomenon that seems to bewitch the last few moments of the dying year, and it grows in intensity until the climax is reached during the atom of time that immediately precedes the tolling of the bells. Of course, to all who go indifferently to bed on New Year's Eve, just the same as on any other eve, and take no heed of the morrow, these words have no meaning, but many persons all over the world have experienced strange sensations, the holding of breath, the tension of nerves, that invariably come to those who cultivate the proper spirit for appreciating the passing of one more year. Looking at the circumstances from a purely emotional standpoint, one would almost feel that there were actually between the end of the old year and the beginning of the new a few moments of enchantment, moments that are not accounted for on the calendar and which are quite different from all the other moments of the year. As a matter of fact, we all know that there are no such moments, and, as we think about it, it is a natural and human

thing to wish that the Gregorian mathematicians, instead of devising the leap-year balance, had set aside six hours every year, six hours during which there would be no legal responsibility; that is, that for six hours one might do whatever one might wish to do, and no person could rightly call it an offence against organised society. Such a state of affairs would for a brief time take us back to pre-civilisation days, and perhaps we would experience in a very trifling way something of the feelings of our early ancestors. It would be a real test of civilisation, because it would prove whether man, should he not have to, would act in a civilised way. But, most of all, it would test the seriousness of the spell that comes over us with the swinging out of the old year. If the psychological phenomenon, the witchery, or whatever it is that renders so potent the three-hundredth and sixty-fifth midnight would so enthrall us that during the six hours of uncalendared time we would not break out into barbarisms, but rather contemplate the seriousness of the passing years, then we could really feel convinced that there is, after all, some charm, something that works upon the emotions, in the surcharged moments that speed out the old and usher in the new.

At first sight, it might look as if the absence of leap year would place unmarried women at a disadvantage; but, with six hours of freedom from law or convention, there is reason in

believing that more would be attained than during the much longer time of 366 days. It is well known that, even during leap year, women propose matrimony in a very timid, half-hearted manner. In the first place, they have too much time, and they naturally feel that if failure meets them in the first instance they can still try again. But with only six hours in which to operate they would undertake the task with super-induced determination and enthusiasm, and, coming on the unsuspecting quarry with every sense attuned to the purpose of conquest, victory would be almost assured. There would be no holding back, no reliance on a more convenient season, no thought of the morrow. So man, thus approached on the spur of the moment, would fall a ready victim, and there would then be little talk of woman's rights.

*

The proposal to build the Georgian Bay ship canal, which would make navigable the stretch of country between the Georgian Bay and the Ottawa River, is being continuously brought up, and, in view of the keen competition of the United States in the grain-carrying business, men who realise the necessity for cheap transportation from the West are urging the advisability of building such a canal. Speaking recently before the Canadian Club at Fort William, Mr. F. W. Thompson, of Montreal, said:

"Has it occurred to you what it means to Canada when a bushel of export grain finds its way, say, at Emerson, into the United States? A bushel of wheat shipped from Winnipeg east pays a freight of six cents to the Canadian railways between Winnipeg and Fort William or Port Arthur. Further, on its journey towards Britain it pays toll, if kept within Canada, to Canadian shipping, and assists in affording employment to our working people at our seaports. The same bushel of wheat finding its way east *via* the United

States would pay to our Canadian railways a freight of probably one cent, instead of six. The difference, if kept in Canada, that is, if our commodities be shipped on our own railways and over our own waterways, means that this freight, which we keep from American transportation companies, is largely circulated in Canada, is available for the construction and maintenance of our own railways, for the employment of our citizens, and for the preservation of capital, as well as the creation and building up of a vast inland marine. It is this motive, selfish if you will, that impels me to advocate that Canadians, irrespective of political opinions, should stand shoulder to shoulder for the upbuilding of transportation facilities within our borders, which can compete on a sound financial basis with any which can be offered by our cousins to the south.

"As you well know, gentlemen, the United States, recognising the necessity of improving her facilities for transportation, is to-day engaged in the construction—at an expenditure considerably in excess of one hundred million dollars—of what is practically a new Erie Canal between Buffalo and New York. With this completed, as it will be within the next few years, grain can be shipped in larger bulk from Buffalo to New York, permitting a reduction of rates and increasing competition, which our transportation facilities must meet.

"As I have said, gentlemen, our statesmen past and present have done much towards our railway development, but there is at least one task which is still before us. Nature has endowed Canada with what is probably one of the finest systems of inland water transportation in the world, but nature in this, as in everything else, to be perfect, needs assistance, and what we want—what the people of this district want, what the commercial requirements of Canada demand—is that our Government

should immediately take up with all seriousness the construction of a ship canal connecting the waters of Georgian Bay with those of the Ottawa—a canal of sufficient capacity to make the cities of our great lakes, the lake cities, not only of Canada, but those of the United States as well—not what they are to-day, but for all purposes seaport towns, having direct connection by ocean-going steamers with the salt-water ports of the world. That this is economically and financially possible is my firm belief, a belief founded on investigation which I have made, and consideration which I have been able to personally give the matter. I believe, too, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, foreseeing the necessity of this work, has obtained statistics and engineering reports which go far to verify my belief as to the possibility of the construction of this canal upon a cost basis which will make it without question profitable to Canada.”

*

In the death of Mr. William Cooke, of Toronto, Canada has lost one of the fine type of Englishmen who were working fifty years ago in the upbuilding of the country's growing nationhood. Mr. Cooke came to Canada in 1852 at the age of twenty-five, and entered the service of the Bank of

British North America at Dundas. Thence he was moved to Hamilton and to Galt. Finally, in 1877, he was appointed manager of the Merchants Bank of Toronto, which position he held until his retirement in 1889. Forty years of business life in responsible positions, where the financial ferment of the country was most actively felt, gave Mr. Cooke a keen sense of and a remarkable insight into Canadian affairs. The year 1857 was one of great financial disasters, and Mr. Cooke underwent much anxiety in endeavouring to guide his clients safely through the difficulties of the time, and in this and other ways his earlier life was not without exciting experiences. He was fond, for instance, when in a reminiscent mood, of telling how he frequently carried large sums of money in gold and specie on horseback between Dundas and Hamilton, when the road was not free from highwaymen and risk of other adventure. Mr. Cooke came of good English family, his grandfather having held the rank of admiral in the British Navy. Mr. Cooke's philanthropy was broad and deep; he rarely spoke of giving, but gave continually, and as a life member of the St. George's Society and the Home for Incurables, did splendid and lasting work. His last years were spent in a pleasant and well-earned repose.

The Editor



What Others Are Laughing at

A LITTLE SAVAGE.

Little Nephew—"Auntie, did you marry an Indian?"

Aunt—"Why do you ask such silly questions, Freddie?"

Little Nephew—"Well, I saw some scalps on your dressing-table."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

*

THE EARTH

The earth touches life at a number of important points. It is, to be sure, the Lord's and the fullness thereof, but by an amicable arrangement it is farmed out to the coal barons in such a way as not to hurt business.

The salt of the earth is one of the eleven primordial jokes.

By being of the earth earthy, we avoid becoming dotty over the good, the beautiful and the true.

The earth stops people when they fall out of their airships, and is a convenient contrivance for them to return to when they die. It gets itself wanted by the many and adds the envy of these to the joys of the few who obtain it. And finally it bestows merited distinction on the meek, by whom the earth, after being eaten up in the costs of administration, is inherited.—Ramsey Benson, in *Life*.

*

HIS AILMENT.

Medical Student—"What did you operate on that man for?"

Eminent Surgeon—"Two hundred dollars."

Medical Student—"I mean, what did he have?"

Eminent Surgeon—"Two hundred dollars."—*The Christian Register*.

*

A MODERN MIRACLE

Charitable Man (to former blind beggar)—"What! have you recovered your sight?"

Beggar—"Well, you see, it's this way. I've lost my dog; and as I can no longer be blind, I have become a deaf-mute."—*Puck*.

*

WHY?

One of the Friends—"Pardon me, sire, but why do they call you Satan?"

His Diabolical Majesty—"Oh, that's just an Old Nick name."—*Cleveland Leader*.



THE NEW CURATE (inquiring for parishioner) "Pardon me, is this No. 15?"

LADY OF THE HOUSE: "Lor' bless you, no, sir! This is only my sixth!"



SOLICITOR: "... And I am sure you will find, madam, that this is the first course to adopt—in the event of your friendly letter failing to produce the effect we desire."

CLIENT: "Yes, I see, Mr. Jones—if I cannot get what I want by fair means, I must put the matter unreservedly into your hands." —*Punch*

DIARY OF A HUMOURIST.

Jan. 1st. Wife's mother arrived this morning for a three weeks' visit. Worked all day on a batch of "mother-in-law jokes."

Jan. 2nd. Cook got mad and left in a rage this forenoon. Spent the day turning out jokes about cooks in general and ours in particular. Sent them off this evening.

Jan. 3rd. Still without a cook. Wife tried to get dinner and made an awful botch of it. But the incident gave me an excuse to write some funny paragraphs on the subject, incidentally ringing in something about the things mother used to cook.

Jan. 4th. Just received a bill from the plumber. Charged me ten dollars for two hours' work. Bet I'll get even with the scoundrel. Witticisms at the expense of the plumber are always salable.

Jan. 6th. Received my spring poem back to-day. This makes the tenth time. I'm not discouraged, however; turned out a number of jokes during the day on the hard luck of a poet.

Ultimately I shall probably receive more for the jokes than the poem would have brought.

Jan. 7th. The piano down below has just started up again. It's up to me to write some new musical funnyisms.

Jan. 28th. Just received an acceptance of the last of my jokes on the "bargain sale habit" to-day. I lay away a special fund with which to pay my wife's bills on bargain day. And this is no joke, either.

—*The Kazooster.*

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HE GOT THE DAY OFF.

Employer.—"Whose funeral do you want to go to?"

Office Boy—"The umpire's."—*New York Sun.*

✱

CRUEL.

Leading Tragic Man—"Did you see how I paralysed the audience in the death scene? They were crying all over the house!"

Stage Manager—"Yes, they knew you weren't really dead."—*Tit-Bits.*

THE MERRY MUSE

GOODNESS, AGNES!

By EDITH FLORENCE ROBSON

The china falls from shelves and walls,—

My rare hand-painted, old in story!
When Haviland breaks and Worcester quakes,

Our Mary Agnes yells in glory.

Smash, Agnes, smash! Send the wild fragments flying!

Smash, Agnes! Let me do the buying,
buying, buying.

Oh, hark! Oh, hear! They're drinking beer,

The foam from cut-glass tumblers blowing.

Oh, shock! Oh, jar! How near, how far!

Will that policeman ne'er be going?
Cram, Agnes, cram down the viands;
they're drying;

Have friends—but cook! I'll do the
buying, buying.

Oh, hear her sing ere birds on wing;
Her weird crescendo breaks my slumber.

Her whist-clubs meet on every street;
She flaunts admirers, without number.

Sing, Agnes, sing! Set the cart-horses shying;

Have your way, but stay! Cooks are
flying, flying, flying.

*

THE THUNDER

By DONALD A. FRASER

When de win' is wild an' roarin'
An' de rain comes down a-pourin'
An' de lightnin' sets to chatt'rin' ev' y
toof;

Wid a whoop an' wid a bellow,
Comes a hurly-burly fellow,
An' he starts to rollin' bar'ls along
our roof.

All night long he keeps dem rollin',
Like a lot o' boys a-bowlin',
An' I get all sort o' creepy; dat's de
troof;

For I feel de house a-shakin',
An' I lie dere all a-quakin'
'Cause I hate to hear dem bar'ls upon
our roof.

If dat fellow doesn't drop it,
When I'm big, I'll make him
stop it,
An' he'll have to show de quickness
of his hoofs;

For, if he don't skedaddle,
I will show him dere's a lad'll
Shoot de man who rolls ol' bar'ls down
people's roofs.

*

HER POCKET

(His View.)

She was a dainty, tiny thing,
With curly hair and dreamy eyes,
I watched her furtively, and wished
That I could draw as dear a prize.

When, suddenly, she seemed alarmed,
Began to act a trifle queer,
Poke anxiously around her waist
And in her gloves to wildly peer.

I looked at her in true alarm.
Alas! that all my scattered wits
Could not recall a thing to do
For pretty maidens having fits!

I watched her grab each arm in turn,
And pinch it firmly every place,
Until I saw a tiny lump
Appear amid the filmy lace.

She clutched it. Were it made of gold
She could not wear a look more
pleased.

A handkerchief—size two by twice—
She drew—and then, at last, she
sneezed!

—New York Herald.



Painting by Carl Ahrens

OAKS IN THE SUN
REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MR. J. G. MISSON

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 4

TORONTO: A CITY OF HOMES

BY HORACE BOULTBEE

MOST people have noticed the increasing importance given in recent years to the beautifying of cities. Citizenship has come to carry with it a noticeable tendency towards that pride in beautiful surroundings which brought fame to the cities of Greece for all time. A trite phrase, "the city beautiful," is one result of this tendency. It is unthinkingly uttered by those who run while they read, but it indicates that there has come into existence a pride in the attractiveness of city streets and parks which had been either dead or dormant for many years. The movement which has given birth to this sentiment is yet young, although its results are already widespread. Many large cities in Canada and the United States are competing with one another to obtain positions of preëminence as centres of æsthetic charm. The movement is growing quickly in Canada, and an evidence of its advance was afforded recently by the appointment of a Toronto architect to the position of President of the Architectural League of America, an association of architects, one of whose chief aims is to spread a love for beautiful streets and parks.

Architects are interested in this movement more than other people, as a natural result of the ideals of their profession. Their influence and the

growth of the movement can be easily traced in Toronto and other cities. In Toronto they have taken definite action toward quickening the interest of the citizens in the attractiveness of their city. It is to be expected, therefore, that the citizens should show a lively appreciation of the efforts of those who wish to beautify the city and should have done their own share by building pleasant-looking homes. Those who are critically disposed will find individual matters for complaint, but those who have an eye for the general effect will find that Toronto has recently made important developments in the direction of becoming an attractive residential city. It is distinctly a city of homes and among the principal attractions for visiting sight-seers is a drive along the delightful winding streets of Rosedale, with its hundreds of beautiful residences.

Toronto's claim to be a city of homes is as well founded as that of any city in the world. It has only a brief civic history, but from its earliest settlement days it has been a centre of romantic attachment for those who have peopled it. Tribes of Indians gathered on the site of the future city, when they felt the congregating or the bartering instinct. The Frenchmen of those early days spent many a happy, though strenuous, day at Fort Rouillé. When Muddy York commenced to



"THE GRANGE," ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING EXAMPLES OF THE BEST EARLIER RESIDENCES
OF TORONTO



"ITS CRESCENT STREETS, PLEASANT, SHADED WALKS, AND BRIGHT, CLEAN HOUSES"



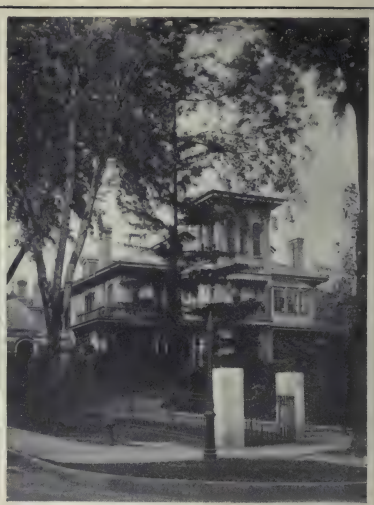
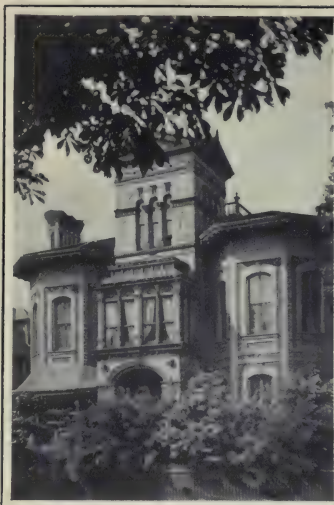
"WHERE FUTURE SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MEN WERE BUNDLED OFF TO SCHOOL BY THEIR
HARD-WORKING MOTHERS, LONG YEARS AGO"

grow, after the British had come into possession, the settlement soon became well known for its homes. Those were homes of the good old-fashioned sort. Their owners, in many cases,

cherished memories of the Old Country, where they had lived in the delightful homes which abound everywhere. They had seen much of strife in other lands and hoped to find a



A TYPICAL TORONTO HOME OF THE LATER TYPE



"STATELY HOMES, WITH HIGH CENTRAL TOWERS, SUGGESTIVE OF ITALIAN VILLAS, ARE SCATTERED ABOUT THE CITY"

spot in the new world where they could settle quietly and live a life like that of their fathers in England. Though they came to this country with an expectation of adventure, they came also to escape the religious and political bickerings of the old world. For a long time they found more of adventure than of peace, and the new country had to be seized as well as defended before it could be cultivated. Little wonder that, when time permitted, they turned with pleasure to the task of home-building.

Along the shore of the bay the city commenced to grow. Only a few years passed before several residences made their appearance. Some survivors of these houses may be seen to-day, hidden among the business blocks in the southern parts of the city. They are disappearing rapidly and will soon exist only in the memories of those who were fortunate enough to know something of Toronto in its earlier days. One hears now, such good old tales of

the hospitality and entertainment of those times that one wishes for a glimpse into the past. But those days have passed into history and have left behind them only their influence although something of the flavour of that early hospitality lingers in the homes of to-day. It is one of the richest legacies we have received from ancestors who were generous beyond measure in the heritage they bequeathed.

Since the building of Toronto's earliest homes, its architecture has developed along devious paths, but in its beginnings there were evidences of the higher ideals which were to prevail in later days. A few of the houses built in the early part of the nineteenth century still exist to show the taste of their builders. "The Grange," the well known Boulton homestead, now the home of Dr. Goldwin Smith, is an attractive example of the Georgian or Colonial style. It is set within a small park,

giving it the appearance of one of those country homes in the outskirts of English cities, where retired merchants or quiet old dowagers spend their declining years. The old Cawthra home, at the corner of King and Bay streets, now a banking house, is a delightful bit of classic architecture, which fortunately has been well preserved, so far as its exterior appearance is concerned. The Allan homestead, the Bishop's Palace, and others which have disappeared were eloquent reminders of the early life of Toronto and of the home-loving instinct which led its people to build not only houses but "homes," in the best sense of the word. There were not many people in the early days who could afford to build beautiful homes. The useful old square building with simple appearance prevailed. Increase in the number of the well-to-do has only come in recent years, and with it has come an improvement in street railway service, which has made it possible for the city to spread, and has encouraged those who can afford it to build attractive houses in the outlying districts.

Before the recent extension of the city, the population had been congesting itself in the central sections. In the area south of Bloor Street, between Sherbourne Street and Spadina Avenue, hundreds of beautiful homes were built; but they were remarkable, more frequently for their internal rather than for their external attraction. Gray old square fronts severely plain, with little or no grounds, are scattered throughout this district. Families have grown up

and died in them and now the majority of these homes have become boarding-houses. They were the homes of Toronto during its second period of development, when it had attained some importance as a city, but had not yet become the metropolitan city of to-day. There is something pathetic about these old homesteads of a changing period. They sheltered happy families, which in many cases had much to do with the city's advancement, but their days were short. In their youth, they experienced little more than the promise of an important future, and the growth of the city was so rapid, that they were abandoned before they could gather about them any of the charms of tradition. The home life



"THERE ARE HOUSES WHICH TELL OF TIMES WHEN LAND WAS LESS VALUABLE THAN IT IS TO-DAY."



ROUGHCAST HOUSES, WITH BRICK FRONTS AND UNATTRACTIVE GABLES—A RESULT OF "BOOM" TIMES IN TORONTO

which they sheltered extended at most to two generations, before they were transformed into boarding-houses. Their glories were so short-lived that the generations of to-day will seldom learn of them.

Toronto is a different city now from the Toronto of a generation ago. The well-to-do have sold out their gray old homesteads and built elaborate houses in the outlying districts. This movement has had its greatest activity during the last five or six years. In every direction, but chiefly toward the north, and especially in Rosedale, residences of every description have been built. Rosedale has become the chief attraction of Toronto, from a residential point of view. Its crescent streets, pleasant, shaded walks and bright, clean houses with well kept gardens give it substantial claim to the title sometimes given to it of

"Spotless Town." One could write at some length about the attractions of Rosedale, the chief of which to-day is its newness. As one walks along the streets, one feels that all these bright new houses are still occupied by the people for whom they were built, and for whom the pleasures of living in a new home have not yet grown stale. But one should not take up the case of Rosedale alone. Perhaps it contains a larger share of the well-to-do than any other section of Toronto. But the well-to-do have no monopoly of home pleasures. Rosedale people probably enjoy a good share of them, but Toronto's homes are confined to no one locality.

Let one walk all about the city, if he be able, and he will be amazed at the number of front doors behind which he can feel with some certainty that there is a "home," like the home

he likes to recall or to picture as his own ideal. They exist in endless variety. Unpretentious cottages with clean front steps and snowy lace curtains grow up unexpectedly in places where they were not looked for before. There are many hundreds of these in Toronto, where future successful business men were bundled off to school by their hard-working mothers, long years ago. Semi-detached houses have their share of home memories clustering about their uninteresting interiors. Throughout the older settled parts of Toronto, there are houses which tell of days when land was less valuable than it is to-day. Stately homes with high central towers, suggestive of Italian villas, are dotted about the city. This type of house has the one almost invariable characteristic that it has an attractive bit of ground. Shrubbery and trees and weather-beaten statuary tell of the tastes of those who built them, fifty years or more ago, and sought to surround themselves with the influences of the culture which they appreciated most.

When considering the class of building which has recently become general in Toronto, one naturally recalls to mind the houses which were most in vogue some fifteen years or more ago, when building experienced so great a boom. People who lived in Toronto in those days can remember the long rows of brick fronts, with rough-cast backs, which seemed to spring up in a night. They presented an epitome of much bad taste, and of everything prosaic and disagreeable. At the same time they must have been responsible for a great deal of that lack of home instinct which is noticeable in the young people of the middle classes. It is really a wonder that their effect was not more disastrous than was the case. With their false fronts, which sometimes were only of brick veneer, they were an ever-present example of untruth and of that striving for effect beyond one's means which is destructive entirely

of home ideals. How much better pleased one feels to come across an unassuming rough-cast cottage, with its real character plainly showing on its face, and speaking pleasantly of moderate means and modest home comforts. One may still find many a row of cramped looking, ugly pretences of homes in Toronto, stretching down a long vista of symmetrical unsightliness, but the comfortable rough-cast cottages are sadly rare.

Toronto's history has all been very much of one kind. Beyond a little strife now and again, it has developed steadily as a commercial and an educational centre, and has enjoyed the advantages of a foundation laid by people of culture and perseverance. It has developed, much as one might have predicted, and to-day, is as attractive as a residential city, as a person of simple tastes can desire. Its attractions could be set forth readily in guide-book fashion. They are, good situation, beautiful surroundings, healthy climate, active and prosperous citizens, and a number of others. Whatever the causes and their individual influences, they have combined to produce a result which is a source of pride to the people who claim Toronto as home.

Broadly speaking, one may receive two characteristic impressions of Toronto, or of any other city for that matter, and the vividness of the impression will depend largely upon the person who receives it. One may go down town early in the morning and note the people hurrying along the streets to their places of business, and wonder whether the office is not really their home. Thoughts of home do not seem to occupy many of their minds. At evening, however, the story is different. Throngs of people press homeward eagerly. There are suppers and slippers ahead of many of them, and a quiet half-hour with the garden hose or the watering pot. Then again there is the restless crowd who must get away from themselves, and hurry to the theatre.

But the home-seekers prevail at evening, when the offices are closed. They sit up late, putting off the evil hour when sleep must come as a prelude to another day at the office. In Toronto one gets the impression that this evening, home-seeking class is unusually large and that there are many happy homes waiting for them.

A visitor to Toronto would not be likely to see just this aspect. Visitors cannot see more than the outside

unless they settle down for a long stay. It is noticeable, however, that many visitors, even the most transient, carry away an impression of Toronto as a residential city. The same thing is said of other cities, and possibly it is true, but Toronto's case is not affected by this. Strangers are favourably impressed by Toronto's handsome homes, and its fame has been spread abroad as much by this as by any other of its charms.

SECOND THOUGHTS

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

Was it I who dreamed
In the doubtful Dark
That distant gleamed
A kindling spark?
Was it I who sought it
And found its flame
And seized and brought it
The way you came?

Was it I who bowed
And held the fire?
Was it you whose proud
Regard drew nigher?
Was it your torch took
Sudden light from mine,
And your radiant look
That I drank like wine?

Or, did you pass
Serene and still—
No smile, alas,
On those lips so chill;
Your torch unlit
And the Dark about—
Sole light in it
Fast flickering out?

Nay, dying not,
Though its flame must be
By fated lot
Unpassed to thee;
Though the Dark be dark
One torch may prove
A meeting-mark
In the Endless, love!

MISS WARING'S ELOPEMENT

BY RICHARD MARSH

GEOFFREY CHALLONER had had quite a pleasant evening. He had been playing bridge and had won. Only a few pounds. Still, it is comfortable to feel that one has won. He flattered himself that he had played rather well. He reconstructed the last hand, playing it, mentally, all over again as he strolled along under the gas lamps, enjoying the cigar which Stend had given him at parting. If Hamlyn had played a small club, instead of the king, in the second round of clubs, it would have made a difference of—

He was considering what difference it would have made when his eye was caught by something which lay on the pavement—something which gleamed.

He picked it up.

"Why, it's a bag—one of those gold chain things which women carry. I wonder if it's really gold?"

He took it closer to the lamp-post.

"That looks like a hall-mark—it is. I say, this ought to be worth quite a trifle. What careful creature has left this lying about? I suppose, in the circumstances, I'm entitled to look inside; one has to search for a clue to the owner. What on earth—why, they're bank notes—a wad of them—fifties, twenties, tens — someone might have quite a time with these! And, apparently, about a couple of handfuls of loose change—gold, silver, copper—all anyhow. What a dear, delightful creature this must belong to! What's this. Someone's address on a scrap of paper: 'G. J. Bindon, 11 Pyechester Gardens.'

Pyechester Gardens? This is Pyechester Gardens. Pity I was born honest. Looks as if I wasn't going to enjoy this windfall long."

He moved from the lamp-post towards the houses.

"Hullo! What was that?" He had kicked against something. "As I'm an understudy for an angel, it's a latch-key. The dear, sweet woman seems to have dropped her bag or her purse, or whatever she calls the thing, and her latch-key as well, and not to have noticed the disappearance of either. What an observant person she must be. If this gold chain article belongs to G. J. Bindon, of 11 Pyechester Gardens, it would seem likely that this latch-key may belong there also, in which case—" he went close up to the door of the house by which he was standing. "Why this is No. 11. In that case it seems as if the fair female had rid herself of her belongings at her own front door. What can she have been doing not to have noticed a little accident like that? If this latch-key does belong to No. 11, then—let's see if it does."

He raised the key to the keyhole; it slipped in easily.

"Seems as if it fitted; there was what I call a fatal facility about the way that key went in, which looks as if it meant to lead me into mischief. By George, it does fit!"

He gave the key the merest turn and the door was open.

"Now what am I to do? It's absurd to suppose that a man's going to undergo the labour of opening a door

for nothing, especially at this hour of the night, or morning—I think that was two o'clock just struck. At least we'll see what kind of hall it is."

He opened the door sufficiently wide to enable him to enter.

"It seems rath—rather a nice hall—distinctly a nice hall. Ought I to leave the key in the lock? Prudence forbids."

He removed the key, and in doing so stumbled against the door; it shut, leaving him inside the house.

"This is—this is awkward, clearly. They keep the parts of that door well oiled; it didn't make much noise; I wonder if anybody heard."

The light of the street lamp coming in through the pane of glass which was let in over the door illumined the hall enough to permit of his taking a few steps forward towards the gloom which lay beyond.

"I don't know if I'm committing burglary. I'm committing something. It feels funny, whatever it is. It's rather too dark to allow of my going further without having some idea of where I'm going. I wonder, what's on the other side of that door."

He turned—as softly as he could—the handle of a door which he saw dimly on his left; it yielded. He was on the threshold of an unseen room. As he stood there, out of the darkness of the room there, came a voice, low yet clear:

"Cecilia, is that you?"

In his surprise he was tongue-tied. The voice came again—a little impatiently.

"Cecilia!"

Yet he was silent. There was a click. The room was in radiance. As, a little dazed, he looked about him, he saw that a feminine figure was standing by the fireplace on the opposite side of the room. Evidently it was she who had switched on the light. She had her hand still on the switch. She was tall and fair and good to look at, and she was young. Either she had just come in, or was just going out. She had on a hat

which became her, a pair of gloves, a smart tailor-made costume—obviously she was attired for out of doors. Plainly she was as surprised at seeing him as he was at seeing her; yet she showed no sign of fear, or even of nervousness, but stood motionless, eyeing him—as he was revealed by the sudden light—contemplatively, a little disdainfully, as if he were some curious thing. Her voice when she spoke was cool, and like the expression on her face, a little scornful.

"I heard you come in and sneak along the passage. I wondered if it was a thief, or—" There was a hiatus where the alternative should have been. "Who are you? What do you want?"

Though he knew it was absurd, there was something in her manner he resented as if he were entitled to be critical.

"Excuse me, but I can hardly be said to have sneaked along the passage. Wouldn't it be more correct to say I blundered?"

"Well? What is the difference? Obviously you've blundered. I asked, Who are you?"

"My name is Challoner—Geoffrey Challoner."

"Geoffrey Challoner!" There was a tone in her voice, as she repeated his name, which suggested more than mere surprise. "And pray, Mr. Challoner, what has brought you here?"

"This."

"That? What is that? Why, it's Cecilia's bag."

"I found it on the pavement just in front of the house. Near it was this latch-key. I tried it—in the lock of this house—to see if it would fit. It did—that's how I'm here."

"That's a very pretty story, Mr. Challoner, but— isn't it a trifle thin? I don't doubt the bag, or the key, but how came you to be passing just as they were lying there?"

"I was coming along."

"I presume you were coming along. From where?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you, but

"I'm afraid you won't be much wiser—from Herbert Stent's."

"You could—have bet on it? It's rather odd; but, do you know, the moment I saw you I had a kind of feeling I'd seen you somewhere before; yet—it's unpardonably remiss of me—for the life of me I can't think where."

"Don't trouble yourself to think, Mr. Challoner, pray. I know all about you."

"The deuce you do! I beg your pardon, you know what I mean. Are you—Miss Bindon?"

"No, I'm not Miss Bindon—I emphatically am not Miss Bindon. How dare you say that I'm Miss Bindon?"

"I—I didn't quite say you were Miss Bindon, did I? I fancy that I was only asking if you were Miss Bindon."

"Then how dare you associate me, even remotely, with such a name as that?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I won't if you'd rather I didn't; but, as it is, I don't quite see what the objection is."

"You never do see anything, so I've been told."

"By whom? Who dared to say a thing like that of me?"

"You needn't ask; you'll get no information. Has Mr. Stent sent a message?"

"A message? Herbert? To whom?"

"And you say you're not dull?"

"I never said I wasn't dull. Only it strikes me that this is rather a one-sided sort of situation. You know all about me, and I don't know anything at all about you—I don't even know your name."

"That only shows what kind of person you really are."

"I don't see how it does that."

"No one doubts it. I refer you to a previous remark; the person who told me knew you well."

"This is—this is—this is decidedly trying."

"I find it so. Where is Mr. Stent now?"

"He was at his rooms when I left him a few minutes ago—they're only just round the corner. I've half a mind to go and ask him who you are."

"I should. It would be such an extremely sensible thing to do."

"I've been playing bridge there with some other fellows."

"Playing bridge! In Herbert Stent's rooms?"

"Yes. Why shouldn't we? Is there anything wrong about bridge?"

"What things men are!"

"What things are they?"

"To think that Herbert Stent should allow a lot of men to play bridge in his rooms on a night like this!"

"What's the matter with the night?"

"You say you left him in his rooms?"

"It was like this: he practically turned us out into the street."

"I should hope so!"

"Well! Of all the——"

"I wonder he didn't turn you out before!"

"Upon my word! It seemed to me an unfriendly thing to do—just as we were all comfortable for the night."

"For the night? And it's now nearly half-past two!"

"So I stayed after the other fellows had gone——"

"You would!"

"Of course I would. I've known Herbert Stent ever since he wore clothes."

"I know perfectly well how long you've known him."

"Then all I can say is, it's not cricket! Look at what you know about me; and look at what I don't know about you—the odds aren't even!"

"Will you go on with your story?"

"When the others had gone I said to him, 'Herbert,' I said, 'I don't know what you mean by turning us all out just as we were getting snug.' And what do you think he answered? Fancy his saying a thing like that!"

"Like what?"

"Like the thing he did say!"

"What did he say?"

"I'm going to tell you."

"Then tell me."

"I said to him, 'Herbert,' I said, 'I don't know what you mean by turning us all out just as we were getting snug?'"

"You've told me that already."

"Now I'm going to tell you what he answered. 'My dear chap,' he said, 'I've got to turn you out; I'm just going to start for a motor ride.' 'A motor ride?' I said. 'Yes,' he said, 'a motor ride—the motor ride of my life. I've been sitting on a row of pins all the while you chaps have been hanging about.' Fancy his saying a thing like that. I'm sure we hadn't been hanging about. The last rubber took more than forty minutes! 'But, my dear Geoff,' he said, 'five minutes after you've gone I hope to have started on the motor ride of my life—of my life, my boy!'"

"Of his life? Did he say that?"

"Yes, twice over, as I've told you. Wasn't it absurd? Fancy his talking about going for a motor ride in the middle of the night? Of course, it was only his chaff. He's a bit weak in the head, but he's not so insane as that."

"Mr. Stent is not insane at all. He is quite the sanest man I know."

"Is he? Oh, if that's what you think I'm sorry I spoke."

"I also am sorry. There is something I must do at once, Mr. Chaloner. Would you mind waiting here till I return?"

She moved towards the door; as if automatically, he held it open for her to pass. She turned towards him when she was through.

"Now would you mind closing the door?"

"It's quite dark out there. You won't be able to see your hand before your face if I do."

"Would you mind closing the door—unless you wish to spy on my movements?"

He shut it with rather a bang. Al-

most as soon as he had done so he heard a click, like that which he had heard when the light came on, only—there was a subtle difference.

"That sounds—it sounds as if she had locked the door." He tried the handle. "She has!" He rapped at the panel with his knuckles. "Here! I say! Outside there!" No answer. He waited, but none came. He rapped louder than before. "Here! this won't do, you know. Do you know you've locked the door?" Still no answer. Again he tried the door. "She certainly has; there's no mistake about it. What's she done it for? Why doesn't she answer? Where has she gone?"

He made a third and equally futile effort to induce the door to yield.

"What's the idea? How long does she think she's going to keep me locked in here? By George! I am locked in! What on earth does it mean? Something's wrong. What's wrong is beyond me altogether. She's left the bag. I notice she didn't open it—never touched it even. But she's taken the key. She'd either just come in or was just going out when I appeared. I wonder what is wrong? I've half a mind to bang at the door with my fists; but if she won't answer, she won't. The only thing I can do is to rouse the house. It's so still you could hear a mouse move—if one were moving. What's she up to? Where is she gone? This door is so solid. I expect the walls are thick; perhaps that's why I can't hear her. She shall hear me before long!"

He moved towards the centre of the room, looking about him with an air of not knowing what to do next. He glanced at his watch.

"Nearly half-past two! How long does she propose to keep me here? This is a pretty state of things! Women are—— They are—— I don't care what anyone calls thief, they're all of it! She seemed to know Stent. I believe she knows me. I'll swear I've seen her before, though for the

life of me I can't think where. It's odd. She's uncommonly nice looking. It isn't often that I clean forget a really pretty girl, yet I don't seem as if I can place her. If I could—if I could only get a clue, I might have some idea of whereabouts I am—of what she's up to. As it is—What's that?"

He went close to the door to listen. There was a sound—a slight sound, but an audible sound.

"That's the front door. She's just shut it. She's just gone out into the street the angel! I wish I'd put that latch-key into the bag, and the bag into my pocket, and walked away off, and never said a word to anyone about either. This really is an agreeable situation. I may be all alone in the house for all that I can tell. I've half a mind to start kicking up a shindy which would soon settle that question. On the other hand, if I did, it might turn out to be so confoundedly awkward. There may be a master of the house—and a mistress—and three or four stalwart sons—to say nothing of men-servants and a choice collection of females. An excitable crowd like that might start murdering me first and only begin to ask questions when they'd smashed me into a jelly. Or, what would be worse, there may be only women in the house. That's evidently a woman's bag. G. J. Bindon may be a spinster of long standing with a horror of men and a taste for hysterics, blessed with female servants like unto herself. If when I commence my performance they commence putting their heads out of the windows and start screaming 'Murder! Police! Fire! Burglars!' and the police really do appear on the scene, those gentlemen may want a deal of persuading before they'll be induced to treat me with the respect I really am entitled to. I've no wish to spend the rest of this agreeable evening in a police cell, especially as I doubt if whatever it is I have been committing is a bailable offence. Whichever way it's

looked at I'm pleasantly placed. If the house is empty it may be weeks, perhaps months, before someone comes to unlock that door, and by then only my bones will be left; and if it isn't empty, am I to wait here calmly, till the servants condescend to get up, and come down and unlock, and give me into the charge of the police? Neither alternative has much promise of happiness. What I've got to do is to find if there isn't some other way out of this dreadful room. There's the window. What's behind the curtains? A venetian blind, of course—the noisiest thing on earth. I may as well spring a police rattle at once as pull that up. Hullo! what's that? Sounded as if something had fallen down a staircase."

He moved away from the window to listen.

"Somebody does seem to be doing something. I believe those are footsteps. What had I better do—rap, or not rap? It may be some argumentative male. I think, as a measure of precaution, I'd better get control of the light." He crossed towards the switch, as noiselessly as he could. "How still it is! I can hear myself breathing. Hullo!"

The handle turned; he both saw and heard it. Instantly he switched the light off.

"If it's that young woman come back again it won't matter; if it isn't, perhaps I'd better be introduced to a stranger in the dark. Sounds as if someone was trying the handle again—and again. Then it's not that young woman."

Suddenly through the darkness came a voice, speaking without.

"I do believe it's locked.

To which he answered, *sotto voce*:

"Another woman! As I'm a singer! Madam, I'm sure it's locked, and you have the key outside there. What do you imagine I should be doing in here if it wasn't locked?" Once more he could hear the handle being turned, this way and that. "It's no

good. You'll have to give it up. It's locked—absolutely locked." Then came *rap-rap*, gently, as of a woman's knuckles. "Am I to announce my presence here to an entire stranger? I'll not. Let her rap again."

The rapping came again, a little louder; and the voice.

"Laura!"

"Is Laura the name of that treacherous female? Now what Laura have I known? I can't recall a single one!"

Again the rapping, and again the voice, both louder still.

"Laura! Are you in there?"

"No, she's not in here. Heaven noly knows where she is. I wish I did—I'd Laura her!"

"That's strange. Laura! I felt sure I heard someone in there. It's very odd."

"It's odder than you think."

"Why, she can't be in there. Here's the key in the lock all the time."

"Of course there is. If you'd had any sense you'd have found that out long ago. Now what's going to happen? Hullo! Unlocking, is she? Ssh!—not a sound! Choke lest she hear you breathe!"

The key turned, the door opened. Somebody had come into the room. There was a brief pause, then—*click!* As before, the room was all in radiance. Mr. Challoner had omitted to notice that there were switches in different parts of the room. The new-comer had utilised one which was just by the door. As he had put it to himself, the new-comer was "another woman"—in the shape of an exquisitely pretty girl. She was daintily small, with dark hair, big eyes, a lovely mouth, peach-blossom cheeks, bewitching throat and neck. She saw him on the instant, and he saw her. Each stared as if the other were a ghost; then, all at once, she went crimson, crying:

"Geoffrey—Mr. Challoner!"

"Cissie!—I beg your pardon—Cecilia! That is, Miss Waring. Where on earth have you dropped from?"

"That's good, considering."

He was gazing about him wildly.

"Is this—is this a dream, or what is it?"

"That's right. Call me a nightmare—do; it's the sort of thing you would call me. You used to call me such nice things."

"I never called you a nightmare. I've wished sometimes you were a nightmare. I should have got you out of my head now and then."

"Thank you. Pray, Mr. Challoner, what are you doing, at this hour of the morning, locked in here?"

"She—she locked me in—that other girl."

"That other girl? You don't mean to say, Mr. Challoner—have you the assurance to assert that you came here to see Laura at this hour of the morning?"

"I never did anything of the kind. How could I when I don't know who Laura is?"

"That's nonsense."

"I don't mind admitting that I believe I have seen the—the person whose name may be Laura somewhere before, but I can't think where."

"You've seen her at my home; or, at least, what used to be my home."

"Have I?"

"You've seen her wherever I was."

"Is that so? I don't recall it."

"When her portraits were all over the place? When I've told you over and over again that Laura Poynings is the dearest friend I have in the world? Why, you yourself counted seven photographs of her in my sitting-room."

"Is that the girl? Of course, now I remember. Those beastly photographs! Once I knocked I don't know how many of them over trying to find room for a cup of tea. But I never saw her. I only saw her photographs. I can safely say she's not like one of them."

"Not like one? Out of all those heaps?"

"You used to say they were all photographs of the same girl, but I used to think they were all photo-

graphs of different girls. There wasn't one of them that didn't flatter her."

"Mr. Challoner! Do you really think so?"

"I'm absolutely certain! Shouldn't I have known her if I hadn't been? Now I understand how it was she knew me."

"Oh, she did know you!"

"When I told her my name she knew me."

"So you told her your name? You haven't informed me how you come to be here at all."

"It's through that thing."

"That thing! Why—it's my bag! It's the one you gave me!"

"The one I gave you! Penelope's uncle, so it is! I thought I'd seen the thing before. I seem to keep on seeing things I've seen before."

"Including me?"

"Yes, including you."

"You wouldn't let me give it back to you again?"

"Of course I wouldn't. Why should I? When I give a thing I give a thing. Because you treated me abominably, that's no reason why you should throw your presents back in my face—certainly not."

"I—I haven't had a moment's peace since I saw you."

"Then you're looking uncommonly well considering what time it is."

"That's my horrible constitution."

"Splendid constitution, I call it. If I'd been all that time without rest I should be a complete wreck, while you're looking prettier than ever."

"I am not."

"You are. The moment I saw you I recognised that you were—with a sense of shock."

"It's the light."

"What's the light? The sense of shock? Nothing of the kind; it's my sensitive nature. But what I want to know is what you're doing here? I found that bag on the pavement in front of the house."

"I must have dropped it."

"Somebody must. A latch-key was lying near it."

"I must have dropped that too."

"You seem to have been shedding things. In the bag was a piece of paper on which was written, 'G. J. Bindon, 11 Pyechester Gardens.' Now who's G. J. Bindon? Because I suppose this is his house."

"Mr. Bindon is my guardian."

"Your guardian? But—what do you want a guardian for? Where's your father?"

"Papa? Papa is dead."

"Dead? Your father's dead? Mr. Waring dead?"

"You must know he's dead. He died ever so long ago; soon after you—you left me; and in all my trouble you never sent me a line or took the slightest notice. Your conduct was barbarous!"

"I never knew. I had no idea. I suppose—it was because I was knocking about; but nobody told me, and I never heard."

"Papa made Mr. Bindon my guardian, and now Mr. Bindon's made me a ward of the court."

"What's that?"

"A dreadful man had the audacity to pretend to think that I was going to marry him."

"How odd."

"Mr. Bindon made a frightful fuss. I—I admit there were one or two little things."

"Were there?"

"He even said he'd be responsible for me no longer, and he actually put me into Chancery. Now the Lord Chancellor's my guardian, and it's perfectly horrid."

"It's not much more than twelve months since we parted; yet a good deal seems to have happened to you since then."

"I've had no end of sorrows. Not that you mind—you never did care for me."

"There you're wrong. I loved you then and I love you now; and I shall continue to love you while life is in me. I'm not like you."

"I wish I were like you. You're worth a hundred thousand of me."

"Stuff and nonsense. You know better. You've told me so once or twice."

"What does it matter what I said? I'd say anything when I'm horrid. Oh, I've made such a mess of my life and I'm in such trouble!"

"Are you? Who's the man now?"

"How do you know it is a man?"

"I don't; I'm only wondering."

"By—by—the strangest accident in the world it—it is a man, though I—I—I can't think how you guessed it. It's Herbert Stent."

"Herbert Stent? Do you mean to say that my boyhood's friend's been trying to rob me of my best girl?"

"He doesn't know I ever was your best girl; and I didn't know you were his boyhood's friend until the other day. You see, he's so good-looking, isn't he?"

"Stent? Good-looking? He's passable—from the back at a little distance in a bad light; but I certainly shouldn't call him good-looking."

"But he has such a beautiful expression."

"Expression or expressions? You should have heard some of the expressions he used to-night when we were playing bridge; you'd have called them beautiful!"

"To-night! When he was playing bridge! Do you mean to say Herbert Stent's been playing bridge to-night?"

"Of course he has. I've been playing with him—at his rooms."

"But I was to have eloped with him to-night!"

"You were? What's that? Say it again!"

"I was—to have eloped with him to-night."

"In his car?"

"Did he tell you?"

"He said he was going for the ride of his life."

"That's what he meant."

"Then that's why he turned us out—and it wasn't his chaff. But—to say nothing of going off at this time of night, when the churches are only

open in the daytime—what do you want to elope for at all?"

"Don't I tell you that Mr. Bindon's made me a ward of the court."

"You did say something about it."

"Very well, then; isn't it plain enough. The horrid Lord Chancellor won't let me marry till I'm twenty-one, and I'm only just turned twenty, and—and—and Mr. Stent didn't want to wait, and so—and so——"

"And so! I see. But what's Bindon thinking of to let you run away from his house at this hour of the morning?"

"Do you think Mr. Bindon's in this house? You'd have been out of it long ago if he had been. Mr. Bindon's at his house in the country."

"Then are there only the servants sleeping upstairs?"

"There are no servants upstairs. They're with him. You and I are in the house alone."

"Great Scot!"

"Isn't it awful?"

"Frightful!"

"You see, it's a little complicated."

"It does seem complicated."

"I'll try to explain. I've been staying with Laura at her aunt's. We came away to-night after her aunt thought we'd gone to bed, by the last train. We came straight here. You see, I knew the house was empty, and there were some things I wanted to get. Then I—I started to elope."

"To elope?"

"But when I—I'd got out of the house I—I couldn't."

"You couldn't?"

"I couldn't! I could not! Shall I tell you why?"

"You might—if you would not be committing an indiscretion."

"It was because of something Herbert Stent said to me the other day."

"Herbert Stent never said a thing in his life worth listening to."

"That's because!"

"What do you mean by 'that's because'?"

"That's because you're a man, and he doesn't think it worth the trouble."

He can say as nice things as anyone. I've had some nice things said to me, so I'm a judge. But that wasn't a nice thing; it wasn't that sort of thing at all. 'I'll tell you what,' he said, 'Geoffrey Challoner shall be our best man'."

"At his marriage to you?"

"At his marriage to me. That was the first time I knew he knew you. But when he uttered your name, and said that, that instant I knew I could never marry Herbert Stent—never, never, never; I knew it here." She laid her hand against her breast. "I wouldn't own it, even to myself; but to-night, as soon as I got out of the door, and found myself in the street, I had to own it. It was a thing which wouldn't be denied. I couldn't have walked to where I knew he was waiting—I couldn't! As for marrying him—I knew that was impossible! I knew that it was one of the things which can't be. I was frightened at the thought; it seemed an awful thing to even think of. I dropped my latch-key. I dropped my bag. All my money I could lay my hands on was in it. You never can tell what the Lord Chancellor will do; but I didn't care what I dropped. I wouldn't stop to pick anything up; I positively daren't. I rushed back into the house. I hadn't even closed the front door, but then I shut it with a bang. I ran to Laura. 'Laura,' I said, 'I can't do it.' She said, 'You can't do what?' I said, 'I can't elope with Herbert Stent,' 'Why ever not?' she cried. 'How,' I asked, 'can I elope with a man whom I not only don't love, but whom I hate?' 'Isn't it rather late,' she said, 'when he's waiting for you round the corner in his car?' 'Laura,' I told her. By the way, there's something which I may tell you, entirely between ourselves."

"Aren't you already telling me something entirely between ourselves?"

"Yes; but this is very, very special—a profound secret. Laura's in love

with Herbert Stent herself."

"I can conceive of a girl like that being in love with him. I dare say a girl like that could what she calls fall in love with a tailor's dummy; but you!—that's another thing! That does seem to me incomprehensible."

"I never did love him really. The man I did love—the only man I ever loved—had gone out of my life. Herbert Stent was a delusion; and like other delusions, he has gone for ever."

"And who was the only man you ever loved—out of all that multitude?"

"After your most uncalled-for insinuation I shall decline to answer. In any case it's no business of yours. I was going to observe, when you interrupted me, that Laura really is in love with Mr. Stent; and, what's more, he's very nearly in love with her."

"When he was going to elope with you?"

"My dear—eh—my dear Mr. Challoner, there's a type of man who always thinks he's in love with a woman who he thinks is in love with him. When he knows she isn't he recovers—there's no harm done. Then he encounters another woman who has fallen a victim to his charms, and—he has a relapse. When Herbert Stent learns that I am not going to elope with him he'll be wounded to the soul. He'll say things——"

"I'll bet he will say things."

"Then Laura will drop a hint."

"I wonder what you call a hint."

"It's hardly a matter for exact definition, is it? It depends on so many things. When a man and a woman are alone together, in peculiar circumstances—as they will be—hints are dropped, dropped before one means to drop them; and they fall on fertile ground and take root, and spring up and flower, and bear fruit, all in the twinkling of an eye. I suppose it's the atmosphere. I don't know what it is; it is so, sometimes. I tell you Laura will drop one of those

hints to Mr. Stent, and his heart will bound in his bosom; and he will stare at her in wild surprise; and, with quickening breath, he'll ask her what she means—men always will make you dot your i's—and she'll say nothing; or else she'll say a frightful lot; and, in a space of time so short it would surprise you, they will understand each other as they never did before, and as probably they never will again, and I shall have lost the only friend I had in the world. I know! It would have been different if you had cared for me the slightest scrap."

"Your theory won't fit me. I loved you, and I didn't care if you loved me or not."

"As it happens I did love you—better than anything else in the world."

"Is that why you drove me mad?"

"Probably. I dare say it was one of the reasons. You were so dense. You never could see anything."

"I believe you told her."

"Told who—what?"

"The Poynings girl said that she knew that I never could see anything—because somebody'd told her. I asked her who told her and she wouldn't tell me. I believe it was you."

"I shouldn't be surprised. The thing's perfectly true. If, in the old days you had been able to see anything, you'd have picked me up, and thrown me over your shoulder, and hauled me to church, and carted me to your home, and I should have been as happy as a queen, and I'd have made the best wife you could possibly have had."

"You told me yourself that you'd never be married unless you had six bridesmaids."

"That's one of the things I'd be sure to say if I'd the chance. What I wanted was to be made to be the exact opposite. I do love being made to do things, but nobody ever made me."

"For two pins I'd pick you up and throw you over my shoulder now."

"I'm afraid I haven't two pins on me; but I'll go upstairs and fetch them for you if—you make me." She sighed. "It's a funny world. Men are such funny things. Geoffrey, do you really mean that you love me still?"

"Of course I do. Why shouldn't I?"

"I don't know why you shouldn't. I know that I love you."

"Do you that?"

"Yes, I do. It may seem silly, but I do. It looks to me as if it were the hand of Providence."

"What's the hand of Providence?"

"My dropping the bag and the latch-key; your finding them and coming in here; and my unlocking the door and finding you. If that's not the hand of Providence I don't know what it is. I suppose you would like to marry me?"

"There hasn't been any hour of any day I wouldn't have married you."

"I'm sure I'd love to marry you; so it seems perfectly plain. But there's still a crumpled rose-leaf. I'd made up my mind I'd elope to-night, and I—I would like to."

"Good gracious! Who with?"

"Aren't you dense? Can you ever see anything. Why, Geoffrey, with you!"

"But how on earth am I going to elope?"

"Can you drive a Napier?"

"I drove Stent's six-cylinder Napier to Southsea and back yesterday. You ask him."

"I won't ask him; but you shall drive it again to-night. Hush!" Sounds came from the street. "That's Mr. Stent and Laura back with him. I knew he would. Now, Geoff."

"Will you—?"

"Do you mean it—seriously?"

"Please!"

"Then, by George, I will—rather!" An electric bell twittered through the house.

"There they are. Now let's go and be surprised to see them."

On the doorstep were two figures—male and female. By the kerb stood a motor-car.

"Why, Laura," cried Miss Waring, "is it you? How you startled us! And Mr. Stent! I'm afraid, Mr. Stent, I rather disappointed you."

"It was a bit of a blow; but the fact is, Miss Poynings, I should say Laura——"

He paused, as if for lack of breath. Miss Poynings spoke.

"I hope, Cecilia, you won't mind very much?"

"Laura! You don't mean? Well, I am surprised! You darling! I'm delighted! You'll be the happiest pair that ever lived! Mr. Challoner, let me introduce you to Miss Poynings."

"I think, Miss Poynings, we have met before."

"Yes, Mr. Challoner, I fancy we have."

Mr. Stent spoke—to Challoner.

"I say, old chap, I'd no idea there'd ever be anything——"

"That's all right, old man, perfectly all right. I want you to lend me your car, and your coats, and your rugs, and anything else you've got to lend."

"Delighted. What are you going to do—going for a ride?"

"I'm going to elope with Miss Waring."

"No! Are you? Great! Miss Waring, you'll find it's rather cool driving. A coat will be useful, and you'll find this is the very coat you want—in fact, I brought it for you."

He was helping her into one of those huge fur coats which women wear when motoring. She said:

"It is lucky you brought it, isn't it?" Then, to Miss Poynings, "Laura, what are you going to do?"

"Mr. Stent is going to walk with me to the station. I'm returning by the first train; then nobody'll know I was ever gone; and in the after-

noon Mr. Stent is coming to see auntie. Mr. Challoner, where are you going with Cecilia?"

"We are going—I say, Ciss, where are we going?"

"We are going," said Miss Waring, "where all true lovers do go. Good-bye."

And the car went down the street

Miss Poynings' aunt was elderly. About that time, being not very well, she was confined a good deal to her own room. Although most of the day had gone, she was still there when her niece appeared with a strip of pink paper in her hand.

"Auntie," inquired Miss Poynings, "do you know that Cecilia's gone?"

"Cecilia! Gone! My dear, I'd no idea she was going."

"She's just sent this telegram."

The old lady puzzled it out with the aid of her glasses.

"Geoffrey and I have just been married by special license. It was a lovely elopement.—MRS. CHALLONER."

"But who—who is Mrs. Challoner?"

"That's Cecilia's new name. She's married now. She's Mrs. Geoffrey Challoner."

"But—my dear—I understood—wasn't there some mention of a Mr. Stent?"

"Perhaps, aunt, you misunderstood. Mr. Stent is downstairs now; he wants to see you."

"To see me! Laura! You don't mean——"

"Yes, auntie, I do mean."

"Really, my dear, it—it does seem to me to be rather an extraordinary state of things."

The old lady was quite right—it certainly was a most extraordinary state of things.

A NEW HISTORY OF CANADA

REVIEW OF PROF. EGERTON'S NEW VOLUME *

BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN

IT was possible in days of yore to find room for the really notable books about Canada in a shelf of modest dimensions. To-day a stream of works upon Canada issues from the press, and the purse of Fortunatus is needed for the acquirement of them all. In this country there is a natural recoil from the pride of localism which characterised the literary taste of the United States in the days when Mr. Chollop insisted that "we must be cracked up, sir." The demand to "crack up" Canada has never been strong. The reward of the native writer has been as often as not an avalanche of criticism. If he was spared a shower of brickbats, it was on the distinct understanding that he would not offend again. The time is probably close at hand when ignorance concerning Canadian books will be considered a reproach rather than a proof of scholarship. Now that an Oxford professor has thought it no shame to write a history of Canada, it may become the fashion for a young Canadian to equip himself with an intimate acquaintance with the past as well as the present of his own country, to study its social and economic problems from the vantage coign of knowledge and to save our writers from the temptation to leave their name and memory to men's charitable speeches and to foreign nations and the next age.

That Prof. Egerton's new book is the occasion for these somewhat melancholy reflections is merely accidental. The work itself exhibits an insight, a thoroughness and a cordiality of tone towards Canada which are quite admirable. It is eminently readable. The same can truthfully be said of similar books by Canadians, but their merits have been successfully eluded. Comprehensive histories of Canada to the number of twenty or more can be unearthed, until the student is surprised to find that there exists a valuable store of writing on the subject, just as the gentleman in Molière's play discovered with delight that he had been talking prose all his life without having been aware of it. There is a legend that one history of Canada was composed to meet the views of a committee. It was deftly trimmed and retouched so as to avoid offending the sensitive. The author's personality was thus neatly eliminated and his point of view concealed. Dates, names and bald statements of fact were left in, as not having any pernicious influence.

Prof. Egerton does not write history after this fashion. He asserts the right of the Englishman to express his opinions. You may differ, but there is the stimulus of controversy. The narrative is confined to the period under British rule. It is of necessity much condensed, so that the work shares the defect common to single-volume histories of Canada—the at-

* Toronto and London: Henry Frowde.

tempt to crowd too much into a brief space. However, the author possesses an easy and entertaining style and inspires a belief that an honest effort has been made to explore and utilise the sources of our history. His talent for a comprehensive survey of events, and the ability to interpret Canadian conditions in the light of the imperfect knowledge then prevalent in London concerning the country and its problems, enables us to perceive with equal clearness the errors of the early administration of affairs and the causes of those errors. The author writes with moderation and judgment and one rises from a perusal of his pages with a feeling of satisfaction that so intelligent a history has been produced for English students.

The inefficiency which marked the earlier periods of British rule was almost inevitable. In England itself the existing system of Parliamentary Government was on trial, and to expect an extension to the new colony of principles not yet accepted at home was hopeless. It required a mind like Chatham's to see the defect and the remedy, and Chatham's day of rule was over. Catholic emancipation was half a century in the distance. The difficulty of making a Catholic colony under a Protestant governor contented was, for the time, insuperable. The temptation to judge colonial problems of the eighteenth century by the light of the nineteenth is peculiarly strong in dealing with Canada, and there are writers who succumb to it either in whole or in part. Prof. Egerton is a safe guide in such matters, and if he seems on occasions to appear a trifle lenient to the British authorities even when they ignored the wise advice of their own man on the spot, we must allow for the enormous obstacles to efficiency inherent in the situation. When we come to the struggle for responsible government, a similar charity is equally demanded. To sympathise wholly with the Family Compact or with armed rebellion is unscientific for historical

purposes and useless for arriving at an intelligent conclusion regarding the facts. Since men—even politicians—are not perfect, there is no ground for arguing that the morning after the Reform Bill had passed, its principles should have been applied to colonies ill-trained in the art of government. A period of struggle was inevitable. In our day we are behind England in sound administrative methods, although the remedy lies with ourselves. To indicate the high character of governors like Sydenham and Metcalfe, as Prof. Egerton does, is therefore just and necessary. It is a pity, perhaps, that the Bagot papers and the Baldwin correspondence have not as yet been thoroughly digested, since they might throw light on some of the reasons why Bagot's successor reversed his policy. But on this and on all other points in the controversy, our author is fair and candid and those persons who disagree will be those with preconceived opinions whom no evidence will ever convince.

Responsible government once established, we arrive at that stage which saw the birth of the conditions we have to-day. It is the formative period in our political history. In these pages it is intelligently summarised, and, had space permitted, Prof. Egerton doubtless would have dealt more fully with the causes of the failure of the Union of 1841. That a new constitution, put forward as a cure for past ills, produced a complete breakdown in twenty years is too remarkable to be passed over with a recital of the events which followed its adoption. The defects of the constitution were pointed out in ample time for rectification. It commended itself to few who had given serious thought to the distractions of the provinces. Being acceptable neither to Upper nor to Lower Canada, and embodying in the most imperfect form the suggestions of Lord Durham, its fate was certain. In short, a legislative union was set up under condi-

tions that were bound to discredit it, so that when disaster came, the federal principle was the sole alternative. The adoption of federalism entailed an arbitrary division of the powers of the local and the central authorities. To this division may be traced serious present inconveniences. The constitution of 1841 being thus the parent of the Union of 1867 is a proper subject for fuller consideration than has yet been given it.

There are many evidences of refreshing candour in the book. The unwillingness of Great Britain to remember the war of 1812 is ascribed to the general results of the war having been disappointing. Its memories, rightly prized in Canada, have been conveniently ignored by both Great Britain and the United States. Nothing is said of the Treaty of Peace or the still less defensible arrangement respecting the Atlantic fisheries. Prof.

Egerton makes no hero of Lyon Mackenzie, nor is he enamoured of Gourley, the agitator, but we have a spirited account of the rebellion in which neither side comes off scot free. Justice is done to Hon. George Brown—indeed, all Prof. Egerton's characterisations of our public men are frank and fearless—for the Liberal leader's sacrifices in supporting Confederation, and there is an absence of bias in dealing with such acrimonious party episodes as the Pacific Scandal and the Riel Rebellion, which adds greatly to the dignity and value of the narrative. One closes the book with a sense of the magnitude of the whole theme, the real importance which attaches to the constitutional and political problems that have found solution in the creation of the Dominion, and the place of power occupied by Canada in the British Empire.

IK MARVEL

By JAMES LAWLER

DIED DEC. 15TH, 1908

Oh, Peerless Dreamer, can it be
That thou art numbered with the dead,
That soon ripe grasses of the field
Shall wave above thine honoured head;
That friends about thy crackling hearth
No more shall taste thy rustic cheer?—
The room is dark, the fire is cold,
And thou art silent on thy bier.

Yet, Strong Enchanter of the Hearth,
To us thou never canst expire.
Oft when our inward light is low
We'll gather 'round thy beech-wood fire,
To dream amid thy rods and books
Of wider times and larger men,
Till, heartened by thy sympathy,
We buckle on our arms again.

DRESDEN THE BEAUTIFUL

BY CHARLES T. LONG

DRESDEN, known to many art lovers as the Florence of the North, is one of the most beautiful, interesting and restful cities of Europe. Thousands of foreigners, including English, Canadian, French, Russian, American and Japanese, who for climatic, economic or other reasons have abandoned their native lands, have taken up permanent residence in Dresden, and lend a cosmopolitan air to the noble city of the Elbe. Public officials, merchants, art and music teachers and members of fashionable society usually speak several languages, while in the preparatory schools provided by the State, children are compelled to learn English and French in addition to German.

The city, with its half-million inhabitants, is situated on both sides of the River Elbe, about one hundred miles south of Berlin. It is the capital of the Kingdom of Saxony, and the home of King Frederick August III., whose Court, with the exception of that of Vienna, is the most excellent on the Continent. Prior to the German Confederation following the war with the French in 1870, Saxony was considered one of the most important political powers of Europe, and since its absorption it has remained autonomous, and, except Prussia, the most influential factor in

the Empire. The King, Court and majority of the nobility are Catholic, while the great mass of the people is Protestant, but so liberal is the spirit which animates all citizens, religious animosity is almost unknown. The question of a man's religion, except he be a Jew, does not enter into either his social or business life. Jews are barred in Saxony, as in all Germany, from any official place in the army, navy or civil service, but



THE PRINCIPAL BUSINESS STREET OF DRESDEN



THE RAILWAY STATION, DRESDEN

they take an important place in art, literature, music and business, and though in former years the doors of high society were closed against them, of late there has been a tendency to admit members of their faith who show conspicuous ability. This was demonstrated when the Emperor appointed Herr Dernburg to the important post of Colonial Director. It is true, a cry of horror went up from the German social world, and many aristocratic houses remain closed to the gentleman, though he was reared a Christian, and his father before him—it was his grandfather who left the faith of his fathers and joined the Christian Church—but because the blood of the Jew flows in Dernburg's veins a cry has been raised for his dismissal. It is no doubt due entirely to his great ability as a financier and leader of men that he retains the confidence of the Emperor and a seat in the Council Chamber.

Dresden is the seat of a world-famed university, which is attended by members of the nobility from all Europe. As a German art centre, the

city is second only to Munich. The Grand Opera House is one of the finest in Europe, while its orchestra and singers compare favourably with those of Munich, Berlin, Paris or Vienna.

Dresden is so full of attractions, both mental and physical, one is at a loss which point of view to take in attempting any description of it. Foreigners find the city particularly attractive during the winter months, when there is grand opera three nights a week, orchestral, vocal, piano and other instrumental concerts every afternoon and evening at prices which seem ridiculously low to Canadians. All kinds of winter sports are provided, such as skating, hockey, indoor tennis and basket-ball, dancing-schools, and other forms of amusements for young people. There are beautiful mountain drives, and during the months of January and February the snow-shoe and ski clubs make merry *rendezvous* several miles from the city twice a week.

Dresden possesses one of the finest boy choirs in Europe. It may be heard every Sunday, except during



THE KING'S PALACE, DRESDEN

June, July and August, in the Court Church, at high mass. The boys are selected by the director of the Grand Opera, and are paid by the State. They are trained by the best masters, and sing only in the Court Church and upon State occasions. They are educated by the State, and after they outgrow their usefulness as singers are provided positions in the civil service or are drafted as musicians into the court or opera orchestras. Probably one-half the foreign pupils at Dresden go there to study music.

Perhaps the most attractive feature of Dresden to the tourist is the splendid art gallery which has made the city known throughout the civilised world. During the summer months, when the opera is closed, the musicians depart, and no more orchestral concerts are given. Thousands upon thousands of visitors, crowding the hotels and *pensions*, visit the city for no other purpose than to obtain a view of Raphael's celebrated Sistine Madonna, which by many persons is regarded as the most beautiful picture in the world to-day. "The

radiant magnificence of the Madonna, in which the most tender beauty is coupled with the charm of the mysterious vision, will forcibly strike every beholder, and the longer he gazes the more enthusiastic will be his delight." Raphael painted the picture, which is eight feet high and six feet wide, in 1515 as an altar piece for the church of the Benediction at Piacenza. The Saxon King Augustus III., reigning in 1753, saw it while on a visit to Italy and purchased it for \$45,000. It has been worth millions to the citizens of Saxony since it brings annually thousands of visitors to Dresden. No description can do justice to or even give an idea of the beautiful colouring of the work. A curtain has just been drawn back and the Virgin issues as it were from the depth of Heaven, awe-inspiring, solemn and serene, her large eyes embracing the world in her gaze. The idea of a sudden revelation of a hitherto concealed mystery could not be more effectively expressed. The German art critics, realising the importance of their treasure, have de-



HOLBEIN'S MADONNA, IN THE DRESDEN GALLERY

voted a whole room in the gallery to this picture, which may be studied at leisure without the distractions incident to viewing great works when placed side by side. The Dresden gallery as a whole does not compare with those of Munich, Florence or Paris so far as early works are concerned, though beautiful examples of Dürer, Correggio, Titian, Rubens, Velasquez, Van Dyck, Tintoretto, Michael Angelo, Murillo and others may be seen. The modern collection, however, though not large, is perhaps the finest in Europe, including as it does the masterpieces of Gerard, Thedy, Reichenbach, Preller, Richter,

Dücker, Lenbach, Defregger, Bocklin, Gentz, Kaulbach, Munkacsy, Hoffman, Stuck and others. Next to the Sistine Madonna the picture which probably attracts most attention is Hoffman's world-renowned portrayal of the Child Christ in the temple. This magnificent specimen of modern German art is to be found on the top floor surrounded by other less noted but also beautiful works by the same master. Many visitors who stand in awe before this great conception are not aware that within a few blocks of the gallery Hoffman lives and may be visited at his home. The old gentleman continues to work,



RAPHAEL'S SISTINE MADONNA, IN THE DRESDEN GALLERY

though his sight is somewhat impaired, and is most pleased to show foreign visitors the original studies of his great masterpieces, with which he parts most reluctantly.

Dresden affords every opportunity to the student of music, art or literature, and the cost of living is less than in any other place on the Continent, except Munich. Foreigners are made to feel very much at home, since in most of the *cafés* and restaurants they may obtain, free of charge, the daily papers from their own cities, and, in the public library, books upon any subject in any language. There is an English and an American Episcopal Church in the city, and a club where foreigners of all nationalities meet regularly and discuss the various

topics of interest. The only daily newspaper in English on the Continent, except in Paris, is published at Dresden by a gentleman who is married to a Canadian lady well known in Toronto.

The street life of Dresden while not different from that of any other German city is very interesting to Canadians, who are not accustomed to see women working at manual labour or dogs used for the delivery of goods. Foreigners travelling through the country for the first time are wont to exclaim against both of these usages, but when one finds that the labourers themselves are usually strong, healthy persons who seem to enjoy life, eat and sleep well, and appear to be quite satisfied and that



GERARD DOU'S "HERMIT", IN THE DRESDEN GALLERY

the animals are well taken care of and kindly treated, one is likely to pause before passing final judgment.

Nowhere else in the world are the streets kept so scrupulously clean as in Germany, and possibly the cleanest of German streets are to be found in Dresden. It would pay the citizens of some Canadian cities to send their street commissioners to Germany for a visit of inspection. They would certainly pick up some valuable information which would assist them in their business, and bring the blush of shame to their cheeks.

I have talked with many Canadians and Americans who have taken up their permanent residence in Dresden. They all claim that under no circumstances would they return to live in the dirty, badly governed, badly protected, ill-lighted and highly-taxed

cities of America so long as they can enjoy so many advantages in Dresden, such as good music, well lighted and clean streets, splendid police protection, beautiful public gardens, free daily band concerts, excellent schools for their children, very low taxes, good and faithful servants and many other advantages not to be thought of at home. This may all be true, but all will admit that while they enjoy artistic, musical and educational advantages in Germany not to be secured in America, they would not for a moment dream of going to any part of Europe for the purpose of making a living. Wages are low, hours of labour are long, competition very keen, and the social standing of the wage earner much lower than at home.

I must not conclude this hasty pic-



HOFFMAN'S "CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE", IN THE DRESDEN GALLERY

ture of Dresden without a reference to the so-called Dresden china. It will be a surprise to some to learn that there is no such thing. In 1709 a chemist named Bottger, while trying to please his sovereign, Augustus the Strong, and make gold out of clay, discovered the secret of making porcelain. At first he succeeded only in producing a red stoneware, but after further study and experiments his efforts were crowned and "Jasper

Porcelain" was first given to the world. The king caused a factory to be erected at Meissen, a small town some distance up the river, and there since 1710 this beautiful ware known in Europe as "Meissen china" has been manufactured. The State maintains showrooms and warerooms at Dresden, where foreigners annually purchase thousands of dollars' worth of this exquisite delf and take it out of the country with them.



THE SANDHILL STAG OF MANITOBA

BY RODEN KINGSMILL

BEFORE Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton abandoned the writing of books and took to the presumably more lucrative platform, he gave to the world a dainty bit of *genre* word-painting in his "Trail of the Sandhill Stag."

Perhaps because geographical accuracy would have been beneath the dignity of an artist like Mr. Seton (if he has not changed his name again); perhaps because he believes in the policy of keeping his readers guessing, or perhaps because such a small thing as accuracy is beneath contempt, Mr. Thompson Seton gave us no indication of the *habitat* of his sandhill stag, the stag which he so charmingly and so artistically described. Yet, if I were to be asked to make a guess as to the whereabouts of the stamping-ground of the Seton Sandhiller, I should be prepared to make a small bet that it roamed either in the rugged terrain east-by-north of Last Mountain Lake—this body of water you will find in nearly the exact centre of Southern Saskatchewan—or in the Riding Mountains of north-west Manitoba.

The sandhill stag of which Seton wrote was, I believe, the wapiti. There is nothing in the sketch to indicate whether or not my guess is correct. It may have been a caribou, although I am disinclined to believe that it was. My impression is that the Seton stag, like mine, was a wapiti. And the *habitat* of my wapiti was—and is—in the far-famed Rid-

ing Mountains, in North-western Manitoba.

Between the Last Mountain Lake region and the Riding Mountains there is a wide area of fairly thickly-settled country. Still, the two stags may have been close relatives. The Riding Mountain stags have much the better chance of living long in the land, for two reasons. Firstly, although the Riding Mountains would hardly be given such a dignified title by the British Columbian or even the dweller among the Laurentians, they are quite respectable-sized, good, up-standing hills. For utter wildness there is no scenery anywhere between the Rockies and Northern Ontario to compare with them. They are inaccessible and travel through them is difficult. Moreover, they are barren for all agricultural purposes, and thus constitute a natural game preserve. This is the first reason why the Riding Mountain wapiti will last long. The second is that the Provincial Government of Manitoba has passed, and is enforcing, some rigorous laws for the protection of the big game of that Province. And stringent orders have been issued for the protection of the wapiti in particular. Nevertheless, I beg to say that the laws might be still better enforced.

The days of the wapiti, without some form of protection, are numbered. At one time, an immense area stretching right across the continent, from the latitude of Southern California to the sub-Arctics, was ten-

anted by the wapiti. They had the widest *habitat* of all the deer family. When the first wallowing caravels of Old Spain grated upon the seaboard of unknown America the wapiti were found in large herds. Now they are almost as rare as the buffalo. They are more difficult of approach, or else they would have been exterminated long ago. It is, however, only in natural sanctuaries like that of the Riding Mountains that they are found in any numbers. Once upon a time they were quite plentiful in New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario. They seem to prefer, in their later days as a genus, mountainous country, and it is perhaps not more than three-quarters of a century since the last of them was killed in the Alleghanies. Throughout what is now the North-western States and Manitoba they were very plentiful up to thirty years ago. By the early eighties, though, they had been completely wiped off the prairies. Miserable miscreants on horseback slaughtered them, as they slaughtered the buffalo, in pure deviltry, and the scattered remnants, true in their instinct, sought the fastnesses of the Riding and Duck Mountains and the hill country of Montana and Idaho. At present the most easterly portion of North America occupied by them is the rough and difficult district locally known as the Riding Mountain country. In Vancouver Island, says Clive Phillips-Wolley, the well-known big game authority, there are at least eight thousand of them. Wyoming boasts the only herds within the boundary of the United States, and, if the American system is followed, Wyoming will soon be as bare of them as New York State. Owing to its gregarious habits and the comparatively open character of its western range, the wapiti has little to protect it against man's destructive and continuous warfare. Nature, however, has endowed it with one quality which has stood it in good stead, and that is adaptability to its surroundings. It will thrive

in widely differing climates and on widely differing forage. To these facts alone can be ascribed its immunity from following in the wake of the buffalo. Several years ago certain well-known big game hunters addressed Hon. R. P. Roblin, the Prime Minister of Manitoba, on the subject of the preservation of the wapiti and he—being a good sportsman himself—promised and gave his active aid. Had it not been for this governmental action the wapiti could not have lasted long against the hide and head bounties. In the same way in the United States the great member of the family of *cervi* threatened to vanish forever, but the Washington authorities woke up with a start and by adopting stringent measures for its protection and enlisting public sentiment the danger of its total extinction was averted by the establishment of a herd in the Yellowstone Park. There, of course, the animals will be immune from trouble, but outside of the park, in the State of Wyoming, they are speedily dwindling away. It is true that several State legislatures have passed protective laws, but they seem to be in the same position as any other laws, i.e., they are not observed because public spirit is not behind them.

In Canada, however, conditions are better. In the forests of Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia the wapiti may be met with, and, as has been said, they are first to be encountered in Manitoba. Though often termed the Prairie Province, it must be remembered that less than half the area of Manitoba is prairie. The belt of prairie is the eastern extremity of the great veldt of the West which envelops the south-western half of the Province and "wears out" as it approaches the valley of the Red and the Riding and Duck Mountains. Bluffs and belts of deciduous trees lie irregularly scattered over this broad expanse or follow the convolutions of the rivers and streams, and in some localities the country is covered with

sporadic clumps of evergreens—the outposts of the great forests of conifers to the north. Through most of the length and breadth of this largely wooded country the moose roams, but the wapiti sticks closely to its beloved hill country. Formerly it was plentiful in Southern Manitoba, but now only an occasional straggler from the north is found in the more settled districts.

The numbers of the wapiti in Manitoba and Southern Saskatchewan cannot be computed with anything like accuracy. However, in spite of the persecution to which it has been subjected by the white hunter, it certainly exists in numbers quite sufficient to afford excellent sport. It is a pity that in the last two seasons altogether too many have been killed, and it is suggested that before the wapiti can be assured of perpetuation it will be necessary for the Manitoba Government to prohibit the sale of the hides or prevent their being shipped out of the Province. The miserable head hunter, too, has been at his detestable work altogether too much, and many hundreds of Manitoba wapiti heads now ornament the walls of American mansions, the owners of which are probably not men enough to undertake the hardships of a hunting trip, nor sportsmen enough to be able to hold a rifle straight enough to kill at a hundred yards. They prefer to buy their trophies for cash and can tell fireside stories about their wonderful experiences in getting them. And, it must be remembered this Yankee market for wapiti heads is constantly growing. The Manitoba Government successfully legislated against the exportation of prairie chicken from the Province. Surely it would be equally easy to put a stop to this head-hunting and head-selling. It must be remembered that in most of these cases the flesh goes utterly to waste. One thing is certain: If

something is not done in the direction indicated, the day of extermination of the Canadian wapiti is in sight.

Only in the Province of Manitoba, of all the divisions of the North American continent, are the two greatest of the deer tribe—the moose and the wapiti—to be found on the same range. The hunter, if he knows his craft, has, consequently, a first-rate chance of securing trophies of both. Last autumn one hunter saw nine wapiti and seven moose in two days' tramping, and any one of them could easily have been bagged. The wapiti is often hunted on snowshoes, but the hunter must know his business and be in good physical condition. Not seldom he will return to camp empty-handed in so far as any trophies of success go. The snowshoeing does not improve the nerves by any means, and this is easily understood when it is remembered that it brings into play an entirely new set of muscles. The action, too, is different, and the effect on the nerves is inevitable. Nevertheless, even though the hunter bags nothing tangible, he certainly "bags" good health and a clear eye. A couple of weeks in one of the finest game countries in the world cannot but benefit. Over the wapiti-moose country nature seems to have run riot in a bewildering chaos of muskeg and rock, ridge and swamp that stretches away to the north to the land of Little Sticks. Any man who can get away for the necessary time, and who knows how to handle a rifle, and who laughs at black flies, wettings and hardships of that kind, will make the mistake of his life if he does not accept my advice to take up the chase of the sandhill stag. And I feel that it is unnecessary to say: "Do not kill for the sake of killing. Do not bring out more than one or two heads. Do your part in preserving the grandest of all the deer family, the peerless wapiti."

THROUGH THE WALL

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

WHEN I looked up from my seat in the park that morning, and saw Golightly coming down the walk carrying his inevitable parcel done up like a biscuit box, it needed a serious effort of memory to convince me that we had not parted over-night. Exactly so had he looked coming across the campus twenty years ago, and surely he had always carried that parcel which looked like a carefully done up biscuit box!

He would not know me, I reflected, for I had changed, though he had not. Changed! As I thought of the change in me, and what it meant, I shrank back in my seat. I had been so proud of my strength in the old days, and I had pitied Golightly because he was undersized and wizened, because his shoulders stooped and his gait slouched, and his head was so large as to appear wobbly. Once in our college days, I remember someone twitting him with the fact that a disproportionate head is a sign of inferior brain-power. "If that is so," he replied, "it is necessarily not my head that is too large, but my body which is too small."

We laughed at what we took to be his vanity. But none of us laughed long—the odd-looking freshman's extraordinary mental powers proved to be such that he might well be excused from modesty concerning them. Still, not caring really for mental superiority in those days, I had pitied him. Now I shrank in my seat, turning away lest he should pity me!

The odds were that he would pass. We had not seen each other for five years. I had been abroad, and he had been—no one knew where; yet without ever seeming to see me he came straight up to my bench and sat down, nodding a greeting as casually as if we had parted yesterday.

"How are you, Golightly?" I asked politely. He stared, and then laughed.

"Dear me! Been abroad learning manners, have we? I am in the most perfect and most excellent health, I thank you. And now, having disposed of these interesting preliminaries, let us get down to business."

It was my turn to stare. After five years of ordinary society it takes more than five minutes to adjust oneself to Golightly.

He tapped the bench impatiently.

"Well! Any more preliminaries?"

"It would be proper for you to inquire after my health, though, since you do not seem disposed to do so, I don't mind. But as for business—I do not know of any business, and I would not feel inclined to get down to it if I did. I am enjoying the morning."

Golightly shook his head.

"Oh, no, you are not. You think you are, but as a matter of fact, it is impossible for a man in your present state of mind—and health—to enjoy anything. You have forgotten the meaning of the word. Look—"

He pointed with one of his thin and crooked fingers to where, the roadway

being visible through the trees, we could see a dark procession moving by—all black against the blue and gold of morning.

"Someone is dead?" I asked carelessly. "Well—the morning remains."

Golightly smiled. He had a peculiar smile, not unpleasant but disconcerting.

"How old are you?" he asked abruptly.

"I am forty. And if you think a funeral procession can frighten me—I am not a child to be afraid of death."

"Bah! Did you ever see a child that was afraid of death? You never did, unless some older person had frightened it. No, my friend, it is not the young who are afraid of death. 'The morning remains,' you say. It is good to be a philosopher, especially is it good when one finds it necessary to consult Sir Alexander McKenzie about one's lungs—eh?"

I barely managed to suppress a start. I had not told anyone that I had consulted Sir Alexander about my lungs, still less what his opinion had been. I had a right to be angry at Golightly's remarks, but somehow I was not. Golightly's impertinences never seemed as impertinent as other people's. If he knew McKenzie's verdict, in the mysterious way in which he knew many things, well—it was almost a relief that someone knew!

"I thought you would not mind my mentioning it," he continued. "Besides, it was necessary. Do you still assert that you are not afraid of death?"

"I do not think that I am afraid."

"That is better. Perhaps you have never really tried to find out?"

"Perhaps."

"Perhaps you are a little bit afraid to inquire too closely?"

"I can't admit that."

"At any rate, you have never done so. But you have considered death in the abstract, I suppose?"

"Golightly!" I began irritably.

Then, impelled to continue this odd discussion almost against my will, I answered shortly. "Yes."

"Ah! Then you have formed some belief—come to some conclusion?"

"I have formed no belief and come to no conclusion. I am content to leave the unknowable unknown."

"Really! You have no fear of, no interest in, the future?"

"Interest, of course, but fear—I think not."

"You are not frank with me. I know you are afraid. I know your fear is making you miserable. Yet you will not confess it—few will. Yet everyone is afraid. Everyone who is not too young or too old for blind believing—blind holding-on to an unquestioning instinct. Well, well! We may find a remedy in time."

"You forget the wise Cervantes, 'There is a remedy for everything but death.'"

Golightly snapped his finger.

"That! for the wise Cervantes, and that!"—he shook his clenched hand—"for death! You have breakfasted?"

"Some time ago." The sudden change of subject was so like Golightly that I hardly wondered.

"I don't suppose," Golightly's tone was anxiously persuasive, "that you would care for an ice-cream soda?"

I hid a smile, it seemed absurd that he should have changed so little! At college Golightly's passion for ice-cream had been a delicate subject. A more ludicrously misplaced appetite can scarcely be imagined—its existence had been the cause of many a jest—until the boys found jesting unsafe! Golightly, being painfully aware of the incongruity of his taste, had been sensitive to any notice of it. He had tried to conquer it and, failing, had endeavoured to justify its existence on the ground of heredity, for in this one respect his sense of humour was absolutely lacking. It became the fashion among his closest intimates to pretend to a consuming desire ice-cream-wards, a pretence which he accepted without question-

ing. All these memories flashed back so quickly that it was almost without hesitation that I answered gravely,

"I would enjoy a soda very much."

Golightly brightened.

"Ah," he said, "you see I remember your fondness for such things; not that I do not approve of it. The taste is innocent enough compared with our modern craving for stimulants."

I assented.

"But before we go, come over here, nearer to the road, where we can see something besides the trees. I want you to test something for me—a little invention of mine. It will prepare your mind and make it easier for me to explain to you my greater invention when I take you to my laboratory."

"You have a laboratory—and an invention?"

He looked at me impatiently. Then came his peculiar smile.

"I forgot I had not told you. Yes, I have a laboratory and an invention—at least, I suppose that word is as good as another. Let us stop here."

He had paused before a bench which faced the road where there were no trees.

"In the old days I remember that you were not excitable," said Golightly. "Are your nerves still sound? But I know they are or I wouldn't have come to you. Just glance across the way, what do you see?"

"A house, two houses, three—"

"Why do you not see what is inside those houses?"

"Without going into fatiguing explanations I suppose it is because my eyes are not capable of seeing through bricks."

"Exactly. I assure you the fault lies entirely in your eyes. Nature has so formed them that bricks and like opaque substances form a barrier beyond which the sight cannot go. I can explain—"

"Please don't, Golightly!"

"No? I remember that is one reason you and I used to get along

so well. I did not like explaining, you did not like explanations. You are not of the scientific mind. Very well then, I shall be very simple. You can conceive of such an aid to sight that opaque substances are no longer a barrier?"

"With the aid of a very lively imagination, I can."

"Sit down, then, and let me test my invention."

I sat down obediently while Golightly unpacked the biscuit box parcel, and adjusted to my eyes some objects in shape not unlike small opera glasses. His contrivance was connected by wires, with a box or battery of some kind which he placed on the bench and manipulated by small keys. I hoped no one whom we knew would pass while the experiment was going on; our combined appearance, I fancied, was a trifle ludicrous.

Golightly gave one of the small keys a swift turn. "Now look!" he commanded. His voice was eager.

I looked. Instead of a red-brick wall and windows with half-drawn blinds I saw a decorously arranged front drawing-room and a tidy housemaid dusting chairs. For an instant I thought that I had been transported to a theatre and was looking at the stage, set for the first act of an old-fashioned drama. In a moment the door to the left would open and—enter the heroine reading a letter!

Then I began to realise. Everyone knows what it is to look through a pane of clear glass. The glass is there, you can feel it, in some way you are conscious of it, but as a barrier to sight it is practically non-existent. This is exactly what had happened to the brick wall—it had become as a pane of glass to me!

I moved my eyes to the next house, the outside of which was exactly like the first. I was looking into another drawing-room, furnished quite differently. A child sat at a piano, her music-master beside her. "One, two, one, two—thump!" He stopped her

peremptorily and she began all over again, "One, two, one, two." The little girl was evidently having a bad half-hour! I remembered hearing the sounds of persistent "one-twoing" earlier in the morning.

I turned my head a little to see still more, but immediately a sharp pain tingled at the bridge of my nose and forced me to close my eyes.

"Steady," said Golightly. "You should not have moved. It is not perfect enough for that, yet." A key clicked and the pain ceased. I opened my eyes and saw nothing save blank discs. Golightly removed the apparatus.

"Well?" he said.

I stared in wonder at the solid fronts of the houses opposite. The sounds of the little girl's martyrdom were distinctly audible.

"What was it? What did you do?" I asked bewildered.

He was beaming with delighted vanity—for all the world like a child who has done something smart.

"What did I do? I stole a march on nature. Won't let us see through the brick walls, won't she? Well I, Golightly, will see through brick walls if I wish, and you, my friend, shall see with me. It is very simple! Would you like that ice-cream soda now?"

I was still dazed.

"You think it is too early?" disappointedly.

"Too early?" With an effort I brought my mind back to an ice-cream level. "No. Let us go. I shall enjoy it very much. But Golightly, this invention—it is very wonderful, is it not?"

"It may lead to something—very wonderful," said Golightly slowly.

"Is it dangerous?"

"To the eyes?—oh, no."

I thoughtfully rubbed the bridge of my nose. Golightly grinned.

"I forgot to tell you not to move," he said. "It is not perfect yet. When it is perfect there will be no danger."

"But consider what it means?" I

argued. "If we are all going to live in glass houses—" I paused dismayed. "What about the fun of throwing stones? Are you going to give us a stoneless world, Golightly—?"

He waved his hand impatiently.

"It is a trifle. No one need know that it is possible—until someone else finds it out. As for me, I shall not use it, save as a means—a means." He looked at me queerly. "Did I not tell you that it might lead to something wonderful? Seeing through brick walls is not wonderful."

"Isn't it?"

"The merest commonplace, but—what flavour will you have?"

I realised that we had turned into a resplendent drug store, fitted with a soda-fountain.

"Cherry, please—but Golightly—"

"Plenty of ice-cream in ours," interrupted Golightly anxiously. "I remember that you liked yours that way," he explained to me.

I consumed my cherry soda, and another at Golightly's pressing invitation. I think I would have tried a third had he insisted. But with a sigh he let it go at two.

"I am afraid that you are over fond of it," he told me. "Two is all that is really good for you. And now let us go to the laboratory. I can show you something, not much, and tell you something, very little yet, but some day there will be something very wonderful! Afterwards—perhaps another soda would not hurt you."

Where the laboratory was is immaterial. It occupied the back half of the top floor of a commonplace building in a commonplace street. Any description of its interior would be the description of hundreds of similar places. The one outstanding feature seemed to be general untidiness.

Golightly cleared a chair for me by the simple method of sweeping its contents on to the floor. His bright eyes never seemed to leave my face.

"Tell me," he said, "what of everything you can think of would you like most to see?"

I considered.

"There is really nothing. I have seen a great many things, but I cannot say that I especially desire to see any of them again."

"Oh, well, perhaps in your present state of mind that is possible. I expected it, and a certain detachment from things of this world will be all the better for our experiment. Think now of some person whom you long, long very much to see."

"There is no one."

"No one! Perhaps you do not catch my meaning?"

"I have friends, yet there is no one whom I long, long very much to see." Golightly's eyes were fixed on mine with a very peculiar expression, and suddenly I remembered that he must have heard about Monica, and the tragic ending of our great happiness.

"My wife is dead," I explained briefly.

"I know it. And now be frank with me. You are eating your heart out with longing for something. There is a certain knowledge for which you would risk anything. Am I not right? I know how your wife died, and I have guessed the dread that haunts you; but I must hear it from yourself. Tell me, I believe I may be able to help you."

Looking back, I wonder that the oddity of this strange catechism did not strike me at the time. Ordinarily I am a reserved man, and the likelihood of my discussing my inmost feelings with anybody seems too remote for consideration. Yet the impulse to confide in Golightly was strong. He was in such deadly earnest, and I was so weary of the endless pretence of carelessness, I answered him slowly.

"There is one thing. But you cannot help me! You know that Monica died insane, quite hopelessly insane. I would give every moment of the remaining years of my life if I could be sure that she—" I caught myself up sharply. After all, what good could come of discussing impossibilities!

"Ah!" Golightly's sigh seemed one of supreme satisfaction. "It is as I thought—and hoped. The one thing you care about in this world is the possibility of finding the wife you love in the next—of finding her with her reason unclouded? Am I not right?"

I nodded.

"So we come back to the point from which we started. Yet in the park you would not admit that you were concerned with the mystery of death. Yet who are you that you should be different from everyone else? What did I tell you—is not death the King of Terrors?"

"It is true," I answered heavily.

"Let me speak frankly. You are forty, comparatively a young man. Yet in a year you must have passed out of this world. That is what the specialist told you? Yes. I do not misunderstand your attitude. You do not shrink from death because when Monica died the best of life was already over for you. Only—what comes after? What is the mystery—in your case so doubly terrible? Is it reunion, unclouded reunion — or nothing?"

"In a year's time I shall know."

"Ah, but that year! What would you give to know *now*?"

I was startled. How did he guess the horrible temptation which had tortured me lately—the temptation to *know*? He read my thought and smiled.

"I was not thinking of anything as weak as suicide," he said dryly.

"The consolation of religious faith, then? I am afraid that cannot help me. I have known people, many people, who have no fear, no uncertainty even, or seem to have none. They are—*sure*. But I—if she had left me, knowingly, with a smile and a backward look, it might be different. But she went out in the dark! I cannot be sure. Yet I think I am not an irreligious man."

"Faith is a wonderful thing," mused Golightly. "I do not pretend to deny its existence or its power. It

is at the foundation of all knowledge. But it is not for every man. At least every man does not grasp it. Let us put it aside for the present. Listen, you saw through a brick wall this morning, can you conceive the possibility of seeing through the great wall?"

Was he mad? I watched him closely, but he continued undisturbed.

"I always think of it as a wall—an invisible wall, elastic, impregnable, impossible to penetrate. But we might see—surely we might *see*! Come," jumping up, "we will delay the experiment no longer. You will be the first, the very first, to catch a glimpse! It will be only a glimpse, as yet, perhaps not that. There is much to do; it will mean years of labour but I am on the right track—I know I am on the right track!"

If he was mad there were no traces of it. Excited he was, but no more than might well be expected of an inventor on the eve of an experiment with a new invention. With methodical carefulness he began to put together the apparatus he needed.

"We must not try our experiment indoors," he explained. "It must be outside. Not that poor stone and mortar would be a hindrance, but it is my fancy to have the first test out under the sky. It may be easier, who knows?"

"Do you really think it possible—"

"I have thought it possible for many years. Now I know it is possible. I do not know much more. I shall know how nearly possible to-day. Then—back to work, work, work! I will make the possible the actual! What do you think, shall not I, Golightly, leave the world happier? It shall bless my name, I tell you, for making it happier!"

"Have you tried this experiment in your own case, Golightly?"

"Only partially. It is not possible to test it properly without aid. I have not cared to seek aid. People might believe me mad."

"Perhaps I believe you mad."

"Perhaps you do. But you won't presently. And you won't run away from the experiment. It means too much. You would give the remaining year of your life, you said—well, I couldn't ask more! As a matter of fact I ask nothing. Whether we succeed or fail there will be no danger to you."

"I am not afraid."

"Carry this then—no, I had better take it myself. Let us go."

The day was at its brightest when we came to the place which Golightly had selected. It was near, yet outside, the city, secluded, peaceful. Woods rose behind and on either hand, a little river closed in the foreground. We were not likely to be disturbed. Golightly began to arrange his batteries.

"You understand," he said, "you are not going into any trance; there will be absolutely no influence brought to bear on your mind. My invention has nothing to do with that kind of thing. I will enable you to see—that is all. You know the wonders of the microscope, the revelations of the telescope. My instrument shall be called the 'clearscope,' because when it is perfected we shall see clearly what now we try so hard to believe, without sight."

A certain nervousness, which I had tried in vain to conquer, began to gain on me.

"Now then," said Golightly, "you will sit down. I will adjust the instrument to your eyes, and you will tell me what you see. You are nervous, but it will pass. Try to understand that there is nothing that is not perfectly natural in your experience."

"But am I to speak? Will not speech spoil the experiment?"

"Heavens, man! this isn't a séance! You are not pulling down the wall—you are only seeing through. The wall is just as real as ever. If you danced a jig all the time you looked it would make no difference, except that it would break the instrument. Now then!"

I sat down obediently. I expected nothing, that is, I tried to expect nothing, but Golightly's confidence was highly infectious. I closed my eyes and took a firm hold of my nerves, while Golightly adjusted his instrument.

"Look!" said Golightly. I opened my eyes and saw—the green slope to the river, the trees to the right and left, and the water flashing in the sun. It was the same scene on which I had closed my eyes. Yet wait, was it the same? I had not noticed its supreme beauty before. Never in my life had I seen such wonderful colour—such marvellous harmony of colour! The scene appeared to be wrapt in an atmosphere which beautified it almost beyond power of telling. I sat silent in a great enjoyment of it.

"Well?" said the sharp voice of Golightly. "What do you see?" He was breathing heavily.

"The river," I answered, "and the trees—but something is different—it is more lovely. I cannot explain why—oh! it is glorious!"

"Ah!" It was a long sigh of relief. "Continue to look," he added quietly. It was easy to obey him. I felt that I would never tire of that wonderful landscape.

"It is a new earth!" I murmured involuntarily.

"Ah!" said Golightly.

How long I looked I do not know, but perhaps we sat there, quite silent, for nearly an hour. Then—

"There is a lady near the river," I said. "She is coming this way. Shall I remove the instrument?"

"No," said Golightly, "she will not notice."

"But she can't help it. She will pass quite close to us. Golightly! Look at her. Is she not beautiful? I believe she has the most lovely face I have ever seen. I say—let us go somewhere else. Perhaps we are intruding. I feel as if we ought not to be here. There! she is gone—where did she go?"

I looked around. The lady with the

lovely face was certainly gone. Golightly was fussing steadily with his batteries.

"It is very imperfect," he muttered, "very imperfect—still—"

"Where did she go?" I demanded.

"She was never here," he replied coolly. "That is—she was here, of course, but I did not see her."

"What do you mean? She passed quite close to you."

"I do not doubt it. Yet I did not see her. There has been no one here visible to my eyes."

"You mean—"

"You are seeing through?—yes."

A strange thrill ran through me. Was it possible, or could Golightly be lying? I knew that she had passed across the glade—I knew it. Yet—

"Don't get excited," warned Golightly, "or you will be distrusting your impressions later. After all, it is not more wonderful than wireless telegraphy and other marvels which have come to seem commonplace. You have caught a glimpse, that is all."

"You wish me to believe that the lady I saw was—a spirit?"

"If you saw her, she must have been—at least the word 'spirit' is as good as another. There has been no lady here."

There was no possibility of doubting him. I knew Golightly well, and the accents of truth and earnestness in his voice were unmistakable. The last of my nervousness and incredulity passed away. I could not doubt that here was the beginning of something destined to be the greatest discovery of all time. A glorious certainty at once calmed and excited me.

"Do not imagine," said the quiet voice of Golightly, "that you are seeing as spirits see, you are getting only the merest glimpse—"

"Hush!" I said. "Hush! There are some children—oh! they are gone." I was bitterly disappointed.

"It is possible that you were tired," said Golightly gently. "Rest a little." He unfastened the "clearoscope" and let it drop. What! Was

this dull scene the one I had thought so lovely when I had seen it first—could it be possible that I had really considered that sun bright, that grass green?

"Where is the light?" I asked involuntarily.

"It was never here," replied Golightly, "the light you saw was the first glimmer of 'the light that never was on sea or land.' Close your eyes and rest. Then you may look again."

I was tired—very tired! But I could not rest.

"Golightly?" I said.

"What is it?"

"If I had spoken to her—that lady—if I had asked about Monica—"

"You are too tired to understand," he answered. "You forget. You did not pierce the invisible wall. You were no nearer the spirit you saw than you are at the present moment. Had you spoken, your voice could not have reached her any more than it could reach her now. You were only 'seeing through.' I am afraid," abruptly, "that I ought not to have allowed you to try the experiment. You are exhausted."

"No, I am not. You must not think so. You promised to let me try again. I am quite strong enough."

He shook his head.

"But you must! Think, Golightly, I have only a year to live. Not that long. I know it. This is my last chance of settling the awful question that has been making my last days full of fear. Let me look once more. Let me be sure that the lady I saw was not a fantasy of an over-excited imagination."

"You are more excited now than you were then. Here, take this!" He took from his pocket a small vial containing some green liquid. "It will help you to pull yourself together. Now stay quite quiet and rest awhile."

I drank the medicine; it had a pleasant acid taste. Then we both sat very silent, lost in our own thoughts. At last Golightly spoke abruptly.

"That matter of communication,"

he said. "I know nothing about it. But I should imagine that if one world might call to another it could only be by the spirit calling to the spirit, since the spirit must be controlled by some laws common to both worlds."

"You mean——"

"I mean that if you would speak to Monica—call her. Call her spirit with the call of your spirit. Did she love you?"

"She did love me."

"Then it may be possible—but I cannot tell. You may be terribly disappointed. Are you rested now?"

I had never before seen Golightly in this mood. Interesting he had always been, cynical, absorbed, brilliant, lovable in a strange way of his own, but never had he been like he was now. A mother could not have been more completely gentle.

"I am quite rested," I said eagerly. We again adjusted the "clearscope." Again I was looking out on that transfigured world, but now I looked with a glimmer of understanding, and there was a purpose in my heart.

I called to her. If there was a voice within me that she could hear I knew that she must have heard! My whole being called her in an ecstasy which annihilated time and every sensation belonging to it. The light which rested on the new world grew brighter, yet no one moved across the glade. She did not come. Once more I called her as I called her on the night when the temptation to *know* had been almost irresistible.

Then, suddenly, the awful suspense slackened, my call had been heard, answered! I could not see her yet, but I knew that she was near.

"She is coming," I said aloud.

When at last I saw her crossing the green turf I knew her far away. No other woman ever moved like that! But her face! Did Monica look like that? I had known that she was not beautiful, only beautiful to me. But now her loveliness might dazzle and delight the world. Yet it was Monica,

Monica with the light of reason and the soft fire of love in her eyes. She came quite near. I put out my hand.

"Remember the wall," said Golightly. His voice sounded far away and unreal.

I opened my lips to speak. To tell her—

"Remember the wall!"

But I had forgotten! She had come so close. Her eyes were looking clearly into mine. There was no wall! She was as close to me as she had been that unfortunate morning years ago. I called her name, springing to my feet—Then a sharp shock and everything grew black.

I opened my eyes to find Golightly observing me solemnly.

"It is your own fault. I told you not to move," he said briefly.

"I forgot. But I am not hurt. Let me look again. I saw her, Golightly—I saw her!"

"Yes, I believe you did. But it would be useless to look again, even if you could stand the strain. Your sudden jerk has broken some of the mechanism. The 'clearscope' is useless for the present."

"For the present?"

"Oh, it is nothing that I cannot repair. But I want to get a little further along before I experiment again."

"You will let me help you?"

"I will come for you if at that time you are able to stand it."

"I shall be able. I am tired now, but that will pass. You have given me a new lease of life. I think it was despair as much as disease that was killing me. I was afraid."

Golightly began to gather his apparatus together. His gentle mood seemed to have passed.

"Well," he responded almost snapshy. "See that you take care of yourself. If you are not a great deal stronger you will not be present at any more experiments. I don't want my experimenters fainting on my hands. It wastes too much time. I haven't any time to waste. Think of the work

I have to do and only a score of years, perhaps, to do it. My father died at eighty, but my grandfather lived out the century. I am very strong, but then I work very hard. I do not expect to go above eighty. I have a donkey of a doctor who tells me that my heart is wrong. Do I look like a man whose heart is wrong? Rubbish! Are you able to walk now? No, I don't want you to carry anything. Here, give the box to me."

Both of his hands were already full, but I felt too worn out to protest, too entirely happy to care about anything. We did not speak at all during our walk to the car, and the silence of our ride into the city was broken only once, that time by Golightly.

"An ice-cream soda might do you good," he remarked thoughtfully.

I told him I was sure it would. Golightly stopped the car.

"Better have pine-apple this time," he said. I agreed. We had two pine-apple sodas. Golightly seemed to be limiting himself to two. I do not remember what he talked about, but I think it had to do with the action of the different flavouring extracts on the digestion. I did not pretend to listen, which vexed him a little, I think. At any rate, he grew quite short with me, and refused the offer of my company back to the laboratory. Had I been less self-absorbed, less selfishly happy, who knows what difference it might have made?

"We part here, I suppose," said Golightly when we stood once more upon the pavement. "You need not come back with me, you are evidently too tired to take any interest in intelligent conversation. Take care, don't knock against the box. It wants careful handling!"

"Golightly," I said, "next time, couldn't you fix things so that you could look?"

"I suppose I could. I do not want to look. I have no one to look for."

This sudden revelation of himself, standing on the pavement waiting for

an electric car, was so like Golightly! I might have lived with him for years, and not have been honoured with so much confidence. His tone was distinctly irritable and the fierce expression on his puckered face was certainly not one with which we usually accompany heart-to-heart confidences. Yet it was a confidence he gave me.

"I suppose I had a mother," he went on, "but I never knew it. My father I have no wish to encounter in this world or the next. There has never been a woman, good, bad, or indifferent, in my life—too ugly, I suppose. Well, good-bye. Look me up when you feel better. Here's my car. No, leave the box alone; I can manage it!" As if by an after-thought he added, "Come a week from to-day—don't knock—if I'm busy I shan't hear you."

In a week's time I went as he bade me. Hope is a great elixir, and I was better and stronger than I had ever expected to be again. I sprang up the long stairs in the old fashion, two steps at a time, and, without knocking, went in. Golightly was seated at a table under the sky-light; about him lay the different parts of the injured

"clearscope"; the lens he held in his hand.

"Isn't it ready?" I asked. The sudden disappointment was like a blow. And then I saw that he was not sitting straight, but was bent forward—oddly.

"Golightly!" I cried, shaking him in a sudden panic of fear. The lens rattled to the floor with a crash—the stiffened form slipped forward—

* * * * *

"Heart disease!" said the solemn man of medicine. "I have treated him for it for years. He never would believe it was serious—called me a donkey! He never would take any care of himself, worked almost day and night with this rubbish"—a comprehensive wave of his hand—"and with no result. He was a little mad, I fancy. It's a good thing that he had no one's happiness depending on him."

I looked at the useless "rubbish" on the table, and at the helpless hand from which the lens had slipped.

"Only the happiness of the whole world!" I said. And, suddenly, I laughed!

"Don't allow yourself to become hysterical," remarked the doctor calmly.

AWAKENING

By MARGARET O'GRADY

Was it last night we said good-bye,
Or do I dream, dear friend,
And count these endless years as days?
Memory knows no place, no time—
Only the parting of the ways.

Then anguished stars and listless wind,
Sighed my litanied thoughts to you,
Tired, patient heart, which frets
For days and dreams that were not true.

POSTAL "REFORMS" IN 1787

BY W. R. GIVENS

IN these swift moving times, when we are in almost instant communication with remote as with near parts of the world, and when ocean liners and transcontinental trains are annihilating time and distance, it is hard for the generation of to-day to conceive that only a few years ago all things were different and that the time and the actions then were very slow moving. The writer himself has often had this truth presented to him in one form or another, but scarcely ever has it been driven home to him in so forcible or striking a manner as the other day when he was examining some letters, preserved in his wife's family, having to do with a former Deputy Postmaster-General of New Brunswick, Mr. Christopher Sower, a United Empire Loyalist whose property in Philadelphia was confiscated because of his allegiance to England in the War of the Revolution. This is the same Sower to whom Governor Simcoe wrote on numerous occasions, these letters having been published in a recent number of *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE*. Apparently — and it would seem through Governor Simcoe's importunities—Mr. Sower finally settled in St. John, New Brunswick, where he became prominent in the affairs of that province, in time becoming Deputy Postmaster-General—a rather high-sounding title it would seem for the comparatively little work that in

those days could have devolved upon him by virtue of his office.

Yet the deputies of the various Provinces and their associates were even then not without their troubles and problems, for it is very clear from Mr. Sower's numerous papers that they were constantly urged to give, in point of expedition and regularity, a postal service such as even then the times scarcely warranted. Yet that like the green-grocer they "strove to please" is evidenced by a proposal submitted to Lord Dorchester, Governor, in the year 1787, "for the conveyance of letters once every month between Halifax in Nova Scotia and Quebec." This is submitted by Hugh Finlay, Deputy Postmaster-General of Quebec, with the approval apparently of all the other deputies. In the light of the development and doings of to-day this "step forward"—this proposition for a monthly service—seems both pitiful and ludicrous: yet in 1787 it was evidently deemed a decided advance. The plan, as preserved by Mr. Sower on parchment long since yellow, is as follows, the punctuation, spelling, etc., being followed exactly:

"PLAN for conveying letters once every month between Halifax in Nova Scotia, and Quebec.

"There is already a regular Post once a fortnight between Halifax and St. Johns: by that conveyance such letter as are put into the Post Office at Halifax and directed for Canada are forwarded, so far,

Tho' the receipt of postage at St. Johns was great or greater than the receipt at Halifax, the Post Office there contributes nothing towards the expense of carrying the mails which produce that postage as the office at Halifax pays all.

The Deputy Post Master of New Brunswick Mr. Sower forwards to his deputy Mr. Hayt at Fredericton, all the letters for Canada, as well those sent to his care in mails from Halifax and elsewhere, as those put in at the office at St. Johns: there is no regular conveyance from thence to Fredericton ninety miles higher up the River, but there's such frequent opportunities offering that the mails are not detained at St. Johns. At Fredericton letters may lie long unless sent forward by a special messenger.

To prevent delay a Courier might be dispatched once a month from Fredericton to Quebec, at an expence of less than £15 a trip—£175 for twelve journeys. But it may be ask'd how that messenger is to be paid—Will the postage chargeable on the letters passing, pay the expence? as likewise the expence of a monthly messenger between St. Johns and Fredericton, necessary to secure regularity and dispatch.

It is probable that as soon as it is known through the neighboring Provinces and in England that a regular conveyance is established tho' but once a month between Halifax and Quebec the mercantile correspondence will encrease that way and fully defray all expence of Couriers.

If this Plan can take place among the Deputy Post Masters General of these Provinces, every office on that route may contribute toward paying the expence in proportion to the advantage it receives from the services performed.

Suppose Mr. Peters at Halifax pays for his Courier to St. Johns £100—Mr. Sowers for a courier between his office and the office at Fredericton £50—and that Mr. Finlay pays £175 for Couriers from there to Quebec the chain of messengers would cost £325 annually—and supposing the total yearly receipt of postage at the offices on the route might be Four Hundred Pounds, viz.:

At Halifax for all letters brought to that office by Couriers, £50; Thence Mr. Peter's proportion of the expence would be £40 12s. 6d.

At Annapolis, £30; Mr. Tucker's proportion, £24 7s. 6d.

At Digby, £5; Mr. ——— proportion, £4, 1s. 3d.

At St. Johns, £80; Mr. Sower's proportion, £65.

At Fredericton, £35; Mr. Hayt's proportion, £28 8s. 9d.

At Quebec, £200; Mr. Finlay's proportion, £162 10s.

Then every office which does not employ a Courier, but which reaps advantage from the services of those employ'd by other offices would pay its just proportion of the General expence until solid and permanent regulations can take place for carrying on Post Office business by a regular and well-connected chain through all his Majesty's Provinces on this Continent.

If it shall be found that the Postage received pay the expence of conveyance, mails may be dispatched once a fortnight or oftener. All which is humbly submitted to the Right Honorable Lord Dorchester the Governor General by his Excellency's

Most faithfully servant

HUGH FINLAY

Deputy Post Master General for the Province of Quebec.

General Post Office Quebec

1st January 1787.

Almost as interesting, because illustrative of the business done in St. John, New Brunswick, in the year 1791, is a bill of expenses of the office, as carefully preserved by Mr. Sower, as follows:

Account of Incidental Expences of the Post Office at Saint John New Brunswick, from 5th of July, 1791, to the 2nd of August following, when Mr. William S. Oliver took charge of it.

	£	s.	d.
Paid James Sutter his salary from the 5th July to 5th of October	15		
Paid Alexander Morton, master of one of The Packets, on account of his salary from 5 July to 5 October 1791 . . .	4	13	9
Paid Mordicai Lester for his trouble and expence taking charge of a mail to go express that afterwards sent by Mr. Sealey	6	3	
Paid Mr. Seth Sealey for taking charge of a mail to be delivered at the Fredericton office	5		
Paid Thomas Hanford Junior for a quire of paper . . .	1		
Paid James McPherson, Penny Post for carrying out such letters as were not called for between 5 July and 2nd August, 1797	8		

£20 14 2

for Mr. Sower

Monson Hayt.

And as if to impress that the whole affair was conducted on strictly busi-

ness principles the receipts from the various persons designated as having been paid, are attached to the statement. That from Lester is perhaps the most typical. It is as follows:

Received from the General Post Office in Saint John New Brunswick, August 2nd 1791, Six shillings and three pence, as a reward for the disappointment, expence and trouble I have been at in consequence of being hired yesterday by Mr. Hayt to go express with a mail to Fredericton this morning—Mr. Hayt having hired a Mr. Sealey who is going to that place, to take charge of it for a small reward—having aigned two receipts of this tenor and date. £0:6:3. MORDI LESTER.

Despite all this, it would seem that complaints against Mr. Sower's conduct of the office were not infrequent. Unlike the complaints of today, which go to the Postmaster-General in Canada—the spirit and the fact of Home Rule being now much in evidence, and in the writer's opinion it is well that it is so—these complaints went to the then fountain head, the Government in England, which at that time knew so little of Canada that the wonder is that its decisions should have been so meekly accepted. However, perhaps that is neither here nor there. The fact, nevertheless, remains, as the appended letter will show, that such complaints did go to England and that in the Sower case they so disgusted him that he seriously considered resigning his position. Whether he did or not the records at hand do not show, though his friend Watson's advice was to "hold on." Watson's letter follows:

London 14th August 1792.

Dear Sir:

Your duplicate letter of Nov. 24th I have recently received, the original not having reached my hand. I am my self convinced not only of the rectitude of your conduct but of your dilligence and punctuality in the discharge of your publick duty and as yet I have not heard a whisper to your prejudice. Had there been ought wrong my friend at the Post Office would have informed me. I take it for granted he formed no opinion on the complaint made by Mr. Peters but as a matter of course referred the enquiry to the

Lieut-Governor whose report I should like to see. I have been twice at the Post Office wishing to see Lord Walsingham on this business and that of your pay as Post Master but his Lordship was and is still out of town and its probable I may not see him before the sailing of the ship by which I now write. if I do you will learn by the addition I shall make to this letter, if not you may be assured I will not suffer the matter long to rest without enquiry. In the interim it is my advice that you continue the office of Post Master. I can by no means agree to your giving it up, although it is now of little consequence it may hereafter be an object of importance either to yourself or Son, and as to the little vexations you meet with, let them pass as matter of course. Consoling yourself with the reflection that you have neither sought or deserved them. Mr. Oliver called on me as you intimated he would and I told him as I now write you that I could not give you the least encouragement to give up the office—for which reason I surpress your letter to Mr. Todd (?) The House will write on matters of business and you will soon hear further from me.

I am with regard
Your friend & humble Servant,
BROOK WATSON.

In connection with Sower and other United Empire Loyalists—and leaving now the Post-office side of the matter—it is only too clear that the Home Government was very exacting in its demands that such Loyalists as presented petitions for redress—and Sower presented many on behalf of his friends as well as one on behalf of himself—should have their standing before the court fully verified. Hence it is that we find such "Testimonials" as the following—the first of which show Sower in the light of a confidential worker with the lamented Major Andre. They are:

Cross Street Hatton Garden,
Feby 7th 1784.

I certify that I have long been intimately acquainted with Mr. Christopher Sower Jr. late of Germantown near Philadelphia—that throughout the whole American Rebellion he has employed his own personal interest and that of his Family which extended over the Province of Pennsylvania in behalf of his King and Country—that before he could join the Royal Army he was eminently useful in keeping his Coun-

trymen steady to their allegiance, and afterwards sought every opportunity to render service to the cause of Britain—Some of these services I can testify from my intercourse with the late Major Andre to have been of the most delicate and confidential nature—I believe indeed, that he does not stand in need of this my feeble testimony, and that he will stand recommended to his Majesty's Servants by Names of much superior Authority — I have however cheerfully complied with his request in this matter and shall be at all times ready to confirm upon Oath not only this general declaration in his favor, but the several particulars that have come to my knowledge—Given under my hand the day and year above written.

DAN G. BATWELLE,
Missionary of York and Cumberland Counties in Pennsylvania.

I do hereby certify that I have been acquainted with the bearer Christopher Sower Junior late of Philadelphia, some years & know that he hath uniformly conducted himself as a Loyal Subject & true

friend to his Majesty's Government.

S. SHOEMAKER.

New York Aug. 18th, 1778.

I do certify that I am well acquainted with Christopher Sower, Junior who is a person of good character and has on all occasions exerted himself as a loyal and zealous Subject in Behalf of His Majesty's Government during the late Rebellion in America; by which means he has greatly suffered in his person and property.

WM. FRANKLINE

late Gov. of New Jersey.

London Jan. 16th, 1784.

So far as the records show, however, Sower never received anything from the Home Government to reimburse him. He has, however, left behind him many old and interesting and important documents and papers and the signatures of many men who in the latter part of the eighteenth century were prominent in the affairs of the Empire.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN AND I

By DOUGLAS ROBERTS

The wind and the rain have come for me.
They have found me here in the city room.
They have come from the open plains for me,
To take me back where the wild things bloom.

The hard, steel ways are strange to us,
And noisy and bare to our vagrant feet;
Here rain must run in just one way,
And the wind must follow the long straight street.

The wind from off the barren grounds
Is pausing under my prison eaves.
The naked rain from the northern marsh
Stops here with me and with me grieves.

I have lived my years with both of them.
They have taught me the freedom that they know;
So now I love the pathless wilds
Where I can go the way they go.



THE MYSTERY OF LINCOLN

By Robert E. Knowles

THERE are few things in life so fascinating as the study of the secret of greatness. The world is never weary of digging and delving in that mysterious soil wherein the life of a great man has struck its hidden roots. A great man, we say—how carelessly oftentimes, with but little sense of the significance of the term. For every truly great man stands before us a mystery, something for which we can not account, endowed with certain powers—or, better still, with power, a nameless attribute—which betokens the special

favour of the Infinite. Every truly great man, said one of the greatest, Thomas Carlyle, is a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night to guide us across this wilderness of life.

The element of mystery wraps the lives of the transcendent. We can but dimly wonder how they achieve the great results that seem to come so easily from their hands. What tools they work with, by what rule, under what inspiration to other men denied, we may not know. It is popular nowadays to account for great

achievements in terms of great industry; so much so, indeed, that most people are convinced that genius is "an infinite capacity for taking pains." This is a shallow proverb, and untrue. Genius—fruitful genius at least—goes hand in hand with industry; but industry, however passionate and sustained, cannot cope with that unearned increment of nature which we call genius for want of a better word. As well might swift and tireless walking cope with wings. A mediocre man may toil terribly; but a genius need not be idle the while—and he has his genius to the good. Let industry try its hand at the muse and give another "Cottar's Saturday Night"; let it cultivate an infinite capacity for taking pains and furnish another Gettysburg Address, before we accept it as the synonym for genius. Meantime we will repeat the adage, strangely unfamiliar as it is, that genius does what it must and talent does what it can; which, if it be true, presumes the presence of the Infinite—and lands us in the realm of mystery at once.

It is doubtful if history has produced a more mysterious personality than that which was incarnate in the long, gaunt, uncouth form of the man whose hundredth birthday will engage

the attention of the world on the approaching 12th of February. Abraham Lincoln has been defined, and justly, as "the first American"—but he is far more than that. Of exclusively English stock, he is one of the most wonderful blooms of the parent stem. He is one of the greatest products of the Anglo-Saxon race. He is one of the few marvellous births of our common humanity.

And the spell that Abraham Lincoln exercises over all the world is undoubtedly bound up with the mystery of the man. Somewhat more than a thousand different biographers have tried their hand at its solution, but in vain. With reverent curiosity some, and with complacent smartness others, but all have sought to trace to their hidden source the sagacity, the eloquence, the insight, the humanity, the wit, the brooding tenderness—in a word, the power—of this unexplainable child of nature.

Let the mystery be outlined. Behold, a little more than a century ago, a log cabin, its solitary window of greased paper admitting the light of day amid the semi-wildness of a Kentucky clearance. Two inmates there, and newly-wed. The husband, Thomas Lincoln by name, is a poor specimen of the "poor whites," synonym for ignorance and superstition to half a continent. To the day of his death he could neither read nor write. His wife, Nancy Hanks before her marriage, herself first saw the light through a cloud of obscurity and shame. Her mother's name (Lucy Hanks) was of dread similarity to her own. The husband could not write his name; the wife scarcely dared.

It was on February 12th, 1809, that the first wail of the hapless infant floated through the miserable cabin. This infant was named Abraham for his father's father; which said grandfather had been killed and scalped by an Indian savage. Eight years flit by, and the lonely child has grown fast—a solitary child, his playground the sombre forest amid which the rude



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, WITH "TAD." THE BOOK IS THE BIBLE

shanty nestles. When eight years of age, in 1817, the little family moves, raft-borne along the stream, into the unbroken wilderness of Indiana. Again a log cabin serves as home, humbler than its predecessor—only three sides enclosed, the fourth open to the weather. A central fireplace pours its smoke forth through the open roof; the boy's bed, straw-built, is on some boards that rest on the rough rafters beneath the roof, and he climbs to it with the aid of a few pegs driven into the mud between the logs. But Abraham Lincoln grows, long, lank, leathery, with tanned and swarthy face crowned by a great shock of wiry, rebellious hair. The days and months pass by; the boy's mother falls sick. One midnight he is wakened to stand by the dying form, weeping. The yearning eyes look out on the boy's tear-stained face as he stands, scantily apparelled, in the candle's uncertain light. Still gazing, the mother's soul passes out into the Silent Kingdom, and the tears flow faster down the face that is yet to be familiar to latest generations.

Six months later, the orphan plods fifty miles through the wilds and returns with a wandering Methodist preacher; the belated funeral service is held by the now greening grave in the glade of an Indiana forest.

The years pass by, years of labour as a hired hand. Out of them all, young Lincoln snatches something less than nine months of schooling—eight miles a day he walks, to and from the forest school. The nights,

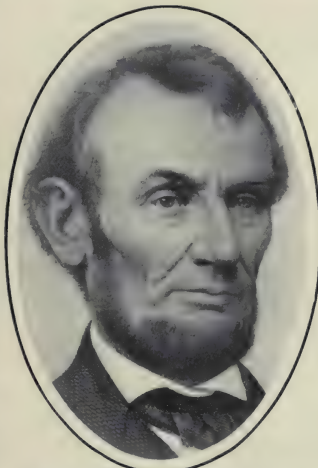
unwasted too, find him prone on the earthen floor, reading what books he can by the light of the cabin fire—the Bible, Æsop's Fables, Pilgrim's Progress, form the scanty library.

The year of grace 1830 comes—and the roving Thomas Lincoln moves again. Illinois this time provides the far-off fields of green. Buckskin breeches, coarse rawhide boots—stockings none—blue smock and copious cap of coonskin make up the dress of an ungainly youth of twenty-

one, already six feet four, who waves his goad and plies his voice above a laggard yoke of oxen as the canvas-covered wagon makes its creaking way over the unpeopled prairie. That ox driver is yet to be called the Great Emancipator. Squatting at last, he splits the rails that fenced half of his father's new-acquired farm; tiring of this he turns river boy for a time, finally engaged to pole a raft down the Mississippi to New Orleans. Here slavery, grim and lurid, breaks upon him; here he registers his vow in Heaven to fight it unto death, but

still clad in buckskin breeches and blue smock and coonskin cap.

Back by river to St. Louis—from St. Louis overland, and on foot, he makes his way to the Illinois hamlet of New Salem. Fifteen houses compose the village. Abraham Lincoln goes to work again, hired by this farmer and that, rail-splitting, drain-digging, cattle-tending. Suddenly comes a vacancy in the village store—he is employed. Finds a set of Blackstone at the bottom of a desert-



MR. ROBERT LINCOLN, THE EMANCIPATOR'S SON, REGARDS THIS AS THE BEST PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN OF HIS FATHER

ed hogshead, containing much beside—and devours Blackstone, the rest ignored. Postmastership falls vacant—Lincoln is appointed; no office needed, nor indeed possible; carries letters about in his hat and delivers them at sight—but reads all papers before surrendering! Then he learns, furtively, the surveyor's science; secures instruments, which are presently seized for debt. Reads law diligently, building meantime an occasional pigsty, or splitting rails for the defenceless acres here and there. Then comes the year of grace 1837, wherein Abraham Lincoln presents himself before an obscure lawyer in Springfield—examination satisfactory, interview most social, probably moist—and the still blue-jeaned Lincoln is admitted to the Bar.

Behold a scene in April of this same 1837. Miscellaneous country store, kept by one Joshua Speed. It is evening, and the door slowly opens. Enter the lank, gaunt figure of a sad-faced man of twenty-eight, carrying a saddlebag; which saddlebag contains all his earthly possessions. He walks timidly toward the waiting Speed, his great form looming large in the twilight. He would know the cost of furnishing a bed, for he purposes to try to live in the village as a lawyer. Speed calculates, soiling a square foot of good brown paper the while. Seventeen dollars, quoth he. Abraham Lincoln admits, sadly, that so much money he does not possess—nor sees likelihood of possessing. If Mr. Speed would trust him he might some day pay. Speed would trust him. Lincoln repents himself and says, sadly too, that he does not care to begin with so much of debt; starts silently for the door. Speed studies the face in the semi-darkness; calls him back; he has a bed of his own upstairs, he says, and the stranger is welcome to half of it till he gets a foothold. Lincoln demurs, then accepts, mumbling his thanks the while—the saddlebag is borne aloft to the room; and Speed knew

not, through the long four years that followed, that he lay night by night beside one of the Immortals, toward whom the eyes of future generations should be backward turned in reverence.

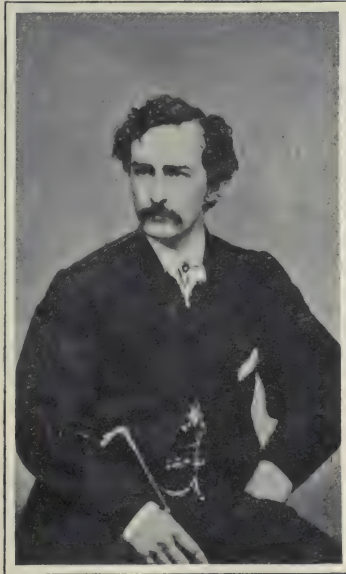
Long years after Lincoln's martyr crown was won, Joshua Speed referred to this life-romance in words like these: "I remember his face as he came into my store that April evening. I slept beside him for four years. And now I can hardly realise it. To think that he was dependent on me for a place to lay his head, all his worldly goods in the saddlebag that lay upon the floor—and then to recall that I lived to visit him in the White House as President of the United States, to see him holding his own with the greatest statesmen of Europe, making and unmaking generals and admirals, holding his Cabinet of stalwarts in the hollow of his hand, carrying in his bosom the greatest war of history, despatching ambassadors to foreign courts and dispensing the patronage of his august office," directing the legislation of a nation, holding in his hands the fortunes of millions and the lives of tens of thousands, affixing his signature to a document that gave liberty to four millions of the human race, saving an empire to itself and to the cause of liberty, and, at last, his country delivered and his cause triumphant, dying amid the grief and reverence of Christendom—all this is more like a dream than reality."

Marvellous indeed was it all, as his old bed-fellow might well exclaim. Herein lies the charm of Lincoln's chequered story—in its mystery. We do not marvel greatly at the career, for instance, of such a man as Gladstone. Born in the same year as Lincoln, 1809, when 1832 arrived Gladstone had passed through Oxford with singular distinction, one of the first scholars of his age. He had travelled far, had drunk from almost every spring of learning on the Continent, had acquired many languages,

had shared the stimulating friendship of men like Kinglake and Newman and Tennyson, and had taken his seat in the House of Commons as the nominee of the Duke of Newcastle. In that same year, 1832, Lincoln was heard to say: "I've a notion to study English grammar if I knew where I could get one." Someone told him that an old school-master, Mentor Graham, seven miles afield, had such a thing; and that same night Lincoln traversed the fourteen miles to borrow the precious volume. Such was the handicap of his beginning — and how swiftly he overtook his great contemporary all the world knows now. Gladstone himself, Nestor though he was, has left no contribution to political oratory, to human literature, such as fell from the lips of this untutored orator, who said: "He that would be no slave must have no slave"; or again, "What is inherently right is politically safe"; or again, "Let us highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain . . . that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth"; or again, and noblest of them all, "With malice towards none, with charity toward all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us seek to finish the work we have begun." Montalembert commended Lincoln's style as a model for the imitation of princes. Probably

none of Lincoln's varied gifts is so significant of his greatness as his wonderful power with words. Many of his phrases have become part of the daily speech of mankind. Few had so quick and reverent a sense of the wizardry of language, few could detect with so delicate an instinct the opal shades of words. Witness his well-known revival of Secretary Seward's letter to the English Government concerning the Trent affair;

Lincoln's verbal genius made the difference between peace and war. But doubtless his greatest triumph in this realm was won in his Gettysburg Address. From that same platform Edward Everett, one of the most eloquent *litterateurs* of the day, delivered a speech of two hours and a quarter in duration — now no man knows its sepulchre. Lincoln jotted his on the back of an envelope as the train bore him toward the battlefield; it occupied two minutes in delivery, but the English-speaking world has memorised it, and Im-



WILKES BOOTH, WHO ASSASSINATED LINCOLN

mortality has "taken it out of Time's careless keeping into her own."

We look in vain for adequate provocation for Lincoln's separate powers. Whether it be as statesman, or orator, or diplomat, or commander, or wit, or seer, the contemplation of his strength and triumphs baffles our understanding. From such depths derived, to such heights ascending, his flight mocks the eye of reason. An untried country lawyer, he was



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, HIS WIFE AND TWO SONS

thrust to the nation's helm amid such a storm as seldom ever smote a people; the plain man of the prairies was called, as in a single night, to responsibility as great as was ever laid on human shoulders. And with what majesty of self-control he climbed the dizzy heights! Napoleon's power made him drunken, as with wine—and he betrayed his people, snatching greedily at Imperial glory, and fell prone at last. But Lincoln's great nature took on new humility, new unselfishness, new beauty, as he trod the dread wine-press alone. The farther his genius removed him from "the plain people," as he loved to call them, the nearer did he come to them in the deep kinship of humanity.

Many and different have been the theories advanced in explanation of the mysterious resource that marked the *régime* of this strange product of the forest. But the secret still is hidden. Uneducated, yet a master of letters; unfamiliar with many books, yet a kind of modern Æsop in homely wisdom; untrained in diplomacy, yet more than a match for Seward and Chase and the most cultured Parliamentarians of his day; reared amid the most primitive influences, yet familiar with every aspect of human life and almost every current of the human heart; struggling fiercely from infancy against obscurity and poverty—often too against ruthless men—yet aglow with humanity, a great and compassionate lover of the human

race; untutored in the ways of war, yet compelling the wondering confidence of generals in the field, the rail-splitter of the plains, the awkward man who at twenty-three was earning his eight dollars a month on the farm, became the uncrowned king of one of the strongest among nations, the Saviour of his country, the Emancipator of the enslaved, the Champion of Freedom to millions who never saw his face; became, in short, one of the greatest benefactors of the human race.

What approaches nearest to ex-

planation of it all is, when stated, itself in terms of mystery. Yet there is no other. Abraham Lincoln was a separate gift from the hand of Him who maketh one star to differ from another star in glory. Raised up, as surely as was ever Moses of old, for the performance of a stupendous task, called from the silence and the dark of the western forest to the great theatre that awaited him, he was equipped by that Almighty hand according to his need, endowed by infinite love and wisdom for his mighty mission.

SING LOW, WILD BIRD!

By E. M. YEOMAN

Sing low, wild bird!—thine is the only sound
That stirs the holy hush that broods around
The quiet place beneath whose grasses lie
The beds of forms gone into dust and death.
Blend a low note with the faint west-wind's sigh,
And breathe a dirge for life that perisheth!

Sing low, wild bird; and sing a requiem o'er
For symphonies of life that are no more:
Laughter of children, and the patient song
Of crooning mothers, and the love-hushed tone
Of red-lipped lovers whispering low and long.
Sing low!—their lips are dust, and they are gone.

Sing low, wild bird!—they all are sunk beneath
These violets that languish into death.
Gone to Man's bourne are they, and secret Doom
Hath shown his pathway to their anxious eyes,
That haply leads to empty realms of gloom,
And haply to proud mansions in the skies.



CUP-PLATES AND CUSTOMS

BY PHIL IVES

HAVE you ever tried to obtain a "historic cup-plate"? If so, no doubt you will readily agree with me that of all specimens an ardent ceramic hunter desires to add to his collection historic, picturesque and other cup-plates are by far the most difficult to find, let alone buying them from their fortunate owners, who hang on to them like grim death. No wonder, when you come to consider that some of them are nearly worth their weight in gold. Yet, somewhere in America, I understand, there is a single collection of more than four hundred of these dainty little pieces. So that the practice of drinking out of the saucer instead of the cup, which we to-day consider *awful* bad form, was an everyday occurrence and was considered *chic* amongst the ancestors

of the people of the United States, as these tiny "cup-plates," by their multiplicity amply testify.

To explain how cup-plates first came into use, one must go back to the time when the wives of well-to-do men took an active part in the management of their homes and presided over the still-room, and did not leave everything to the servants, nor did they live in noisy hotels. Most of us know the sort of look that comes over the face of an old maid when anyone walks on her best carpet with dirty boots. There are people we meet, too, who consider several of their possessions far too good for everyday use and stow them away in cupboards for years instead of adorning the drawing-room or dining-room. Doubtless Dame Prudence Pilgrim,

the careful housewife, had feelings of this kind when she had visitors to drink a dish of tea with her. It was perfect misery to her to see the spotless damask tablecloth stained, or her well-polished table scarred by the wet rims of the hot cups of tea. So when the fragrant beverage, then usually called Bohea, was transferred from the cup to the saucer to cool, the empty cup was carefully placed on the "sweetly pretty" little plate provided for the purpose. Hence the origin of the cup-plate, but not the custom of drinking out of the saucer. If we believe in heredity, we can easily believe that Americans rushed things even in those days and had not the time or patience to let the tea get cool in the customary manner like civilised people.

To give an idea of the price "historical cup-plates" are realising, I may say that at a public auction some few years ago in New York City, a four-inch "Lovejoy" cup-plate fetched twenty-three dollars. The following is a description of this little plate (in case you should be lucky enough to drop against one). The pattern is found on dinner-sets and tea-sets as well, in medium blue and also in mulberry colour. The border is composed of four medallions with inscriptions, alternating with eagles and shields. The background of the border is dotted with stars. In the centre is the following inscription: "Congress shall make no laws respecting an establishment of religion, or the prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the free exercise of speech, or the press, or the right of people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

Constitution United States."

On some pieces I have seen are found in the top medallion the words "Lovejoy, the first martyr to American liberty, Alton, November 7th, 1837." From this source the plate derives its name, "Lovejoy."

The following views and designs on pottery in various colours ought to appeal to Canadians, in fact, no collection is complete without them: City of Montreal; border, floral design; made by Davenport Company; Ontario, lake scenery, by J. Heath & Company; Falls of Montmorency; view of Quebec, with lovely shell border, by Enoch Wood & Sons. Scriptural subjects are well worth collecting, some plates like "Jacob and the Angel" being very attractive, but these are hard to obtain, as their owners generally regard them with great veneration. The Millenium in dark blue is the plate *par excellence* to have, with border of fruit, flowers, sheaves of wheat and All-seeing eye. The different plates, when not marked, can usually be distinguished by their distinct borders. It was an unwritten law not to copy one another's borders, this seems to have been considered the individual property of the firm that originated it.

Harking back to tea-drinking, we read that on September 25th, 1660, Pepys, who was as consummate a snob and gossip as he was a diarist, but whose racy diary is a true record of all that was doing about town in those days, says: "I did send for a cup of tea (a china drink) of which I never drank before." He does not seem to have taken kindly to this new beverage, like Doctor Johnson, who drank over twenty cups of tea at a sitting, for afterwards we read: "Then to bed on all fours, at which my wife did marvel much"; and then again on another occasion he went to bed "well nigh foxed," at which his poor wife did again "marvel much," and no doubt gave him a well-deserved curtain lecture. In 1659 two pounds two ounces of tea were formally presented to the King by the East India Company as a most valuable oblation. Now, at this time the vessel known to-day as a tea-pot had not been invented even in the land where the plant was indigenous. The heathen Chinese brewed his tea by

pouring boiling water over the leaves in a small bowl.

Quite "goody-goody" women over a certain age who would scruple to take a few years off their age—if anyone was rude enough to ask them—often show me in my rambles Lowestoft and other tea-pots, which they say have been in their families over three hundred years. It is not good policy and only waste of time for a mere man to contradict a woman (especially your wife) at any time, never when you are a buyer. The best way of getting out of the difficulty is to say: "Really, you don't say so," or something to that effect, if one is very conscientious and does not want to be an accessory to a palpable untruth (of course, all collectors are conscientious), as it is non-committal and it pleases them and keeps up the traditions of the old family.

If I remember rightly, there is an adage about a daughter of the fair one in fig leaves who damned us all for a bite of a "Northen Spy," who was convinced against her will and remained of the same opinion still. It is as well to remember this, unless you wish to get yourself disliked.

It was in 1660, approximately, that porcelain plates, cups and bowls from the Orient first made their appearance in England, and it was about fifty years afterwards that tea-pots were introduced.

One rarely meets with cup-plates in Canada or England. Is it because our grandmothers were less careful of their *lares et penates* than our American cousins, or because even then they thought it *infra dig* to drink out of the saucer, a custom not uncommon to-day amongst the *bourgeoisie*?

"Manner will make an ugly woman fair, For dignity's a different thing from beauty."

Another custom I have noticed peculiar to Americans, the common-or-garden-every-day-sort-of-commercial-man we meet over here invariably eats off the dish instead of off the

plate. No doubt he is trying to emulate the (what we so-called effete people call reprehensible) saucer custom of his ancestors. To see him in all his glory, one has only to dine at the "American room" in some of our leading hotels, where, if you arrive at the opportune moment, you will see spread before him all at the same time, for example: Sweetbreads and mushrooms, banana fritters, roast turkey and cranberry sauce, roast mutton and currant jelly, four kinds of vegetables, salad, punch and bread and butter (I hope that I have not left anything out), making in all fifteen different kinds of eatables, while he cleverly proceeds to impale the succulent morsels with his fork, which is usually transferred to the right hand, as the knife is seldom used, except to eat peas, and the plate is only there for ornament. A friend of mine told me that on one occasion he overheard a visitor ask the waiter to remove his plate when he had already removed the cruet stand and flower vase. No wonder the table groans, as our penny-a-liners say, under the weight of these tasty viands and the poor perspiring and much-abused waiter wears a worried look and prays for the dawn. *O tempora, O mores!* Shades of Lucullus! Why only a few years ago, when they knew how to train up a child in the way it should go and to keep it in its right place—the nursery—a child who wanted to make a sort of culinary mosaic pavement of the table would be called a greedy little pig and told to leave the table by the strict but dear old nurse, who stayed with one family all her life, quite unlike the domestics of to-day, who come on Monday and leave on Tuesday.

If the epicurean Abbe Sevarin (who worshipped his "Little Mary" more devotedly than for her virgin namesake) were alive now, no doubt he would say: "Tell me *how* a man eats and I'll tell you what he is." Instead of "Tell me *what* you eat, and I'll show you what you are."

Customs and fashions are ever changing, and we with them. To-day sweet simplicity is a thing of the past. The craze for smartness reigns in its stead, and has hopelessly perverted modern taste. We live in an age of the well-fed and ill-bred and of lady-freak dressers, both of whom in their attempts to be considered smart merely succeed in being vulgar. One has only to give a beggar an automobile, and he will drive to the *Sorrowful Gentleman* whom Miss Marie Corelli writes about—to put it mildly, like a modest young curate. Or, in other words, “you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow’s ear.”

Not everyone wants to collect cup-plates and china in general, by any means. The collection of post

marks, for instance, I am told, is a delightful pursuit and is gaining ground fast lately. Post marks are cheap, and they also possess great interest of a geographical and historical nature. My advice, in conclusion, to would-be collectors is to try to pick out an entirely new line for themselves and not be led away by custom or fashion and they will eventually find, I feel certain, if the object they decide on has any real artistic merit or other attractions, that other people will rapidly come round to their way of thinking.

When all is said and done, men and women are merely like a flock of sheep blindly following the bellwether.

“Custom is the plague of wise men, and the idol of fools.”

WINTER

By JOHN BOYD

There is a witchery in wintry winds

Which summer’s balmy breezes do not hold:

A magic haze the eye by moonlight finds,

In snow-clad fields enlit by beams of gold;

’Neath summer skies the earth doth throb with life.

But winter brings to it a soothing rest,

Casts over it a robe of spotless white,

And calms the heaving of its troubled breast.

Still, ’neath the frost-bound soil the depths enfold

The powers that do assure a mightier birth,
A seeming death to life, and, then behold!

Rise from the tomb the fairest forms of earth.

So summer’s joy shall follow winter’s woe,

And flowers spring from fields now deep in snow.



THE TAKING OF SCAR-FACE

BY ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE

TARGO rode slowly up the long hill toward the lights of Pugwa showing dimly against the moonlight. At Darby's Place he reined up, and whistled softly. Inside he could hear the murmur of voices, an oath, a laugh, a snatch of tuneless song.

When the door opened he caught a glimpse of the long bar, and the smell of cigar smoke and spirits drifted to him invitingly.

His horse rubbed her slender muzzle against his cheek. Targo threw one long arm across her neck and imitated the cocking of a gun with his lips. Then the man who had just stepped out came warily forward.

"Well?" he asked, lifting his head defiantly.

"Come into the shadow, Jake," said Targo.

They made their way across the road, Targo leading his horse, and halted in a copse of stunted spruce fifty yards away.

"So they put it in your hands," spoke the trapper, with a mirthless laugh. "Seems odd, Targo, you comin' over t' arrest me, don't it?"

"I brought in the Snook brothers last night. They split," said Targo, looking his man over carefully. "Any guns, Jake?" he asked, lightly.

In answer the other unbuckled his belt and handed it to the officer.

"Looks like the strap I gripped that night you swam out after me, when I tried to get across the river with a clipped fin, eh, Jake?" said Targo, toying the belt thoughtfully.

"Tell me, Targo, do you believe

what them Snook desperadoes told th' authorities?"

"No matter what I believe, Jake, I've got a warrant for your arrest. We fellers daren't think. The others think for us. Our part is to obey orders. Hardly looked to find you here when you knew you was in for it."

In the broad ray of moonlight penetrating the trees, Targo looked long at the haggard face of the small man before him. It was not a bad face; it was a plucky-looking, true-looking face. It had lines, but not those of dissipation. The man watching it remembered one wild night when, his arm shattered by a bullet, he had attempted to swim the yeasty waters of the Grace and someone had plunged to his rescue. He was gazing on that man now.

"Whar's your wife and baby?" he asked at length, gruffly.

The other jerked his head over his shoulder.

"Cross the border, eh?"

"Yep."

"Whar's your horse?"

"He's tied not a hundred yards from here. I jest most got away afore you came." The trapper shoved his hands deep into his pockets, and sighed. "They're sorter expectin' me right off," he said, his voice uneven. "I reckon if it'd been any of th' others come t' get me, I'd jest naturally put up a fight."

Targo whistled a lively air and beat a tattoo on his rifle stock with his fingers. He looked at Jake's brace of revolvers and belt on the ground.

"If you want to put up a fight, Jake," he said slowly, "thar's your guns. Strap 'em on."

Jake bent toward the revolvers, and the officer stepped a pace or two backward.

"Don't come within reach of these grippers of mine," he advised, "or I'll have to arrest you right off. Keep away from me."

The trapper stood up and squared his shoulders.

"I reckon I don't want t' fight with you, Targo," he said simply. "In th' fust place, I haven't got th' ghost of a chance, with you bein' th' best shot on th' border. Even if I had, I've never killed a man yet, an' bein' innercent of this here charge them hoss thieves has trumped up agin' me. I'm willin' t' stand my trial."

"You're not likely to get a trial," said Targo. "The law can't promise much protection to hoss thieves. The boys 'll likely give you a rope trial, Jake. It don't make any difference how innocent you may be. How'd you come to mix up with that crowd? I believe you innocent."

"It was thet hell-hound Scar-Face," gnashed the trapper. "He's th' leader o' thet Snook gang, he is."

"Yes, I know," agreed Targo, a deep frown appearing between his eyes. "And I take it he's worked this thing on you. Wall, I'm after him, too; after him good and plenty. He killed one of his own gang day before yesterday."

"Yes, a pal o' mine, too?" cried the trapper with an oath.

"Shot him in the back and robbed him. I hear he threatens to get me, too."

"You'll have t' be on your guard," the trapper cautioned. "Thet Injun'll shoot you on sight."

"I'll arrest him before morning, Jake," said Targo, quietly.

"Gosh!" cried the other man, exultingly. "But you're game, Targo, t' tackle a feller like Scar-Face alone. Do you know," he went on, warningly, "thet he is desperate and knows

every nook in this bush, every cranny in them mountains, and thet he has ten chances t' get you whar you've only one-half a chance t' get him?"

The officer nodded. "I know," he agreed.

"Then chuck it up. Let somebody else take the chance. There's not a boy along th' border but thinks a heap o' you, Targo, and there's a lot among your mounted police bunch thet really need killin' off. Pass it up an' let one o' them chaps take th' contract," he almost pleaded.

"Well, if you're not the limit, Jake!" said Targo, wonderingly. "Here I come to arrest you and you turn around and beside surrendering peaceful as a lamb, give me a game of talk that would lead most anybody to believe you're interested in my welfare."

The other man looked down.

"I guess maybe I be a fool," he agreed. "Only this half-breed Scar-Face is a mighty hard proposition t' handle. It ain't 'cause I think anybody else could take him quicker'n you. It's 'cause I know he'll get th' one who goes after him, thet's all."

Targo was silent.

"I don't suppose he is within fifty miles of here," he said at length.

"He's within ten miles o' here," declared the trapper.

"What?" Targo turned and peered into the man's face. "Don't you lie to me, Jake," he said, sternly.

"He's within five miles o' here, Targo. He's in th' Choctaw settlement, in hidin'."

Targo stroked his horse's sleek neck thoughtfully.

"If I was sure of that," he said slowly, "if I was dead sure, I would bring him back with me, too."

"Do you know thet he threatens t' kill you on sight, Targo? S'elp me Gawd, if I didn't hear him say it. Thet he'd foller you acrost th' world but he'd get you some day."

Targo smiled grimly.

"He can't forget the time he tried to run things at the tradin' post, I

guess," he explained. "It was me give him that scar he wears, Jake."

"How does his warrant read?"

"Dead or alive."

"Then what you do is, arrest me right now, an' I'll help you get him. You can't do it alone."

Targo looked the little man up and down. Then he laughed grimly and answered:

"That would be a mighty shrewd piece of generalship on my part, wouldn't it, now? I take you along to help me arrest another of your gang. I see my finish, right now."

A deep flush swept the wanness from the trapper's face. It was light enough for Targo to note it, and he felt satisfied with his shot.

He held up his hand, as Jake attempted to speak.

"I was only jokin', Jake," he said, easily. "I'll take you along if you want t' go, providin' you'll play the part I set you. But I won't arrest you now. I'll do that after we're through with Scar-Face."

Ten minutes later two horsemen rode silently along the trail, through the woods, toward the Choctaw settlement.

*

Scar-Face, his deep black eyes gleaming with a fiendish light, looked on the panting, dishevelled form at his feet and cursed violently.

"I guess you lie," he growled.

The trapper lifted an arm displaying a locked handcuff and its mate dangling from a chain. His clothing was rent and torn. His flesh was scarred with briars and twigs.

"He's after you, too," panted the trapper.

"Him af'er me?" The outlaw clicked his yellow teeth together with a snap, and drew forth a wicked-looking knife. "You bring dat Targo on me, it's all up for you," he snarled, advancing.

"No, no," cried the other, "he's clean off scent. Thinks you're in th' Blackfoot settlement, forty miles below. Gone thar now. I slipped my

hand through th' bracelet an' got away. He's got my guns."

He lay there breathing heavily. His face wore the expression of a wild, hunted thing.

"He thinks I've gone on thar t' warn you. He can't make it to-night—hoss worn out. He'll camp on trail."

Feigning exhaustion, the man ceased speaking and lay breathing heavily. Scar-Face watched him speculatively. At last he grinned craftily.

"I get him," he said, wagging his head.

Jake raised himself on his elbow.

"How?" he asked eagerly.

"Why, damn fool, foller him. Foller him an' come by him when he sleepin', ha-ha!" he laughed.

The trapper shuddered.

"Get him lak I get your pal," he gloated, bending over the prostrate man. "Get him lak I get you one of dem night, my buck."

Jake rose to his feet.

"If you kin kill Targo, we're both free men," he cried.

"Here, don' speak so loud. We get him togedder," cautioned the half-breed. "I let you do de killin' 'cause you never had some nerve to kill man afore, eh?"

He chuckled gleefully.

"I tell you, I fix dat scheme. Wind, she blow somebody some good, too. We get Targo, him. I fergive you not gettin' hang an' kill you myself. You one tam pull him out'n river when me had him 'bout gone. I don' believe you tink it Simmons lak you say some den. Why you didn't tell police Targo you save him life?" he jeered.

"Well, you must think I'm a fool," cried the trapper, feigning anger. "I wish that affair could all happen over agin. I'd show you how I'd have him."

"You wipe out dat score den to-night," returned the half-breed, somewhat mollified. "Come on, you, an' show me de way."

The two men skulked their way through the shadow and down through the heavy timber. For three miles they glided and twisted in and out among the trees. Coming at length to a narrow path trampled through the forest, the trapper stopped and held up his hand. Silently they moved forward and reconnoitred.

"Everythin safe, I guess," whispered Jake. "This is whar I slipped him."

"I hear him shots," returned Scar-Face. "Funny he no get you. He keen shot."

The trapper bent and picked up an object lying on the path, in the moonlight. It was his hat. There were two bullet holes in its crown.

"Come thet close," he said, with a shrug.

"Ugh!" sneered the half-breed. "Wait till me pull on you an' me do it purty soon, my buck. Don' you look on me lak dat, I do it now!" he hissed, as the trapper turned on him suddenly.

"I thort I heered a hoss whinny," whispered Jake.

"They listened. Sure enough, from far down the trail came the unmistakable neigh of a horse.

"Dey be more'n one," cried the half-breed suspiciously.

"Naw, thet's th' way 'ith them fort hosses. Targo's hoss is tryin' fer her mate. I've knowed 'em t' whinny when thar wa'nt another hoss 'ithin ten mils of 'em."

They passed on.

Suddenly the trapper stopped again.

"I see his camp-fire," he whispered.

The other man peered ahead.

"Yep. Now we get him," he chuckled. "We wait here couple hour. He be 'sleep by den."

They sat down, and the half-breed, his rifle across his knees, lit his pipe and smoked it appreciatively. Finally he leaned toward the trapper and leered in his face.

"I give you chance me," he said. "You take dis long knife an' go on

trial for you life, eh? You cut him throat clean, both juggler off sleek, no bungle, you live, eh? You cut only one juggler off, I break one your arm, one your leg, with bullet, me. You make big bungle o' job alto-gedder, you die queek. See?"

He sat back against his tree and smoked silently. Two hours later they moved forward again.

One hundred yards from the fire they got down on all fours and crawled.

"I see him," whispered the trapper. "He's lyin' beside th' fire."

Scar-Face gazed ahead. Yes, true enough, there reposed a dark figure beside the smouldering coals.

"Here, you!" he hissed, handing the trapper a knife, and pointing his rifle at him, to ward off treachery.

They crawled forward, slowly and surely, toward the recumbent figure. Down between the trees they crept, then out into the white moonlight. They were close to the fire now.

Then another form crept out from the opposite side of the trail and behind them.

"Hands up!" spoke Targo, quietly.

With a snarl the half-breed turned and swung his rifle to level.

A ball shattered his wrist before he could pull the trigger. With a bound he strove to reach the timber, only to tumble, a dead, quivering heap, half in the shadow, half out.

Targo came forward and kicked the coals into a flame. Then he threw the empty shells from his rifle, and, going over, dragged the dead outlaw into the open.

"Dead or alive," he murmured, looking down on the wicked set face of the man on the ground.

He whistled a lively air and beat a tattoo on his gun-stock.

Finally, he seemed to see the trapper for the first time.

"I thort you'd gone," he said slowly.

"Didn't like t' break parole," said the other with a laugh.

"I didn't know you was out on parole. I'll get the hosses."

When Targo returned with the horses, the trapper was waiting.

"Put him up on mine, Targo," he said. "He's heavy, and my hoss has got most bone."

Together they lifted the dead man, laid him across the saddle, and bound him on securely. Then they mounted and rode off.

"We'll take the quick cut, t' fort," said Targo, shortly.

A mile from the fort Targo called a halt.

"We'll put him across my hoss now," he said.

Wonderingly, the trapper dismounted and helped shift the gruesome burden.

"I kin go it alone now, Jake. You might be able t' make the line by mornin', if you try hard. I'm right sorry you didn't come within reach of me. You'll find your guns hanging in that spruce grove near Darby's."

He turned and rode slowly away.

"Well, I'm damned!" said Jake.

RANCH WINTER

By S. A. WHITE

The icy saddle numbs each limb,
The dull horse hates the loping 'round,
Gaunt sun-dogs stare in silence grim,
Weak mothers nuzzle at the ground.

Our *coulée* springs are frozen dry,
And hills are covered shoulder deep;
For fresh green grass the yearlings cry,
For cloud-blown days when rivers leap.

How long, how long shall winter last?
Its weariness, its smart, its curse?
Each morning seems but like the past,
And every day a little worse.

Still, in the evening fireside glow,
Some magic weaves us softer themes;
And eyes that knew us years ago
Come back again in tender dreams.

PELEE ISLAND: A MISNOMER

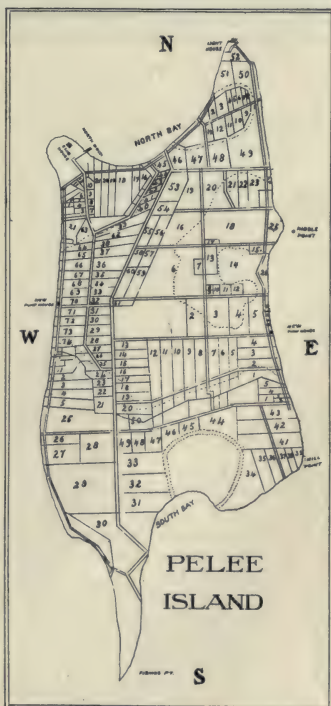
BY J. J. BELL

IN the western part of Lake Erie, off the coast of the county of Essex, lies Pelee Island, sometimes called the Vineyard of Canada. It is the largest of a group of fertile islands, most of which are south of the international boundary. It, however, is in Canadian waters, and with the exception of Middle Island, a small island of about 100 acres which lies adjacent, is the most southerly point in Canada. It is in the same latitude as Northern California, Northern Pennsylvania, Northern Portugal and Southern Turkey. One-third of Spain and three-fourths of Italy are further north, and Fishing Point, its southern extremity, is fifty miles nearer the equator than the most southerly point of France. Its climate is like that of Virginia, and frosts occur later in spring and earlier in autumn in Kentucky than on this favoured island. Its soil is more varied and deeper and richer than on the other islands of the group. Under such conditions it was at one time largely given over to grape-growing, but prices declined, the industry ceased to be profitable, and most of the vineyards were rooted up. The attention of the people is now largely directed to the cultivation of potatoes and tobacco.

The name Pelee is misleading as to the character of the island. It means rocky or barren, and was first applied to the point of land off which the island lies, which juts nine miles into the lake. The name was probably given to the point by the French,

who no doubt landed there on their way to L'Assomption, now Sandwich, on the Detroit River.

Pelee Island is about nine miles in extreme length, with an average width of three and a half miles. It contains about 11,000 acres, and supports a





VIEW OF POINT PEELE ISLAND BEACH, LOOKING SOUTH FROM WEST DOCK

permanent population of about 750, with a floating population of about 100 additional, employed in the quarries. It was originally Indian property. In 1780 the Indian population began to decline, and in 1788 the chiefs and sachems of the Chipewa and Ottawa nations, who owned and inhabited the island, with perhaps a sprinkling of Ojibways and some other tribes, gave a lease for 999 years to Captain Thomas McKee, a half-breed and superintendent of Indian affairs, who had considerable influence among them and was recognised as a chief. The consideration was three bushels of Indian corn yearly, if demanded. McKee built a mansion, lived like an English gentleman and entertained largely. He died in 1815, and in 1823 Alexander McKee, his son and heir, sold his interest to Wm. McCormick, for \$500. McCormick held and occupied the island till his death in 1840, leaving it by will in equal shares to his eleven children, eight sons and three daughters. Litigation having arisen as to

the division of the property, and the title being called in question, the McCormick family petitioned the Government for a confirmation of title, which was granted, the patent being signed in 1867, the last day before the federation of the provinces took effect. A considerable part of the island still belongs to Wm. McCormick's descendants.

Although McCormick bought the right to the island in 1823 he did not remove to it till 1834. He does not appear to have made much use of his purchase or to have derived any substantial benefit from it during those eleven years. He placed some tenants, white and Indian, on the island, who cleared small patches and built log houses. A few horses, cattle and hogs were sent over from the mainland. Some cedar was cut and sold to the Government to repair the fort at Amherstburg, and red cedar ties were sawn and shipped to Cleveland and other points in the United States. In 1833 a lighthouse, which is still standing, was built on a reser-



PELEE ISLAND CLUB HOUSE, THE FISHING HEADQUARTERS OF A NUMBER OF AMERICAN MILLIONAIRES

vation of twenty-three acres at the north end with stone obtained from McCormick.

At one time the island was largely marsh. When Wm. McCormick came into possession a survey showed over 5,000 acres of marsh, very little above the level of the lake, 2,000 acres of low, wet timbered land, sometimes covered with water, and 4,500 acres of upland, some of it rocky. There were three marshes, two of small area and one of over 4,000 acres, extending completely across the island. The upland was heavily timbered with large hickory, maple, elm, basswood and some very large oak, the lower lands with soft maple, and the marshes with a heavy growth but no trees. There were also groves of red cedar, all dead, but sound, and mulberry, almost as good as cedar for fence posts. Wild grape vines, some of immense size, were also to be found.

As an instance of the size of the trees which at one time grew on the island, a stick of oak timber was cut

fifty-four feet long and thirty-three by thirty-four inches square. It never reached the market, for being too large for any of the schooners to take in, it was chained to a tree, from which it broke loose and was carried out by the undertow. It lies somewhere on the bottom of the lake, and would be very valuable if it could be recovered.

In 1866 D. J. Williams, a grape grower and wine maker of Kentucky, impressed with the capabilities of the island for grape growing, made an arrangement with T. S. Williams and Thaddeus Smith, two other Kentuckians, and bought forty acres of land, of which thirty-three were planted with grapes. Wine cellars of a most substantial character were erected, and the manufacture of native wine, the first enterprise of the kind in Canada, was entered upon. In 1871 their vineyards produced at the rate of from one to four or five tons to the acre. Smith, who had become a permanent resident, travelled for the wine company, and met J. S. Hamilton, at Brantford, to



A PEELE ISLAND WINE CELLAR

whom the business was ultimately sold. Smith's enterprise, the Vin Villa Wine Company, went out of business, and the Pelee Island Wine and Vineyard Company took its place. The latter has a large wine house and cellars on the west point, and consumes annually from seventy-five to one hundred tons of grapes.

In 1868 the island, which had up to that time been a part of the township of Mersea, was by Act of the Ontario Legislature set apart as an independent municipality, under the name of the township of Pelee Island. On account of its unique position, it is

separate from the county, and has absolute control over its own municipal affairs, only paying to the county of Essex its proportion of the cost of the administration of justice.

In 1878 L. S. Brown, of Cleveland, who had interests on other islands near by, purchased 625 acres on the eastern side for farming and grape-growing. He made some experiments on the marsh lands, and finding them extremely fertile, he succeeded in interesting Dr. Scudder, of Cincinnati, who had studied drainage problems in Holland, in a scheme for reclaiming the marshes. They purchased 4,000 acres of marsh, at the rate of two dollars an acre, and dredged twelve miles of canal, spending \$40,000 or \$50,000 on the work. Having gone so far they handed over the works to the municipality, on condition that they should be completed. Two Sandusky men also bought and drained the south marsh of 470 acres, and purchased 300 acres

of upland. In all about \$90,000 has been spent on drainage, thirteen miles of ditch have been dug, and two pumping stations established, by which the water may, if necessary, be pumped into the lake. The land thus reclaimed is exceedingly fertile. It is a rich, calcareous clay, from four to forty feet deep, covered with vegetable mould. The banks thrown up make excellent roads.

The rock formation of the island is limestone. It is generally covered with from six inches to a foot or more of soil, but in some places it crops out. The surface is scored with gla-

cial scratches. At the north end an extensive quarry is worked by Messrs. Haney & Miller, who are taking out stone for government breakwaters which they are building at Port Stanley and Port Colborne. Some of the larger blocks used in the construction of the Welland Canal were obtained here, and at one time the flag-stones which paved the streets of Toronto were taken from blocks of limestone which came from Pelee.

Both oil and natural gas have been obtained by boring, some fifty wells having been drilled. Many of the holes have, however, proved to be dry.

The fauna of the island is limited. Previously to the draining of the marshes muskrats were very numerous, as many as 15,000 or 20,000 being killed some seasons. Raccoons and red foxes have been exterminated, and the same is true of deer, a few of which were imported and set at liberty. Ducks and geese were numerous before the marshes were drained. Quail and pheasants are occasionally seen. Snakes, including rattlesnakes, are to be found. Mosquitoes have almost disappeared since the marshes were reclaimed.

Attracted by the excellent fishing to be found in the neighbourhood a number of gentlemen in New York and Chicago, with several from Cleveland and Sandusky, organised a club and built a club house in a beautiful wooded park of fifteen acres at the north-west corner of the island. The club at its formation was said to be the wealthiest and most exclusive in the world. Its membership is limited to twenty-five, and among its original members were Phil Sheridan, of Civil War fame; Judge Gresham, Secretary of State under President Cleveland; Robt. T. Lincoln, son of President Abraham Lincoln and at one time Minister to Great Britain; Marshall Field, the millionaire merchant, and J. R. Jones, ex-Minister to Brussels. The club house, which is only a plain wooden building, cost over \$100,000, but it is splendidly furnish-

ed. The main building contains forty rooms.

Relics of the early Indian occupation are found in the form of mounds, evidently the scenes of battles, in which are quantities of bones, also copper beads, axes and arrow heads. On raising a flat stone at the quarry, a skeleton, probably that of an Indian, was found in a wide seam in the rock.

During the rebellion of 1837-38 some adventurers from the United States, in sympathy with the rebels, took up their quarters on the island. A detachment of Loyalists was sent over, and after a sharp engagement drove them off.

Having been at one time occupied by the Indians, it would be strange if Pelee Island had not a legend. Off the north-west shore is a rock known as Huldah's Rock. As the story goes, a French girl, educated and brought up by one of the most cultured families in Montreal, was captured by the Indians. She became the wife of a chief, to whom she bore a daughter. Huldah grew up to be a beautiful maiden. An adventurous Englishman came to the island, and wooed and won the Indian girl. After years of happiness he went away, on the pretext that he had been summoned to his mother's death-bed, promising soon to return. Huldah was in the habit of sitting on the rock watching for her spouse. In course of time there came a letter which revealed his perfidy, and Huldah, overcome by grief, threw herself from the rock and was drowned. Her lookout, which formerly had a flat surface, has been undermined by the waves and now the rock lies on its side.

As a summer resort Pelee Island has many attractions, but the traffic to and from the island is so limited that the steamer service is very inadequate. Nor is there proper accommodation for tourists on the island. A telephone service connects with the mainland.

DR. A. S. VOGT

BY KATHERINE HALE

THE claim of Dr. Augustus Stephen Vogt, organist, choir-master, and leader of the Mendelssohn Choir, as a Canadian celebrity rests upon no uncertain basis, for, as well as being the outstanding musician of Canada, he is one of the foremost choral conductors in the world.

Sometimes we imagine, in our latter day arrogance, that the respect which we pay to music and to musicians is a result of modern conditions, a fine flower of recent civilisation. Centuries ago the prototype of Dr. Vogt would have commanded equally high national honours—perhaps higher and greater honours. Confucius of old believed with his educated countrymen that music acts directly on the mind. "Desire ye to know," he asked, "whether a land is well governed, and its people have good morals? Hear its music."

Dr. A. S. Vogt was born in western Ontario some forty-seven years ago. He came of German parentage, and his father was a skilful organ builder. At twelve years of age the boy was organist at St. James' Lutheran church, Elmira. It may be remarked that nearly all the men and women of genius whose unique work has left a vital impress on the world have found expression early. They actually experience when most natures are only half awake. A great deal of so-called genius is the result of intense experience practically applied. One must gather, from the results that one sees to-day in his

mature work, that life itself has been a great experience to Dr. Vogt, and that from the country choir in the little Lutheran church came the first seeds of possibility, which the successive experiences in the training of other choirs, the observation of other choirs in many foreign countries, have developed in the glorious flower of his own Mendelssohn Choir.

In October, 1888, Dr. Vogt came to Toronto from Germany, where for three years he had studied piano, organ, and harmony under eminent masters at Leipzig, Saxony. It was at this period that the work of the splendid historic choir of St. Thomas' church proved so potent an inspiration. The band of singers of which Bach was at one time the conductor led Dr. Vogt to realise a possible field for this work in Canada. He returned to Toronto to accept the position of organist and choir master at the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, where he developed a kind of music that was new in the history of choir singing in this country, and which attracted wide attention, particularly in the United States, whence came several attractive invitations to Dr. Vogt to take up musical work in the Republic. After eighteen years as the leader of this choir, the position was resigned on account of the constantly increasing pressure of other duties.

As a teacher of piano at the Toronto Conservatory of Music Dr. Vogt's influence has been no less telling than in his chorus work, and many



DR. A. S. VOGT

prominent musicians of to-day have been his pupils. Dr. Vogt is also widely known on account of his book on piano technique which was first issued in 1900, and which is now in its tenth edition, having a large sale both in Canada and in the United States.

Dr. Vogt has the Napoleonic qualities of concentration, assimilation, and great determination. To watch him at rehearsal magnetising the members of his choir with his own electric energy, enthusiasm, and vitality, is to realise a sort of reincarna-

tion of the French general who could make his men attain great things.

You remember in "The Master Builder," by Henrik Ibsen, how the girl, *Hilda*, typifying the spirit of youthful energy, was always urging upon *Solness* the matchless lure of the "Impossible," and how, under the spell, he obtained power to climb so high that in the ethereal atmosphere he actually heard those "invisible harps in the air"—the voices of heavenly achievement. We dimly hear those harps in the air; indeed,

I think that we come tangibly near to them, when the Mendelssohn Choir sings.

And such an approach to perfection comes only out of a fine force for listening on the part of the conductor; a keener ear than most mortals have for sound, combined with an exhaustless energy for hard work. Great music is, after all, simply thought transmuted into sensation. Intellect lies at the bottom of its perfection.

The Mendelssohn Choir, which has done more than anything else ever has to make Canada known in a musical sense, is an organisation of 237 voices. It may be interesting to know that out of this number only one-third of the members are native to the city of Toronto. Seventy-five per cent. of the chorus were born in Ontario, eight per cent. in other parts of Canada, forty-three were born in the British Isles, two in Germany, two in the United States, and one each in the British West Indies, Newfoundland, and British India.

The Choir's success in Buffalo and New York is an old story, and it is altogether probable that pilgrimages to more distant and older lands will be made by the singers before a great while. If they go to England and prove an artistic success, it will do more to open the eyes of the European world as to the status and development of Canada than all the exhibitions of our grain and timber could do. That a Canadian choir can sing with ease and abandon the trying choruses of the Ninth Symphony, and can arouse new and thrilling sensations because of

their work in such epoch-making compositions as Brahms' superb "Requiem" and Bach's great Mass, is bound to add to our importance immeasurably—as this writer has observed the European and the British attitude towards Canada.

"What about the conditions of our national music?" I asked Dr. Vogt. We were talking of a recent article in an American musical review, which deplored the lack of Canadian music in comparison with our development in other arts.

"We are too young yet to talk much about national characteristics in art. Our nation is but in the making. We must learn more and grow bigger before we can express the best that is in us," he replied.

And I believe that Dr. Vogt is too great to want to nationalise any art. The great composers, like the great poets which we hope shall spring out of Canadian soil, will be universal in their genius and expression.

We call Dr. Vogt a typical Canadian musician; yet no man could be more thoroughly cosmopolitan. He never stays in Canada for very long—that is, without a visit to old countries and to cities larger than Toronto. In the musical centres of England, Europe, and the United States there are things to be felt and learned. Dr. Vogt sees, experiences, and invariably returns to Canada with a new sense of the latent possibility, the unborn power of the music which is yet to be in this country.

And it is to such men and women of the broad outlook and the wide ideal that we may safely entrust the higher destiny of Canada.



MISSY

BY MARY BACKUS SWAYZE

ONE rainy Saturday morning in June, of last year, old Mr. Burwell and his grand-daughter Melissa (or Missy, as he called her) sat side by side in Miss Martha Burwell's spotless living-room. Under their feet was stretched a long piece of linoleum, for the carpet's protection, and on the backs of their chairs, over the "tidies," towels were pinned to prevent any soiling of those elegant samples of Miss Martha's handiwork.

The old man and the young girl, clad in the neatest of garments and with their hair combed into a wonderful straightness, sat bolt upright, hands folded in laps lest they should touch and mar the polish which that very morning had added brightness to the arms of their chairs. They gazed wistfully out of the window near which they were sitting, but there was no sign of the rain's ceasing, so they feared that they were doomed to remain upon those chairs, in that very spot, until dinner-time, and then again perhaps, if it still stormed, all the rest of the day. The prospect was not a cheerful one. Missy slipped out of her chair and stole across the room to a table whereupon lay the family's library: a copy of the Bible, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and "The Handy Home Book." She chose "Pilgrim's Progress," and moved quietly back to her seat. And Mr. Burwell took out his pipe and held it lovingly—though he dared not light it, for fear of Miss Burwell's horror of tobacco smoke.

"Your Aunt Marthy is a wonderful smart woman, Missy," he began after a while. Missy promptly shut her book and nodded. "And a drefful pertikler housekeeper," he went on; "she can't abide to see a body smoke, fur fear of smellin' up the winder-curtains; nur lay on the sofy fur fear of mussin' up the pillers; nur lean back in the chairs fur fear of disturbin' the croshade-yarn things. It seems to me, Missy, as if she's a leetle bit too pertikler—even if she is my own girl."

"And she won't let me do a single thing to help," Missy returned. "She won't let me cook, nor wash dishes, nor sweep and dust, nor make beds, nor nothin'."

"Me nuther; I ain't 'lowed to fetch in a stick of wood, nur milk a cow, nur make a garden, nur do a chore on the place. It makes it kind of tedjus work settin' round doin' nothin',—and me allus used to seein' after things and keepin' busy."

"And I feel all the time as if I was in her way."

"Me too; she's allus hintin' that the reason she didn't have Billy Wright was 'cause she had to look after me. I don't want to be looked after so close; I wisht she'd let me look after myself!"

Missy got out of her chair, letting the book fall to the floor; and going behind her grandfather's chair, she placed her arms about his neck, drawing back the gray head until it rested on her thin little shoulder.

"Never mind, Grandad," she coaxed; "just wait a while! I'm go-

ing to get married just as soon as I can and get out of here; and then you must live with me. And you must smoke all over the house, just anywhere, and you can stay on the sofa all day long if you want to, and I'll cook you buckwheat pancakes every morning for breakfast—and I'll bet they won't make you 'break out' either, even if she does say they will."

"All right, Missy; all right," he cried, perfectly delighted with the idea. "And I'll build the fires, and milk the cows, and do all the chores and 'tend to everything, so't you won't have no bother. Your Aunt Marthy won't let neither one of us do nothin'. But we'll larn her that we ain't so all-killin' helpless, won't we?"

"Yes, sir," Missy acquiesced earnestly. "And I'll look 'round right away and see if I can't get somebody to keep company with—I s'pose people have to keep company for a little while before they get married, don't they?"

Her grandfather's serene expression changed to one of deep concern. He fidgeted about in his chair—regardless of polish,—shaking his head thoughtfully and tapping the floor with his cane, which always stood beside him.

"No, Missy," he said, "it ain't a-goin' to do fur you to get married just so as we ken leave here and go to housekeepin'. Of course it would be wonderful nice fur us to keep house, but you mustn't have nobody on purpose fur that. Besides, I don't want to see you get married fur a good many years yet. We'll have to go slow, Missy, we'll have to go slow!"

Missy curled on the floor at her grandfather's side, her bright blue eyes fixed eagerly upon his face. She looked so little and young and sweet that his sharp old eyes smarted with tears.

"Not fur a-many a year yet, Missy; and then to somebody you'll like a

deal more and'll do a sight more fur than what you will fur your poor old grandad."

"You don't want me to keep house for you at all!" she cried, deeply disappointed. "You've been foolin' me! You want me to stay right on here where I feel as if I'm not a bit of good to anybody—I-I-thought you l-loved me, Grandad!"

Missy in grief was a sight that her grandfather could hardly endure. He loved the little girl better than he loved anything else in the world, and there was nothing that he could do for her comfort that he was not willing and ready to do. He stooped over her and smoothed back her soft brown hair as he spoke soothingly to her.

"There, there, Missy! don't take on! Grandad'll see if he can't fix it up somehow. Now! now! now!" He sat quite still, thinking intently and smiling now and then to himself, until he heard his daughter call to her "hired girl" to put the chairs around the table, and he knew that dinner was about ready.

"Missy!" he whispered, "get up now—here comes your Aunt Marthy. Don't let her see you cryin' and makin' a fuss."

Missy sprang up. When Miss Burwell came in, both the old man and the little girl were sitting, stiff as pokers, upon their straightbacked chairs.

Martha Burwell was a plump, rather pretty, well-preserved woman of forty-five. She enjoyed splendid health, was a manager to the point of despotism, loved "order" better than anything else, and was intolerant of anything that even looked like incapacity. She wanted everything done in her own particular way and her favourite maxim was: "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself." She was fond of both her father and her niece, but she thought them incapable of giving her any assistance, and she imagined, complacently, that she was treating them

with the greatest generosity and kindness. "Of course," she had once remarked to a neighbour, "father owns the farm and he persists in paying for his board and Melissy's, but that doesn't begin to make up to me for the care of them nor the sacrifices I've made for them. You know, I wouldn't marry because I thought it was my duty to take care of my poor old father and my poor sister's child—and I never allow either one of them to do the least thing about the place; father is too old to accomplish anything, and Melissy is too young and heedless to do the work as I want it done." She was totally unaware that there was rebellion in the hearts of her subjects or that there could be the least cause for complaint on their part. She came in now, with light step and alert air, glancing quickly about to see whether everything were in place or not.

"Your hair is all mussed-up, Melissy," she said, "I can't see how 'tis, you can't keep tidier; get your comb! And father wash your hands for dinner. Melissy, there's the 'Pilgrim's Progress' on the floor, and the books on the centre table have been disturbed—Here! give it to me! It does seem queer that you can't leave things alone, when that's all you have to do."

At dinner, Mr. Burwell appeared somewhat distraught, and he did not eat much. He soon pushed back his plate and declared that he was going out for a walk. Martha told him that it was no kind of a day for a man of his years to be out, but he persisted—much to her surprise—and started off in the rain.

Missy spent a quiet afternoon; her aunt would not allow her to leave the house, and, after she had finished her Saturday's "homework" for Monday's school, there was nothing for her to do save to sit at the window, awaiting her grandfather's return. Martha knew no loneliness; she was always employed at something and she prided herself upon never having known

what it was to be lonesome.

When Mr. Burwell came in that evening—quite late, tea had almost been kept waiting for him—he wore an unusually cheerful and confident air, and he assumed a commanding manner when he demanded another cup of tea.

"You have had two cups of tea already, father," said Martha, looking surprised, "and you know that I don't like you to take more. A man of your age has to be careful—you wouldn't be able to sleep a wink to-night, if you took it."

"Sleep or not," he returned recklessly, "I'm goin' to have another cup."

Martha stared at her father as though she feared he had taken leave of his senses, but she poured out the tea, making it a little stronger than usual, perhaps hoping that he would be kept awake all night. Missy was so much astonished that she forgot to eat until her aunt threatened her with a dose of castor-oil if she did not finish her supper.

All that evening Mr. Burwell kept up his brave demeanour, frightening though much pleasing Missy (one time he took out his pipe in Aunt Martha's very presence and put it in his mouth, though he did not light it), and mystifying his daughter by his strange conduct. He did not wait for Martha to suggest bed, but boldly marched off when he was ready. He gave Missy a knowing look when he started from the room, and when he passed her he stooped and muttered: "Grandad's a-goin' to fix it, Missy."

About a week later, Miss Burwell sat in her kitchen alone (she had discharged her maid for incompetency) shelling pease, when one of her neighbours—a Mrs. Ferry—came bustling in, quite out of breath.

"Miss Burwell!" she blurted out, "do you know what an awful fool your father is makin' of hisself?"

"What do you mean by saying such a thing to me, Mrs. Ferry?" Martha demanded stiffly (she considered her-

self as Mrs. Ferry's social superior and she put on certain lofty airs in consequence). "My father has always been one of the foremost men in the township, and he has a reputation for good sense and integrity. And though he is now too far advanced in years to take an active part—"

"Well, he's goin' to take a active part ag'in. He's buildin' a new house down on the calf-pasture lot, and he's a-goin' to get married."

"My father!" Martha cried angrily. "You don't know what you're talking about. Why, he's over eighty years old and he's almost helpless; he depends on me for everything, and I haven't let him do a stroke of work for years."

"Helpless or not, he's a-buildin' a new house."

Martha sprang up, letting the pan of pease fall to the floor, where they rolled off in every direction.

"I don't believe it!"

"Well, he is. My son Jake has got the contrack for buildin' the house; and me and Mrs. Boddy both seen your father go into Mrs. Larkins time and ag'in. Folks say they see him spookin' 'round the widder's house time after time. Ain't you seen nothin' queer in his actions lately? Ain't he off somewheres a good deal of the time?"

Martha fell limply into a chair and put her hand on a nearby table for support. Her father had been acting strangely, she thought, and he had been away from home a good deal of the time lately. She had noticed a change in him and she had wondered at it.

"When did this begin?" she asked.

"He let out the contrack about a week ago, but Jake is so close-mouthed that he never said a word about it till to-day—They're all a-talkin' of him and the Widder Larkin; she's middlin' young fur him, an' she's got eight or nine younguns, but I s'pose he's got plenty to keep the hull caboodle of 'em." Mrs. Ferry turned toward the door. "You

ain't ast me to set down, Miss Burwell, and I see't you're struck all of a heap, so I guess I'll be a-goin'. Good-bye!" She shut the door with a bang and Martha heard her heavy shoes creak on the board walk that led down to the side gate.

Martha stooped to pick up the pease. Even under this strain, her natural love of order did not forsake her, and she was ashamed that she had shown any lack of self-control before Mrs. Ferry. She went on as neatly as ever with her work, but her mind was not on what she was doing. She was thinking: "The Widow Larkin and eight or nine young ones," and she could not think of anything else.

Missy came home from school at half-past four that night, and her grandfather came in with her. Both their faces were a-shine with happiness, and the old man looked ten years younger than he had looked on the Saturday, over a week before, when he and Missy had had their little talk. When they entered, Martha stood at the table, facing them. Her face was pale and her eyes glared wrathfully, but the two were in such good spirits that they did not notice that anything was wrong.

"Well, Martha," Mr. Burwell began cheerfully, "who do you think I seen to-day?"

But Martha did not care whom he had seen.

"Father," she burst out, "is it true that you've been seen calling on the Widow Larkins'?"

"May be. Who seen me?"

"And you're building a house on the old calf-pasture lot, are you?"

"Who told you that?" the old man returned sharply. "I didn't mean to tell you till the house was done."

"Then it's true?"

"Yes. I wanted a house, and this old homestead is yours, Martha, so I thought I'd just get in and build a home fur myself."

Martha Burwell covered her face with her hands and broke into a passion of weeping. She sobbed and moaned as though her heart were breaking. Her father had never before seen her in such a state. He went to her, and stood looking helplessly down upon her.

"Marthy," he begged, "don't do that! What on airth's the matter with you? Don't do that!"

"To think of it!" Martha sobbed. "After all I've done and sacrificed! Oh, my poor mother! to think of your place being filled by the scum of the earth! After all I've done and given up! Oh, Will, it serves me right for acting so cruel to you—Oh—"

"For the Land of Goshen, Marthy, what're you talkin' 'bout?" said her father impatiently. "What in Cain's got into you?"

"And us that always held our heads as high as anybody in the county," Martha went on, "to have to take up with the Widow Larkins and her eight or nine young ones! I never can look anyone in the face again!"

"I can't see as there's any mortal disgrace in havin' a poor woman to work fur you," Mr. Burwell declared calmly, "even if she has got a drove of brats."

"But it's disgrace enough to go and marry them."

"Marry! Whatever put that in your head?"

"Why you confess that you go and see the widow and that you are building a house."

"Well, ain't I 'bout old 'nough to build a house if I want to, and there ain't no law to pervent me from goin' to see the widder, is there?"

"And you laugh at it and glory in it!" cried Martha desperately, almost beside herself with chagrin. "You're so old and childish that you're proud to think that even, that—that—perfect fool of a woman's willing to have you. You must be—"

"For the love of Britain, Marthy, you ain't got it in your head that I'm a-goin' to marry the widder, have you?"

"Why, what else can I think?"

"Well, get it out of your head—What I'm meanin' to do is to fix up a place fur Missy and me to house-keep in, and I've been seein' the widder 'bout helpin' us to get settled. We got tired of allus bein' sot in a back seat and bein' used as though we wasn't no more good than a pair of 'Gyptian mummies, and we air a-goin' to start out for ourselves."

Martha stared wildly from her father to Missy, who stood back against the wall, timidly watching her grandfather, and listening to the dialogue.

"You and—Melissy! Good Land! After spoiling my whole life. You ungrateful—!"

Missy sprang forward and—for the first time in her life—clasped her arms about her aunt, and begged:

"Don't do that! Don't say that, aunty. We ain't going to leave you alone. Grandad has talked to Mr. Wright, and he says he likes you just as well as ever he did, and he's been waiting for you all this time."

"And I seen him to-day," added the old man, "and he said 't he guessed he'd come 'round to-night about seven o'clock and see how we're all gettin' on."

"And maybe," her father continued, "maybe sometime after I'm—when I ain't here, you and Billy'll take Missy back here to live with you. Maybe by that time she'll be used ter house-keepin' and 'll do things to suit you, and won't feel herself in the way."

Martha turned from them. She leaned against the window-sill, looking out with tear-blurred eyes at the rose bushes covered with buds and blossoms. And the old man and the little girl stood holding hands, their eyes smiling at each other, looking hopefully toward the future.

Current Events

By
F. A. ACLAND

THE vagaries of American life are curious. At the annual banquet of the National Civic Federation in New York on December 16th, President-elect Taft and Mr. Andrew Carnegie were seated at table beside Mr. Samuel Gompers and Mr. John Mitchell, and publicly exchanged badinage in the addresses which they were respectively called upon to deliver. A week later Mr. Gompers and Mr. Mitchell were under sentence of imprisonment for terms of a year and nine months respectively. Of course it does not follow that they will really go to gaol; it is another vagary of American life that sentences involving men eminent in any line of public activity often do not get carried out. The gigantic fine imposed on the Standard Oil Company is another instance in which delays and technicalities arising out of successive appeals will quite possibly enable Mr. Rockefeller's great monopoly to escape the penalty.

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As to the justice of the sentence passed on the labour leaders, that is a matter hardly proper for discussion even in a country foreign to the courts and the defendants concerned, though it is unquestionably startling in its severity. The question involved was not, of course, in any sense the rights of labour, but the right of any individual deliberately to defy the solemn decision of a court, and Messrs. Gompers and Mitchell doubtless fully appreciated the gravity of the step taken by them. The right of boycott

which lay at the foundation of this dispute between the labour leaders and the state had disappeared before the greater issue of contempt of court. The result, however, is a sensational and dramatic situation, which has greatly stirred the ranks of labour throughout the United States, and if the unexpected should happen, and Messrs. Gompers and Mitchell should really go to prison, we may depend upon it that their incarceration will become a leading feature in United States politics.

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It happens somewhat oddly that in Great Britain, too, the organised workers are at the moment the subject of a judicial decision, which is in their case an even more far-reaching and momentous matter than that in which Messrs. Gompers and Mitchell are concerned. The courts have decided that the funds of trades unions may not be legally used to pay salaries to representatives of the Labour party in Parliament, and that all the funds that have been devoted to this purpose have been misused and are recoverable at law. There are three score or so of labour members receiving allowances from this source, and the decision of the court must have a serious, if not a paralysing, effect on the action of the British Labour party as a whole. The situation is further complicated by the possibility, perhaps we should say probability, of actions being brought to recover the amounts which according to the judgment have been illegally

expended on salaries for members of Parliament; for it need hardly be stated there has not been in the past an absolute unanimity as to the policy to be pursued by the various trades unions on this crucial point.

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The present judgment is not indeed more revolutionary than the famous Taff-Vale decision of a few years ago, by which the funds of trades unions, no matter for what purpose accumulated, were declared attachable at law, and it will be remembered that in that case the British Government, on the advent to power of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, came to the relief of the trades unions with a new measure regulating the funds of the unions, and freeing them from the danger represented by the judgment. It has been suggested that in this case also the Government will enact as soon as possible legislation which will have the effect of mitigating the severity of the judgment. There is some difference, however, in the two cases. In the case of the Taff-Vale judgment trades unionists were absolutely a unit in opposition to the pronouncement of the judges, since they regarded the very life of trades unionism as at stake; whereas with respect to the later judgment it is by no means certain that a strong minority of the trades unionists will not welcome it as an excuse for endeavouring to break up the present system of Parliamentary representation of Labour. Legislation intended to enable the existing system to continue may therefore be an occasion for dividing the trades unionists among themselves to some extent, and yet no better way out of the difficulty presents itself. It is true the case is to be appealed to the House of Lords, but the general expectation, as shown in English newspaper comment, is that the judgment will be sustained.

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The problem confronting the labour members might be solved by the payment of all members of the British

House of Commons, a reform for which the Asquith Government would no doubt be quite prepared, and which would remove the anomaly that renders members of that body the only unpaid parliamentarians in the world; but the cost would be considerable and the Chancellor of the Exchequer must be already at his wits' end to know where the extra revenue which the Government is now pledged to spend is to be found. When salaries are paid by the British Government they are usually on a liberal scale, and salaries to members, if paid, would not probably be less than a thousand pounds a year, which for 670 members would represent in Canadian currency not less than \$3,350,000, no slight annual addition to the present oppressive burden of the British tax-payer; and this does not take into account the members of the House of Lords, who would have the same right to a salary as the members of the Commons, and whom the Commoners might themselves object to leave in the rank of honorary legislators. No such addition to the British taxes therefore, we may be sure, will be proposed at the present juncture.

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The general estimate is that Mr. Lloyd-George will have to provide the enormous sum of twenty million pounds, or considerably more than the annual expenditure of Canada, to meet the increased expenditure next year. A considerable portion of the increase is, of course, due to the old age pension law, and there is in addition the proposed addition to naval expenditure, for which public opinion has called under any circumstances. Vast new sources of income will have to be found and it will tax the ingenuity of the most skilful financier to find them without deranging business or pinching trade. Tariff reformers, looking at the great deficit looming up on the one hand, and the army of unemployed daily parading the streets on the other hand, are more

than ever hopeful that their own particular policy will eventually be called in, if for no other purpose than to raise the revenue needed. Chichester is the latest bye-election to the credit of the tariff reformers; the seat was not won, being already Unionist, but the Unionist majority was increased from 500 to 2,500. Mr. Asquith in the meantime has the overwhelming support of Parliament, and refuses to have his hand forced. Parliament has adjourned, and no new crisis is likely to develop until Mr. Lloyd-George presents his budget.

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Much has been said in the English Unionist press of the alleged unfair treatment of English-speaking officials in the Transvaal since the granting of responsible government, and many who wished to see the great experiment in magnanimity succeed were fearful lest it might be wrecked through what appeared to be Dutch greed for place. Now it seems, according to a statement officially made by Colonel Seely, the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, the Dutch have been very moderate after all, and down to the end of July last the Transvaal civil service still contained five English officers as against one Dutch, or 3,870 English and 737 Dutch. The proportion is certainly startling in view of the charges. It is possible, however, that the Dutch minority may include the chief administrative positions, and that in Premier Botha's reorganisation it is from these positions that the English-speaking officials have been ousted. It is difficult to conceive of any other ground on which, with such a disparity of figures against the Dutch, the latter can be said to have been favoured. Colonel Seely's statement, it may be added, was made in reply to a question put by Sir Gilbert Parker, the Canadian novelist who sits for Gravesend.

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There are numerous messages going out to workmen in these days.

Reference was made in these pages recently to the frank talk given by Sir Christopher Furness, the great English shipbuilder, to his employees, and to his proposition for a profit-sharing arrangement between him and them in place of the old arrangement of simply master and men, out of which had grown a friction which rendered the continuance of business almost impossible; the proposition, it may be noted, was subsequently accepted by the men, at any rate for a year, and Sir Christopher manifested his approval of the arrangement by placing immediately with the reorganised firm an order for a dozen ships, which he had previously hesitated to undertake because of the uncertainty involved in his relations with the men. Crossing the Atlantic, we find Mr. Melville Ingalls, president of the Big Four Railway combination and one of the leading representatives of capital in the United States, boldly declaring at the convention of the National Civic Federation in favour of the same principle of profit-sharing, and, moreover, deliberately predicting that it is a principle that must and will be speedily accepted as applied to the relations between capital and labour. In the third place we have Mr. Andrew Carnegie, a prince among capitalists, and much given in these later years to efforts to blend the ideal and the practical, declaring also that in this same direction "lies the final and enduring solution of the labour question." Mr. Carnegie's discussion of the subject is more exhaustive than that of the English shipbuilder or the American railway magnate, and is contained in the new book which the Pittsburg *Cæsus* is shortly to give to the world under the title of "Problems of To-day," the *World's Work* magazine having in the meantime been given the privilege of publishing in its January issue the chapter of the book dealing especially with this question. With pioneers of so striking personality, and wielding in their respective spheres influence so

extended, we may look to see the movement of profit-sharing make great advances during the twentieth century. We must not expect to see Mr. Carnegie's ideal attained and all difficulties immediately ended, but it is an ideal worth working for. In the meantime Canada's capitalists seem to lag a little in the rear in the discussion of such topics.

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President Roosevelt's call to Canada and Mexico to consult with the United States as to plans for conserving the natural resources of North America does not come too soon and the spirit that prompts the friendly appeal will no doubt evoke a hearty and sympathetic response from the Governments and peoples of both countries. It is not quite clear what the three countries can jointly determine to do other than they could agree to do separately, but only good can come from a closer view of each other's suggestions and methods, and very great benefit is likely to come from the publicity which such a conference is likely to give to the wastefulness and careless prodigality with which in all parts of the continent the wonderful natural resources are being dissipated. Publicity has its evil side, but it is a great agency for awakening the public conscience, and none appreciates this better than Mr. Roosevelt or makes an apter use of it to that end, though we may perhaps feel that when he discusses in a message to Congress the ethics and personality of the proprietor of a sensational newspaper he wields the "big stick" of publicity a little wildly. The whole North American continent has been for the past hundred years given over so completely to material development that the problems of higher states-

manship have been too commonly neglected. The twentieth century seems destined to witness a reaction which will employ the highest intellects and the most profound minds, and can hardly fail to leave our civilisation on a higher and better plane.

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The climax of the marvellous material development to which reference has just been made appears to have been reached when we find the northern capital of our country, an infant as to age among the great cities of the world, preparing on the one hand to receive the delegates of the famous British Society for the Advancement of Science, which meets in Winnipeg next summer, and, on the other hand, to entertain the world at large, or such of the world as will come, at an international exposition. The two events will combine to offer a dramatic demonstration to the world of the existence here in this fertile northern zone of a new and beautiful metropolis wholly created within the generation. As to the exposition, it is not to be yet for a year or two, not until 1912, in fact, when it will mark the centenary of the Selkirk settlement, which may be said to have godfathered the West, but it is necessary to look well ahead in such matters, and three years will not be too long a period to devote to developing and carrying through such an enterprise. Nor is there any reason why Canada at large should not utilise such an exposition to show to the world other aspects of her development than the material side, and to impress upon the nations her unique and fortunate position as a free and independent member of the mightiest of empires.



WOMAN'S SPHERE



A PICTURE POEM.

PAINTING and poetry are so nearly related among the arts that it is not surprising when the form and colour on the canvas become matter for ode or lyric. Among modern poems so inspired, Mr. Kipling's "The Vampire" on Sir Philip Burne-Jones' painting of that name and Mr. Edwin Markham's "The Man with the Hoe" are doubtless the most widely-known examples. The subjects of these notable efforts were degraded and even hideous, and it hardly edifies the reader to dwell upon either them.

Among the pictures by the Canadian artist Elizabeth McGillivray Knowles is one which has caught the poetic fancy of Dr. T. B. Richardson, who has given to the towering pine in the foreground of the picture the name of "The Dreamer." From Mr F. McGillivray Knowles, R.C.A., the artist's husband and sole instructor, was obtained a print of the picture, which is reproduced on the opposite page, with the poem it inspired:

I.

He stands amid his giant herd
In the dew-drenched stilly night,
With gnarled breast
And ragged crest,
A kingly pine of noble height
To the melting moon upreared.
A crusty seer,
This lusty peer
Of the foot-hills' age-old clan.
He croons a lay the night-winds
hear.
And bear to the ear of man:

"Through gleam and gloom
Through frost and rain
My hoary years glide on.
Life's busy loom
Weaves in my grain
The woof of many a sun.
So, what reck I the lightning's
scath
Or tempest's bonds undone?
What matters mankind's puny
wrath?
My myriad sons live on!"

II.

His towering top has caught the
beam
Of crimson-tipped new day.
And marked the flight
In solar light
Of fierce Aquila's trackless way,
Or heard the gorging Vulture
scream.
Full past his base
In hurtling chase
He's heard the night-wolves howl,
The while with up-turned tranquil
face
He mused within his soul:

"The law of life
Through wood and plain
Is life from death begot;
The world is rife
With wrack and pain
Whatever goal be sought.
Come, then, man's levelling axe,
and claim
My ancient, pitchy heart;
Mavhap, to life, its quickening
flame
A flickering soul may start."

WOMAN IN EPIGRAM.

THERE are certain small books which always make their appearance in the month of December, in elaborate style and gilt-lettered covers. They contain sayings about women, selected from cynics and sages, and are regarded by the women who receive them as vain and doubtful gifts. Why men carefully choose these dainty and sometimes envenomed volumes, to bestow upon women friends, whom they profess to admire, is one of the masculine mysteries. Woman does not care to read page after page of remarks concerning her sex. She knows the subject after a practical fashion and is not moved to respect by the random remarks of the various writers who have dared to generalise on the least abstract subject in the world. However, here are a few brilliant attempts at classification and criticism from "Woman in Epigram," just to show how the scribbling brotherhood deals with the vexed, or vexing question:

"The girl who makes the poet's sigh is a very different creature from the girl who makes his soup."

"You may chisel a boy into shape, as you would a rock, or hammer him into it, if he be of a better material, as you would a piece of bronze. But you cannot hammer a girl into anything."

"Theologians : deplore Eve's taste and appetite,



Painting by Elizabeth McGillivray Knowles, A.R.C.A.

"THE DREAMER"

THIS PICTURE SUGGESTED THE POEM OF THE OPPOSITE PAGE

but philosophers give her a vote of thanks. If she hadn't bitten that apple in the garden, we should all, save beggars and tramps, be out of a job."

"Women are compounds of plain sewing and make-believe, daughters of Sham and Hem."

"Nothing, certainly, is so ornamental and delightful in women as the benevolent affections; but time cannot be filled up and life employed with high and impassioned virtues. We know women are to be compassionate; but they cannot be compassionate from eight o'clock in the morning till twelve at night, and what are they to do in the interval?"

"Man carves his destiny; woman is helped to hers."

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THE JUDGE OF THE JUVENILE COURT.

THE recent reelection of Judge Ben Lindsey, who has presided for years over the Juvenile Court of Denver, Colorado, has been hailed throughout his state and the Republic generally as a triumph for the women and the children. Judge Lindsey was opposed by both Republicans and Democrats. The "machines," with all the villainous manipulation of which the modern political system is capable were working against the man who has devoted all his energies to saving the children from becoming criminals. Yet the issue of the struggle is encouraging to those who believe that the forces which make for righteousness are still recognised as the greater. Judge Lindsey is a man of extraordinary combination of strength and gentleness. His work in saving boys who are merely mischievous rather than evil, from becoming degraded criminals, has been a blessing to the whole continent and his triumph over those who are mere selfish partisans is one to be rejoiced in by all decent citizens. There are comparatively few children who are little wretches. Most of the luckless youngsters who get into the juvenile courts have not erred seriously but

have been so unfortunate as to possess no restraining home influences.

To the *University Magazine* for December, 1908, Mr. William Trant contributed a decidedly sensible and advanced article on "The Treatment of Criminals." In the course of his reflections on juvenile offenders the writer says: "Children may be roughly divided into two classes: parlor children and street children. The former have the advantages of a home, of parental training, and supervision; the latter have no advantages whatever and a heap of disadvantages 'huge as high Olympus'—sin and sorrow around them, bad example, overcrowded and miserable homes, parental influences they would be better without. Both these classes of youngsters have the same childish instincts and commit the same peccadilloes. But how different the treatment for the offence, and this is the crucial point.

"Master Alfonse purloins a forbidden orange from his mother's fruit dish. As a result he has no sugar in his tea and is sent to bed; where, repentant and remorseful, he cries himself to sleep. He steals no more oranges, becomes a respectable member of society, mayor of his city and justice of the peace. In the last named capacity, Jim the Joker, the pride of his fellow street-waifs, is brought, before him charged with stealing—not purloining—an orange from an old woman's barrow. The little wretch is sent to prison for fourteen days and in a short time Jim the Joker is manufactured into a full-fledged criminal, to the admiration of his companions. In the first case the punishment was effective and efficacious; in the latter it was a failure. One punishment reformed, the other degraded."

The relation of women to this modern movement for the prevention of juvenile offenders being classed with mature incorrigibles, is clearly set forth. "Such legislation is generally initiated or at any rate stimu-

lated by women. No one will deny that the reclamation of juveniles is a work for which women are especially adapted. . . . The only danger is that they are often too sympathetic and assert proposals that are mawkish and mischievous. Ladies' organisations are too prone to regard street Arabs as 'dear little saints' that only require kind watchfulness to keep them from falling. It is necessary to realise that many of the lads and lasses are not dear little saints but horrible little rascals, and perhaps the harsher material of men is necessary to guide somewhat the too tender sympathies of women."

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THE FEMININE GIFTS.

A MODERN essayist, in anticipation of the centenary of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who was born in that Year of Wonder, 1809, refers, as many a writer has done before him, to the circumstance that there is a dearth of feminine genius of the first order. He impresses upon the world, once more, that there has been no woman whose creative genius equalled that of Raphael, Shakespeare or Beethoven. We may admit the fact with cheerfulness and say—what then? The majority of those who read poetry, admire and copy pictures, or study the master's sonatas will be found to be women. The feminine gift is appreciation rather than initiation, but the Raphael, the Shakespeare or the Beethoven would fare badly without the womanly imagination and sympathy. Perhaps the domestic triumphs are just as fine in their own unobtrusive way. Robert Louis Stevenson, in his delightful account of an inland voyage, declares that it is quite unfair to discriminate between the senses. It may require, he says, as delicate taste to appreciate the flavour of an olive as to admire the gorgeous tints of a sunset.

Tennyson's prophecy is as true as anything written in the last century

regarding the much-vexed "woman question." No one who considers the great change which has come over the education of woman during the last half-century can doubt that

"In the long years, liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man."

The virtues of patience and forbearance, usually classified as feminine by the writers of the Middle Ages, are more noticeable in masculine dealings than ever before, while self-reliance and mental breadth are more characteristic of the woman of to-day than of the sweet young creatures of *Amelia Sedley's* day. Tennyson was not afraid of the change, for he knew right well that Nature may be trusted to take care of the desirably feminine attributes. There are dangers and difficulties attendant upon the changes in the industrial world, since so many women have become self-supporting, but most observers of our new democracy believe that they will be met and overcome. In the broadening avenues for woman's effort, there may open a way for greater creative work in poetry, music and art than woman has yet achieved. Genius, it may be objected, makes a way for itself and gives no heed to opportunity. "Howsoever these things be," the modern maiden has little to complain of when she comes to the cultivation of whatever talent she may possess. She will probably elect in the end the course which leads to culinary triumphs, for the science of to-morrow may give a new dignity to the dairy and a positive grace to the manipulation of the rolling-pin. Man is doubtless entirely selfish in his praise of woman as housewife and cook, but he may become reconciled to the new order of feminine training, when he discovers that it does not mean the overturn of domestic comfort.

JEAN GRAHAM.



The WAY of LETTERS

79.

that five dollars. You see, judge, 'I see this that's happened today - it's my father's an orphan - an' after his father died Five Forks - he was only as big - just a baby - an' his character weren't formed aint done well by him. There was no him we were sort o' scared of him - as him too much - an' so I kep' off full trainin' him, 'I say, 'an' lettin' him

Part of a page from the first draught of a novelette by Harvey J. O'Higgins, founded on David Belasco's play "A Grand Army Man"

A YOUNG MAN'S CONFESSIONS.

IN "The Letters of a Remittance Man to His Mother" Mr. W. H. P. Jarvis has written a very interesting and informing book. Every person knows that the so-called remittance man is the one who comes out from England to make his way in the "Colony", but who has to depend for subsistence on money sent to him from the old land. As the title suggests, Mr. Jarvis' book is in the form of letters, and these letters deal in the first person with the experiences of the young Englishman in Canada. The book is full of good humour and entertaining narrative, but its chief value lies in the very sane lesson that it offers to all young men who start out to make their way in the world. The young man of the book comes out to Canada and shows himself to be a

"Tenderfoot". He thinks more about his riding leggings and breeches, about the chances for a good mount and a little hunting and shooting, than about the real problem of getting on in a new country. He is absolutely unsophisticated, and easily becomes a prey to others of his class who have had some experience, but who have not had the moral courage to rise above their circumstances. In time, however, he becomes humbled, and his humility leads him into the way of obtaining a creditable livelihood. Having read the book, one can scarcely help regretting that the author's modesty prevented him from making it a more important volume, for it is rather slight in quantity, and the possibilities of the subject were such that it might very well have been increased in size and importance without de-



MR. WILFRED CAMPBELL, WHOSE LATEST BOOK "POETICAL TRAGEDIES"
WAS PUBLISHED RECENTLY

tracting from its quality. However, it is a book that will be read with genuine interest and amusement by Canadians and, if the advice be taken, with entertainment and profit by all who purpose to seek a fortune away from the homeland. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company. Cloth, \$1.25).

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WILFRED CAMPBELL'S TRAGEDIES.

The appearance of a new volume of poetical tragedies by Mr. Wilfred Campbell is of more than usual significance to all who are interested in literary development in Canada and particularly in the development of this

author's own powers as a writer of dramatic verse. Two of the four dramas that make up the present volume, "Mordred" and "Hildebrand", were published, in a small edition, thirteen years ago, but since then they have been slightly revised. The other two are entitled respectively "Daulac" and "Morning." Both are in five acts. The first publication of Mr. Campbell's dramas elicited much warm praise, and one critic in particular referred to them as the greatest poetical dramas next to Shakespeare's. Perhaps no form of writing so tests ability as the poetic drama, and even so early as thirteen years ago

Mr. Campbell set a very high standard for himself. He has been an admiring and careful student of Shakespeare, and, therefore, the reader of his dramatic work should not be aggrieved if he finds some lines or forms that seem to be reminiscent of the great master. "Daulac" is based on the hero of the Long Sault, and contains a poetical and rather ingenious plot. "Morning" goes back to a period before the advent of Christianity, and it is doubtful whether it will ever be as popular as the other three. Mr. Campbell is above all things a poet, and whether or not his dramas ever see the footlights, he can be generously complimented for their sincerity and loftiness of purpose. The present volume is dedicated to Mr. F. A. Acland, Deputy Minister of Labour, and to Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King, M.P., and on its reception, it is announced, will depend the publication of another volume of dramas. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.50).

*

THE HEREAFTER.

Prof. Hyslop is the first scholar-ly and competent American to undertake psychic research as a life work. Prof. Elliot Coues dabbled in occultism, and the literature of the subject ancient and modern has attracted many able students. But Prof. Hyslop is the first man of standing to devote himself to the rigorous application of the scientific method in this direction. Prof. Hyslop's "Psychic Research and the Resurrection" is a collection of papers contributed to various periodicals, with two new essays. The volume covers the whole field of what are sometimes known as the pseudo-sciences, and embraces most of the phenomena of the borderland.

To the ordinary reader the book may be too precise and technical and too heavily loaded with detail to excite absorbing interest. But as the twitching of the frog's legs was momentous for Galvani, even the casual

amateur may find in Prof. Hyslop's records suggestions of the existence and clues to the solution of the most profound problems. He himself looks to the younger generation who have no prejudices to maintain, to establish the value of his work.

The present volume opens with a paper on "Humorous Aspects of Psychic Research", which illustrates a good many of the prejudices psychic research now has to combat.

One or two valuable points are arrived at. Prof. Hyslop concludes that there are "very few people interested in a future life on moral or religious grounds."

He limits the scope of the term "telepathy" so as to abolish ideas that prevail in some quarters.

"That a man can sit down and gravely assume, without experimental proof, a sort of infinite access by some subliminal process to the memories of any living mind that the telepathic subject chooses to select, and yet claim to be scientific, is something that transcends my idea of science."

"The only telepathy that can lay the slightest claim to recognition in scientific grounds is the transmission of present active states of consciousness." (Page 74).

Many of the incidents recorded go to confirm the views held by the Greeks and other ancients as well as by modern occultists that the so-called spirit communications are derived, not from the true personality or individuality of the deceased one, but from the *larvæ* or *reliquiæ* of those whose spiritual principle dwells in a superior state of consciousness, inaccessible to psychic research or physical observation.

Prof. Hyslop's views of the resurrection will not suit the average theologian any better than those of Sir Oliver Lodge. Prof. Hyslop appears to be tending towards the adoption of the theory that it is not the body of flesh and blood that undergoes anastasis, but the psychic body. The

translation of the word "psychic" as "natural" in St. Paul's epistle has led to much confusion, as most readers understand the "natural" body to be the body of flesh. The eastern teaching is that the psychic ("natural") body is sown at birth in the body of flesh and blood, sown in weakness and corruption, that is, and afterwards raised, by salvation or redemption or grace, a spiritual body, or as St. Paul puts it, raised in power, incorruptible. The ordinary theological teaching ignores the psychic body, and Prof. Hyslop ignores the spiritual body. Neither theologian or scientist appears willing to grapple with the problem of the *soma sarkikon*, the *soma psuchikon*, and the *soma pneumatikon*. Prof. Hyslop at least agrees with St. Paul that flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom. (Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. Cloth, \$1.50).

*

STUDIES OF THE METROPOLIS.

Those who read "A Commentary" by John Galsworthy will wish to know something more of the author, if they have not already made the acquaintance of "The Island Pharisees" and "The Country House." This latest book, a collection of nineteen essays or sketches, which first saw publication in English weeklies, is remarkable in poignancy and penetration. The writer has selected the material for these papers from the lowliest life of London and has given every character an individuality, almost of silhouette isolation. While the sordidness and misery of the environment stir the reader to acute sympathy, there is no evidence of overstrain on the writer's part. His pathos is calm and contemplative, even when he is stating most tersely the injustice of the case. His work is the etching of the artist, not the easy splash of the sensation-monger. Those who care for discriminating observation and careful phrase will ask for more of this writer's work; but

let no idle reader who seeks nothing beyond the happy-ever-after school of fiction think to find a moment's comfort in the sketches of "A Commentary." (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons).

*

A BOOK FOR DOUBTERS.

"The Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual Life," by Henry Churchill King, President of Oberlin College, is a book which aims to meet a few of the difficulties confronting the unwilling doubter. It is intended for the help of the man who, earnestly desiring to live the spiritual life, is discouraged by its seeming unreality. That this unreality is only an appearance and not a fact, this book goes very far towards proving. It deals with its problems from the standpoint of the best thought of to-day, looking every difficulty squarely in the face. Instead of attempting to explain the unexplainable, it takes the ground that the exercise of some faith is, in the religious life (as in everything else), a first element of understanding; just as struggle is the great necessity of growth. While the author deals with his subject in a most scholarly manner, the style is lucid and interesting. Altogether the book should prove valuable to many, especially to such as have felt their own faith waver or have to combat want of faith in others. (The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.50).

*

THE EMERALD ISLE.

So much has been written in a political way about Ireland that it is refreshing to find a book on the Emerald Isle making no pretension but to give an impression of the country and its people, quite apart from its politics, with interesting bits of history and legend. Such a book is "Shamrock Land," by Plummer F. Jones. Mr. Jones has recorded his impressions in a most entertaining and informing manner, and the text

is illustrated with forty-eight excellent reproductions of photographs. It is a valuable book for the traveller, and, indeed, for any one who wishes to know Ireland with some intimacy. It takes one to Cork, Castle of Blarney, to Killarney, the golden vale of Tipperary, among the peat-cutters of Galway, through the north and the south, to the Giant's Causeway, with a chapter also on rural Ireland as it is to-day. The book is thoroughly enjoyable. (New York: Moffat, Yard and Company. Cloth, \$2).

*

IN OLD PHILADELPHIA.

About ten years ago, the novel "Hugh Wynne: Free Quaker," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, appealed to a wide class of readers who had first been attracted to the author by his essays entitled "Characteristics." Hugh Wynne appears once more in a new romance, "The Red City," which has a historic setting of the second administration of President Washington. *De Courval* and his mother, unhappy *émigrés*, arrive in Philadelphia, the "Red City," and find there a refuge and home. Famous personages go about the quaint town, "where the streets are called for trees and the lanes for berries." At the library, we meet no less a dignitary than Mr. Thomas Jefferson, who smiles dubiously when *Mary Swanwick*, Quakeress, asks if "Thomas Jones" is a proper tale for her daughter to read, while the librarian refuses to recommend Fielding.

It is a courtly company we meet, even if the Republic be established—for are these not the days of leisurely manners? We take chocolate with Mr. Alexander Hamilton and hear of the new luxury, ice-cream, which *Monsieur de Malerive* makes on the mall. Matters there are of statecraft and also matters of feminine lure, for *Margaret Swanwick* is a bewitching Quaker maid. It is a charming, old-world story and should be bound in brocade and scented with lavender.

(Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, \$1.50.)

*

MORE LETTERS.

"The Letters of Jennie Allen," by Grace Donworth, is the title of a volume composed of letters of a good-hearted, illiterate person to her "friend Miss Musgrove." The letters are amusing in their very crudeness, and, as all such letters should, they contain much homely philosophy and good sense. Jennie Allen is a sewing girl, a member of her brother's household, and the letters are addressed to Miss Musgrove, a valued patron of the seamstress. On the least provocation, whatever, Jennie sits down and rattles off page after page about the affairs of her workaday world, and incidentally she manages to introduce some amusing characters and a good deal of human interest. To many readers this book will prove to be extremely funny. (Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Cloth, \$1 50)

*

A MEMORIAL DRAMA.

The volume, "Champlain: A Drama in Three Acts," is described by the author, Dr. T. M. Harper, as "a tercentennial memorial volume" and is prefaced by a historical sketch: "Twenty Years and After." The latter discloses the argument of the drama as an antagonism between the self-interest of the trader and the steadfast purpose of the coloniser. Champlain, Governor of New France, is the hero-pioneer, whose purpose holds firm throughout the conflict against sordid foes. The drama has much of thrilling situation and poetic charm, while the character of the great explorer is dominant in every act, until one exclaims with Pont-gravé—

"And if his plans mature, as chance they may,

The centuries will carry down his fame,
The father of a western fatherland."

Among the lighter touches of the drama are the songs which are me-

ludious with true Gallic gaiety. (Toronto and Quebec: The Trade Publishing Company, T. J. Moore and Company).

*

A ROMANCE OF THE "TERROR."

Some years ago, the Baroness Orczy gave the readers of romance a story of the French Revolution, "The Scarlet Pimpernel," which delighted youthful admirers of a beautiful heroine, a bold hero and adventures manifold. The book was dramatised and became a success for more than one season. Now appears "The Elusive Pimpernel," the sequel to that stirring tale, and, while it is not of the same attraction as the first volume, it is a story to beguile a winter evening. The daring Englishman who ventured across to France in the days of Robespierre, to rescue distressed aristocrats, was a mysterious and thrilling personage in the first story. Of course, we know from the first chapter of "The Elusive Pimpernel" that he is Sir Percy Blakeney. The narrative is told with spirit and, although the romance is hardly to be classed with "Simon Holmes" or "Under the Red Robe," it is much better than the average novel with "historical" ingredients. The various flashing glimpses of the little red flower are well worth watching, but one breathes freely when it returns to bloom in England. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

*

WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAMED.

A good book, particularly for young Canadians, comes in the form of a historical narrative of the northwestern part of the Dominion. It combines a series of vivid sketches under the general title, "Where the Buffalo Roamed," by E. L. Marsh. Advantage has been taken of the picturesque side of the narrative, and therefore there are entertaining chapters on the explorations of Henry Hudson, the founding of the Hudson's Bay Company. The illustrations have been judiciously selected from paintings by

Paul Kane, and photographs by M. O. Hammond and others. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

A STORY OF SLAVERY OF TO-DAY.

Mr. Harold Bindloss, who has written a number of books with a Canadian setting, has stirred up interest in the alleged slave trade in Portuguese West Africa by the publication of his latest novel, "Long Odds." If slavery exists there, an attempt has been made to disguise it, but the novel is accepted as being a pretty faithful picture of the situation, apart altogether from its dramatic interest as a work of fiction. Should international intervention result from the publication of the book, it will at least serve a good purpose. (New York: Small, Maynard and Company. Cloth, \$1.50).

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NOTES.

—"Quiet Talks With World Winners" is the title of a new book by S. D. Gordon. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, 75 cents).

—J. D. Freeman, M.A., author of "Life on the Uplands," has written another book, entitled "Concerning the Christ." (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, 75 cents).

—Sylvanus Stall, D.D., has written another book for children, entitled "Talks to the King's Children." In this book the teachings of the Bible are presented in a simple, attractive style. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1).

—A most useful book in every household is "Bright Ideas for Entertaining," by Mrs. Herbert B. Linscott. It contains two forms of wholesome amusement or entertainment for social gatherings. (Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs and Company. Cloth, 50 cents).

—"The Empire Builders" is the title of a very creditable volume of poems and ballads by Robert J. C. Stead. Throughout the book there is a strong patriotic and imperial note (Toronto: William Briggs, Cloth, \$1)



Within The Sanctum



LITERATURE is an indefinite and uncertain commodity. Very likely it always will be so. Some of us might dislike to speak of it crudely as a thing of exchange, and yet that is very often its most commanding aspect. It is all very well to regard it as an artistic achievement, as an æsthetic accomplishment, but unless it can be exchanged for dollars and cents its usefulness is oftentimes not established. At this season of year, when literary clubs flourish, the art of letters is discussed in a serious and generally beneficial manner, but unfortunately the discussion is most often incomprehensive; it does not deal with the subject from the standpoints of both commercialism and æstheticism. It is either wholly commercial or wholly æsthetic. In order to be comprehensive it must be both. Here in Canada the commercial side predominates, largely because there are not as yet many persons who can afford and care to cultivate literary gifts purely as an accomplishment. The number is increasing, very slowly, it must be admitted; but as it increases the population increases also, and likewise the ability to support, if only in a very moderate way, a native literature.

Apart altogether from the standpoint of leisure or necessity, which, after all, is scarcely a factor with us, Canada occupies a unique position in the universal struggle for literary distinction—a unique position, with three formidable obstacles to overcome: language, population, and ex-

tensive territory. In the first place, those of us who use the English language are justly proud of it, but unfortunately from a mercenary standpoint we speak and write the same language as the mother country and the neighbouring republic, which embrace the two greatest literary distributing centres in the world. At once Canadians are therefore placed in competition with these two great countries, and while they cannot hope to materially affect those markets in published form, they are materially affected by them. Newspapers, periodicals or magazines do not go in appreciable numbers from outlying points to the great literary centres, but they do go in effective numbers when the direction is reversed. Still, that is not a phenomenon; it is a result of conditions that affect in the same way many other things besides literature and the business of publishing. If in Canada there prevailed a distinctive language such as prevails in countries like Denmark or Japan, conditions would be very different from what they are now. Our writers would write in the Canadian language; the great mass of the people would and could read nothing but Canadian; the publishers would publish in the prevailing language, with the result that a self-contained literature would develop, quite apart from and independent of the literatures of other countries. The market would not be flooded with the products of alien presses, or the work of native writers confused with or submerged

by foreign importations. But that is not the condition here in Canada, and so the situation must be faced as it is found.

For the purposes of this discussion, French-Canadians must be deducted from the total of population, which would leave about 4,000,000. Of that number, including miners, fishermen, lumbermen, outlying agriculturists, navvies and foreigners, at least 2,500,000 could be struck off from the list of those who read literature just because it is literature. That leaves 1,500,000 to support native products from domestic presses and in competition with the literature of the rest of the English-speaking world. It seems like a very small population indeed to draw upon when it is compared with the population of the United States. Eighty million sets Canada away back in that one respect, and indeed the same process of deduction cannot be applied in this instance. In the first place, there is nothing like the same proportion of French-speaking people in the United States as there is in Canada, nor is the proportion of farmers, miners and fishermen nearly so large. Nevertheless, for the purposes of this consideration, the population that could be called on to support literature might be reduced to forty-five or fifty million, which would even at that be thirty to one in favour of the United States. The comparison serves to indicate the situation.

Population and extent of territory are inter-effective. If the available population for literary purposes in Canada were concentrated in one city, conditions would be very much ameliorated, because under present circumstances a publisher might go to the expense of sending his canvassers all the way from Sydney to Victoria, with all the necessary side trips, and still not cover as much ground, in view of his object, as could be covered in New York and Philadelphia alone. The same conditions apply whether the canvassing be for subscriptions or

advertisements. So that while the available population in Canada is infinitesimally small as compared with the population of the United States, the expense incurred in obtaining patronage is proportionately much greater. Time will undoubtedly improve the situation in Canada, and there will soon be here, as well, large centres of population, and also literary centres, or at least a literary centre.

It can be appreciated, therefore, that any consideration of Canadian literature or the conditions under which Canadian literature is produced would not be comprehensive if it did not embrace the commercial side as well as the æsthetic side. Canadian writers are doing excellent work, and they are doing it successfully in competition with the rest of the English-speaking world. And they are doing it notwithstanding the lack of leisure or of necessity. In works of imagination they are especially strong, and the poetic muse is here courted naturally and with distinction. While comparing favourably with others as essayists and writers of articles, their greatest promise seems to come from the domain of fiction on the one hand and the realm of poetry on the other hand. The artistic sense and the value of suggestion are taking a more important place in their work, and other subtleties of the craft are being cultivated with marked effect all along the ever-increasing line. It is sometimes said that Canadian writers have little or no sense of humour. While that may be generally true, we cannot accept it as all-embracing, because we need not forget that the eminent Nova Scotian whose *nom de plume* of Sam Slick is so widely known, is regarded by many as the father of American humour. But it is doubtful whether to be the father of the real "American" humour would be a real distinction. In any case, humour is a most uncertain quality, and no man has the right to arbitrate regarding it, for, like the boys and the frogs, what is fun on one

hand is sometimes death on the other hand. To see a dog running with a tin can tied to its tail sets some persons roaring with laughter, and other persons, perhaps a little more savage, are greatly amused by the terrified grimaces of the one above whose head the tomahawk is momentarily poised. It should be observed that we and our ancestors, our ancestors in particular, have been struggling against the grim realities of existence. To attain, not a fortune, not even a competence, but a living, it has been a constant fight against natural obstacles and artificial barriers. Still the great fight in this respect has been fought, and we may now look for increasing leisure and increasing capacity to appreciate the peculiar or humorous aspects of Canadian life. But just what quality of humour Canadians will produce as a national type remains to be seen, but it can be honestly hoped that it will not lean towards smartness or burlesque.

Sometimes earnest discussions arise over the quality of what is regarded as the national literature of Canada. Before anyone enters upon a discussion of that kind, it might be well to be convinced that we have a national literature at all. To attain the dignity of nationality, literature must bear the stamp of age, a result of much testing in the crucible of time, and it must also have taken its place, and still occupy its place, in the formation of national ideals and national sentiment. Therefore it must needs live with and be revered by the people

from generation to generation. If England possessed no other piece of literature than Milton's immortal epic, or "The Winter's Tale," or "The Vicar of Wakefield," she would still have a national literature. If France possessed no other writing than Hugo's "*Les Misérables*" or the dramas of Molière, she would still have a national literature; and the same thing might be said of the United States in the possession there of "The Scarlet Letter," "The Raven," "The Sketch Book," or even "Uncle Tom's Cabin." But can we point to any such instance in Canada? Can we say of any one piece of Canadian literature, "This is a living thing, a pulsating entity, a thing that will live and take its place in the formation of national characteristics or national sentiment?" Until we can point to some such instance we cannot say with authority that we have a national literature. Conjecture is all that the circumstances permit for us. To posterity alone is the right of final judgment given. But while we may never produce an outstanding national literature, we are almost sure, with a commingling of Celtic fire and imagination, English perseverance, French piquancy and Teutonic common sense, to make, as have, for instance, the American writers Irving, Hawthorne, Emerson, and Poe, an enduring contribution to that brilliant galaxy of letters, that imposing assemblage of written sentences, that is at once the glory and the dignity of the English language.

The Editor

What Others Are Laughing at

WILLING TO PAY.

A certain bishop lived all his life unwed. A friend mentioned that one of the states in America was imposing a tax on bachelors, to be increased a certain percentage every ten years of bachelorhood, and added: "Why, Bishop, at your age you would have to pay twenty pounds a year."

"Well," said the bishop quietly, "it's worth it."—*The Canadian Courier*.

*

A RELIEF.

"So you're a butcher now?"

"Yes," exclaimed the former dry goods clerk. "The ladies don't try to match spare ribs or steak."—*Kansas City Journal*.

*

THE TALLY.

"What are those notches in your gun?" asked the flirt, who was visiting the ranch.

"They represent men," replied Cactus Sam, "who thought they wuz smarter than I wuz."

"A good idea! I'll have to notch my parasol handle."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*

A MISUNDERSTOOD MAN.

"Think of the extravagance of that New York broker who gave an automobile to an actress."

"Gave away an automobile," rejoined Mr. Chuggins, thoughtfully.

"That wasn't extravagance. That was economy."—*Washington Star*.

NOT WHAT HE MEANT.

During the Quebec Tercentenary, a visitor from New Brunswick overheard two well-to-do United States guests discussing the naval representation, as they sat on a bench on Dufferin Terrace.

"There is no doubt," said one, "that America has the best navy."

"Yes," said a British tar, who caught the remark, "smoking and chewing."—*The Canadian Courier*.



TRAMP: "Will yer give me somethin' to eat, Missus? I'm that thirsty I don't know where to sleep to-night!" —*Punch*



THE BRIDGE OF CYS

—Life

THE LITTLE MAN.

"Hello, Harry! How are you? You seem to have a pretty nice-office here. How are you making out?"

"I'm at the top of the ladder. I am the vice-president of this mining concern."

"Is that so? You do a large business, I guess?"

"Immense. The responsibility weighs on me quite heavily, but I've got to shoulder it. No way of getting around that, you know."

"The man over there at that elegant desk is one of the officers of the company, I suppose?"

"Yes. He's the secretary. And those other two men at those fine desks are his assistants. He has a wonderful amount of work to do. But, remember, he is a first-class man. We pay him a big salary."

"The man over there behind that railing is another official, is he not?"

"Yes. That's the treasurer. He's another great man. We pay him big money; but we require a large bond. Got to do it. We handle too much money to run any risks."

"And who is that little wizened-face

old man over there in the corner at that old desk?"

"That's old Bangs. He—ahem—owns the mine, you know."—*Bohemian*.

✱

WHAT TROUBLED PAT.

An old Irish labourer walked into the luxurious studio of an artist and asked for money to obtain a meal, as he was too weak to work.

The artist gave him a shilling, and then, seeing possibilities for a sketch in the queer old fellow, said:

"I'll give you half a dollar if you'll let me paint you."

"Sure," said the man, "it's an easy way to make money, but—but I'm wonderin' how I'd get it off."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

✱

THE LAST STRAW.

Arthur—"They say, dear, that people who live together get to look alike."

Kate—"Then you must consider my refusal final."—*The Christian Register*.



A MOUNTAIN STREAM PROTECTED AND REGULATED BY STANDING TIMBER

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No. 5

OUR VANISHING BIRTHRIGHT

BY A. H. D. ROSS, M.A., M.F.,

FACULTY OF FORESTRY, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

THE effects of the forest upon its surroundings are so important and far-reaching that it may well be likened to "*Nature's Balance Wheel*." Its importance does not consist merely in the immediate output of lumber, ties, timber, fuel, pulpwood and other forest products; but also in its regulation of the stream flow, the prevention of soil erosion, the formation of a good game cover and its ameliorating influences upon climate. By retarding evaporation, checking the drying effects of winds, rendering the soil more porous and fertile, retaining the moisture favourable to agriculture, and regulating the flow of water in the streams, it is of the highest importance in the general economy of nature. Through mighty cycles of time vegetable growth and tree growth have wrought incessantly to clothe the rocks with life and beauty and to prepare the earth for the habitation of man. Wherever man has disturbed the nice balance that exists between the forested and non-forested areas he has been severely punished, but where he has restored the proper balance his efforts have been generously rewarded by better climatic conditions, increased fertility of soil, and a more equable stream flow.

Almost everywhere in the great characters in which Nature writes her

chronicles there are indications that Egypt, Syria and Persia were formerly densely wooded and traversed by streams which are now dried up or shrunk within narrow bounds. Once the garden spots of the world, where nature rewarded the labours of the cultivator with lavish profusion, they are now largely desolate and infertile



TREES BEING KILLED IN LAMBTON COUNTY,
ONTARIO, BY MOVING SAND DUNES



DESTRUCTIVE LUMBERING—A BAD FIRE TRAP

regions incapable of supporting a tithe of their former populations—the once mighty Persian Empire being reduced to an average of only fourteen inhabitants to every square mile. British

India, Turkey, Spain, southern France, and parts of Italy and Russia also know to their cost that a disturbance of *Nature's Balance Wheel* means a reduction of soil



A MAN-MADE DESERT. EFFECT OF FIRE AND FLOOD ON STANDING TIMBER



MATURE TIMBER MARKED FOR FELLING—GERMAN METHOD

fertility, the general impoverishment of the people and a constantly diminishing population. Not until it has disappeared does mankind seem to realise that the preservation of the

forest is just as indispensable to civilisation as tilled fields. In southern France, the destruction of the forest, just after the Revolution, resulted in violent floods, which in a few years



BED OF A MOUNTAIN TORRENT THAT DRIED UP AFTER TIMBER HAD BEEN REMOVED



A FINE FOREST OF TIMBER ON LAND THAT IS COMPOSED ALMOST ENTIRELY OF BOULDERS
AND THAT WOULD BE USELESS FOR AGRICULTURE

rendered eight million acres of fertile land unfit for cultivation. Already the French Government has spent \$40,000,000 in an effort to reclaim the agricultural land destroyed by erosion, and it is estimated that fully \$100,000,000 more must be spent before the work is complete. In this one instance, alone, the restoration of *Nature's Balance Wheel* will cost the French Republic \$140,000,000, plus the value of the crops which *might* have been grown on 8,000,000 acres of fertile land during all these years, plus the value of the timber crop which *should* have been growing on the denuded areas. Only slowly does it seem to dawn upon the public mind that the loss of our forests, without adequate restoration, will be the deadliest imaginable blow to our future progress and prosperity. A prosperous nation cannot be built up in a desert, nor can a people continue in power and affluence when the territory from which they draw their sustenance shall have receded into barrenness by the ruthless destruction of the forest cover—by the removal of *Nature's Balance Wheel*.

The water powers of Canada vastly excel those of any other country, and have been estimated to be equal to forty per cent. of the total water power of the world. The preservation and proper utilisation of this great national asset for the development of electric energy, for irrigation in the West, and for navigation in all parts of the Dominion, depends upon the preservation of the forest on all lands known to be unsuitable for agricultural purposes.

There can no longer be any doubt that electric energy is to be the great motive power of the future, and that in many metallurgical operations it will play a leading part. It should be remembered, however, that the efficiency of a stream for power purposes depends upon the amount of energy it is capable of developing at the time of low water. Here we have an additional reason for the preservation of the forest cover. Without it we will have the destructive spring freshets and the long summer drought. With it we will have a much more equable stream flow and the development of plenty of electrical



A MAN-MADE WASTE. EFFECT OF FIRE ON STANDING TIMBER

energy for industrial purposes. With the electrification of our railways we would largely eliminate the fire peril—especially in the exceedingly inflammable spruce forests of the north country, through which the Grand Trunk Pacific and other railway lines are to run.

Still another reason for the preservation of the forest on all non-agricultural lands is the protection it affords to fish and game. Without forests we cannot have a constant supply of pure, sweet water in our streams, and without such water in abundance we cannot have fish. A board of fish commissioners once asked a Scotch game warden why the salmon were no longer running up a once famous river, and to their surprise were answered: "Ye canna hae feesh when ye hae stoppit the water." There is the whole story in a nutshell. In a recent address before the Toronto Canadian Club, Mr. Cy Warman said: "Protect your forest while you have it, for when it is gone you will be utterly helpless . . . Destroy your forests, and your game will go; your rivers will dry up; your fish will die,

and desolation will brood over this land that God has made so fair."

All over Canada, huge tracts of woodland and timberland are annually devastated by fire, involving the loss of millions of dollars' worth of property which might easily be prevented by the exercise of a little care on the part of settlers, prospectors, hunters, and railway employees. The lumberman pursues a legitimate business, and in time will learn to conduct his operations so as to secure another crop, and in many cases a better crop, from his cut-over areas; but the man who is responsible for the destruction of forest property, public or private, is a positive menace to the well-being of the country. In the Labrador Peninsula I have seen great stretches of country which were burned over by the Indians to clear the ground for hunting. Members of the Geological Survey of Canada who have travelled the country west of Hudson Bay and north of the Saskatchewan River tell me that forest fires are of very frequent occurrence. Lumber enough to build whole cities, ties enough to supply complete railway systems, and enough fuel-wood for the entire popu-



A GAME COVER IN NORTHERN MANITOBA

lation of the Dominion are annually swept out of existence by the fire fiend, without exciting the slightest interest.

The careless burning of brush by settlers is also responsible for many forest fires. By prohibiting the burning of brush and stumps in very dry weather and the exercise of a little common sense, almost every fire started in this manner could be prevented. Other fires are caused by the carelessness of campers, the deliberate firing of the woods to facilitate the work of prospecting for minerals, and sparks from railway locomotives. Danger from the latter source can be almost entirely eliminated by equipping the locomotives with suitable spark arresters, as is shown by tests made during last summer on the lines of the Alberta and Irrigation Company, and during the last two years on the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway.

What we need in Canada, above everything else, is a thorough understanding of what the disappearance of the forest would mean to us as a

nation and the cultivation of a strong public sentiment to back the enforcement of laws designed to prevent forest fires. The deliberate firing of the woods is a criminal offence that should merit the same punishment as setting fire to a building in a crowded city; and the man who is careless about the use of fire in the bush is an absolute menace to the welfare of the whole country.

Hitherto our forests have been regarded by the pioneer as a foe, by the lumberman as a source of wealth, and by the Government as a means of revenue. Since Confederation our export of unmanufactured and manufactured wood products has reached the enormous value of \$1,139,360,534—the average for the forty-one years being \$27,789,281; rising from \$19,651,706 in 1868 to \$49,507,528 in 1908. This is about one and a third times the value of the agricultural products exported during the same period, and four times the value of the fish exported.

During the last five years the average annual revenues derived from the

forest lands controlled by the Federal and Provincial Governments have been as follows: Dominion, \$335,289; Ontario, \$2,082,878; Quebec, \$1,217,795; British Columbia, \$463,077; New Brunswick, \$230,098; Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, not stated. This gives a total of \$4,929,137—say, four and a half million dollars for the whole Dominion. From these figures it will be seen that our forests have been a great source of wealth in times past. Unfortunately, however, this rich harvest cannot be reaped much longer unless prompt measures are taken for the economic use, protection and reproduction of our woods. For years we have been talking about "Canada's inexhaustible timber resources," without knowing whether the statement was true or false. During the last ten years, though, enough information has been obtained to show that the amount of our standing timber, of commercial sizes, is very much less than we fondly imagined it was. The accessible saw-log timber is estimated by Dr. Fernow at six hundred billion feet, board measure—enough to supply the United States for fifteen years. Unquestionably we have very large quantities of pulpwood; although this, also, has been greatly over-estimated. If properly managed, the revenue derived from our pulpwood should be quite as great as that obtained from the sale of our saw-log timber. The whole civilised world is looking to Canada for a supply of pulp and paper, as well as lumber, and if we are wise in our day and generation we will carefully husband these resources.

Every year our forest areas are being steadily drawn upon for the production of sawn lumber, railroad ties, construction timber, fuel, pulpwood, telegraph and telephone poles, fencing, lath, shingles, cooperage stock, and other forest products. According to the census of Canada for 1900, nearly nine million cords of firewood, 668,034 cords of pulpwood, 12,000,000

cubic feet of square, flat and wany timber, 300,329 pieces of piling, 255,000 telegraph and telephone poles and 17,000,000 fence posts were cut. Expressed in board measure, this amounts to a trifle over ten billion feet. With our constantly increasing population, the amount is sure to increase, and it is now somewhere in the neighbourhood of eleven billion feet.

The latest available figures indicate that the following amounts of sawn lumber are now being produced every year: Ontario, 1,335,000,000, board feet; Quebec, 1,292,000,000; British Columbia, 657,000,000; Nova Scotia, 294,000,000; New Brunswick, 291,000,000; the Dominion lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, 141,000,000; Prince Edward Island, 6,000,000—a total of 4,016,000,000, or a trifle over four billion feet per annum. During 1907, the amount of sawn lumber produced in the United States was forty billion feet.

For the maintenance of our railways alone, we will require enormous amounts of timber every year. At present we have 27,517 miles of track in operation or under construction. The average number of ties being about 3,000 per mile and the average life of each between six and seven years, it will be seen that over 14,000,000 ties—392,000,000 board feet—will be required every year to keep the tracks in repair. For the construction of bridges, station houses, etc., the railways also require large quantities of timber—probably 200,000,000 feet a year. Altogether, the Dominion is using somewhere between fifteen and sixteen billion feet, board measure, per annum of lumber, fuel and other forest products; or 2,818 board feet (235 cubic feet) a year for every man, woman and child in the country. For lumber alone it is 730 feet.

When we remember, too, that nearly seven hundred feet of timber remains in the woods for every thousand taken out, it will be seen that the

actual consumption is much higher than I have indicated.

In the past our timber interests have been closely identified with those of the United States, and in the near future they will be even more closely identified. Mr. Gifford Pinchot, chief of the United States Forest Service, says that their forests are being chopped down three and a half times as fast as they are growing, and estimates that they will be exhausted in about twenty-five years, unless immediate steps are taken to prevent the enormous waste due to forest fires and destructive methods of lumbering. President Roosevelt regards the conservation of the timber and mineral wealth of the Republic as their most serious internal problem, and recently sent Mr. Pinchot to Ottawa to invite the Canadian Government to send three delegates to Washington to confer with three appointed by the Mexican Government and three representing the United States. The findings of this joint commission will unquestionably be that the whole North American Continent has very much less timber and mineral wealth than is generally supposed.

During the fiscal year 1908 Canada exported forest products and manufactured wood products to the value of \$49,000,000, \$31,000,000 worth going to the United States, \$13,000,000 worth to Great Britain, and \$5,000,000 worth to other countries. As the United States timber becomes exhausted, our exports will increase very rapidly. During the last five years the general cost of wood used for mechanical and chemical pulp has more than doubled in the Eastern States, which has resulted in the importation of large quantities of pulpwood from the Maritime Provinces. In 1904 we exported 479,238 cords of pulpwood; in 1905, 593,624 cords; in 1906, 614,286 cords; in 1907 (9 months), 452,999 cords; and in 1908, 902,311 cords.

In his evidence before the Ways and Means Committee of the United

States Congress, Representative Clark, of Missouri, expressed the opinion that free trade in lumber would tend to prevent the devastation of American forests, and it did not matter whether Canada did devastate her forests!

This is certainly a very candid statement of the present condition of affairs.

The best informed of our American cousins frankly tell us that in the reckless cutting and burning of their timber they have lost what cannot be replaced in a couple of centuries and then only at a cost of billions of dollars. If, therefore, Canada only remains true to herself and properly protects her forests she will reap the benefit of their mistake and yearly draw from their pockets many millions of dollars.

In the Province of Ontario the export of pulpwood cut on Crown Lands is prohibited, and the result is that a large number of pulp and paper mills are being erected and giving employment to a great many workmen at good wages. In Quebec the export duty is only twenty-five cents a cord, which is not sufficient to build up a large industry within the borders of the Province. Besides this, the high prices offered by American buyers are resulting in the stripping of all pulpwood timber from private holdings, thus turning many parts of the Province into "man-made deserts." In New Brunswick there is now a strong agitation for the imposition of a prohibitive export duty on pulpwood. In the opinion of the writer, the proper thing would be to entirely prohibit the export of pulpwood from Canada. The result of such a measure would be to build up a very large pulp and paper industry, give employment to thousands of skilled workmen and enable us to command the pulp and paper trade of the world. In Newfoundland the export of pulpwood is entirely prohibited. The result is the erection of two of the largest pulp and paper mills in the world, and the

probable establishment of others in the near future.

In his address before the Ottawa Canadian Club a few weeks ago, Mr. Pinchot said: "In dealing with the common problems for the common good of the people of the United States, we are trying to use business common-sense. As a people, we are trying to handle our affairs with the same prudence that every man in this room would exercise in the conduct of his own private affairs. We are the trustees for the future of the people of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries. What we do now with the resources on which they are to depend for their life when they come will control the kind of life they will live We are at the parting of the ways, and if we do not make the right decision soon the flight of time will make it for us and make it wrong."

Sir Dietrich Brandis, the father of the present system of forestry in British India, in a letter written to the Dominion Superintendent of Forestry, some two years ago, said: "I cannot sufficiently urge upon you the necessity of concentrating all your energies upon one point, and that is the constitution of as large an area of State forests as possible Norway and Sweden are cutting more timber than their forests annually produce and must soon cease to export. The United States now export little timber to England, and Canada is the only country from which a permanent supply of coniferous timber can be expected. All this means that prices will rise steadily, and it is for you in Canada to now seize the opportunity and lay the foundation of a magnificent future development of your forest wealth. Hence it is necessary that you should form as large an area as possible of State forests, and that you should place them under efficient, systematic management, so as to secure ample regeneration of the species you want."

It is interesting to notice that Sir

Dietrich has charge of 200,000 acres of forest land in India, much of which has been burned over repeatedly by the natives and is in very bad condition. So far he has managed to efficiently protect 30,000 square miles of it from fire, at an annual average cost of half a cent an acre. The net revenue derived from the whole property is almost three million dollars a year, and will rapidly increase as more and more of it comes under proper management.

All history proves that while the private individual makes the best farmer, the State makes the best forester, and perhaps the only safe forester. Being a permanent institution, it can exercise its providential function and make provision for the future. In Germany the scientific treatment of forest properties has reached its highest development. With her rapidly increasing population, Germany needs land for her people to settle on much more than we do, yet she carefully preserves the forest on all the principal hills and other rough spots. France is perfecting a most practical and effective system of forestry. Norway and Sweden have practically eliminated forest fires and are working towards the preservation of their timber wealth. In Japan the national Government has employed a German forester (Dr. Mayer), and her intelligent, industrious people are rapidly restoring her forests to their former condition. In Australia, New Zealand and Cape Colony, State forestry has already made some advance. In the United States some 171 Federal forest reserves, containing 175,000,000 acres, or 273,437 square miles, have been created and placed under management. In Canada, the Dominion Government has set aside 5,391 square miles of forest reserves and 18,467 square miles of national parks, situated in the four western provinces. In Ontario, the Provincial Government has established 16,308 square miles of forest reserves and the Algonquin National

Park of 1,930 square miles. In Quebec a great forward stride has been made by the setting aside of no less than 166,795 square miles of forest reserves and 4,592 square miles of national Parks. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia have as yet no reserves.

So far very little has been done to place these Canadian reserves under management. Obviously, the first important duty is to protect them from fire and timber thieves. The next will be to classify the land outside the reserves, retaining the good land for agricultural purposes and setting aside the poor land for the growing of timber. In Ontario, for example, we should have at least 90,000 square miles of reserves. The next forward step would be for each Government to regulate the cutting of its own timber in such a way as to give the young growth a chance to reach maturity. Our people are sufficiently patriotic

to support any government which looks well to the future and takes the necessary steps for the establishment of a far-sighted forestry policy based upon a scientific and permanent basis.

From the foregoing it is surely evident that the conservation of our forest wealth—the retention of *Nature's Balance Wheel* — means the possession of plenty of wood for various purposes, a perpetual revenue from the sale of our forest products, and the consequent lessening of our taxes, the building up of wood-working industries, the assurance that navigation will always be possible upon our principal rivers, the extension of our irrigation schemes in southern Alberta, the development of cheap power in all parts of the Dominion, the retention of the soil moisture necessary for agriculture, the preservation of our fish and game, and the tempering of our climate.

THE CHINOOK

By S. A. WHITE

Sweet wind of God, thou Chinook breeze!
The crocus blooms, the willows burst
Where mothers, with their trembling knees,
Went stumbling at the winter's worst.

Dumb silence held the cursed land,
And man and horse were equal brutes;
But lo! last night the mallard band
Came whistling, sweet as southern flutes.

The rolling prairie's all a-steam;
The gladdened cattle hillward drift;
In bluest skies the white clouds dream,
And water flows by bank and rift.

Winter's keen smart and weary ride,
The sodden brown of last year's grass,
Are gone like smoke, for far and wide
The range is greening as we pass.

The pinto strikes fresh gopher-mines
Upon the Chinook's fragrant path,
And we forget, in spring's sweet signs,
We ever knew the winter's wrath.

THE WOMAN AT STEWART RIVER

BY N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN

THE stage, two days out from Dawson, was making very slow progress. The roads were fit neither for waggon or sled. It had been intensely cold, but there had been little snow, and there were miles of stage line where the ground was bare except for the heavy frost, and the glare ice of some glacier or frozen waterfall.

Parry, a tall fellow, in the seat with Graham, the mining man, stood up as the stage came to a stand-still at the top of a hill, while the panting horses had a brief rest. He squared around with his back to the driver's high seat.

"Did you see the notice at Lindlay's?" he asked, his dark eyes on Smith. "He just got word as we were leaving. An extra two thousand has been offered by the Commissioner for the capture of Seville."

"Go on!" Smith sat up straight. "It's like you to keep mum about it all this time. It's five hours since we left the last road-house and that damned tinned rhubarb. Why didn't you tell us before and give us something besides our empty stomachs to think about?"

"Oh, your police are a 'jim dandy' lot," Monteith in the back seat sang out. "What's the good of 'em?—that's what I'd like to know."

"They aren't through yet," said Graham quietly.

"Well, they've been all summer after the sluice robbers."

Monteith was looking at Parry. He evidently expected the latter to agree with him in his opinion of the North-

west Mounted Police. "They know pretty well that no one's going to get the reward. That's why they offer such a big one."

"Say," said the driver, who had returned after a short survey of the road ahead where it ran across a glacier—"Say, it's an eternal shame about Hamilton. He's been about a year building his place, and now they're going to change the road and cross the river a couple of miles farther down."

"Is Hamilton's the next stop?" asked Gresholm, the architect, as the horses took up their journey.

"You bet!" Monteith said, drawing in his breath ecstatically through his thin pursed-up lips. "Hamilton's is the next stop, and the home of the beauty of the Yukon. Why, say! Mr. Parry and I heard of Mrs. Hamilton up at Indian River! Didn't we Parry?"

Parry had sat down. He looked over his shoulder with a brief smile.

"Graham knows all about the woman at Stewart River, eh, Graham?" he asked.

"I know enough to keep my mouth shut," Graham said, shortly, with a look of openly-expressed dislike at Monteith. "Mrs. Hamilton's a lady, and it's not likely any of you fellows will see her."

"Oh, Lord," Smith chuckled. "Do you think you are going to be the only favoured one? How's that for conceit, Parry?"

Parry was sitting sideways on his seat. "They say Hamilton's in a pretty bad way," he said to Graham

"It's his heart. The country's killing him."

"And a lucky thing for Mrs. H.," chirped Monteith. "What'd she want to marry the old fool for? I'm told he's simply N. G."

The early darkness was closing down, and the stars were showing dimly. Suddenly the road took a sharp curve and then dropped abruptly over the side of a steep hill. Below lay the river, and across the river the twinkling lights of the long, low road-house.

"Thank the Lord!" grunted Smith. "My left foot's frozen, and I'm in the last stages of starvation."

Hamilton came out to help the passengers with their luggage. They would stop there all night. He was a pale, care-worn looking man, with a face that expressed a hopelessness that was almost despair, and eyes that hurt one by their pathetic wistfulness. He tried to infuse cheerful welcome into his words when he spoke.

"How do you do, gentlemen," he said. "Glad to see you. Supper's all ready. Step inside. That's right, sir. Let me help you with that suit case."

His hands shook in his eagerness to act the part of jovial host.

The interior of the road-house was a revelation to the passengers. The walls were covered with cheese-cloth, hiding the unsightly timber, and there were pictures everywhere. A red-hot heater was at the back of the room, rustic chairs were around it, chairs that Hamilton had evidently made with his own hands. A long table with a white cloth was spread in the centre of the room. The china was finer than any on the road, and there were napkins, real napkins, instead of bits of Japanese paper. At one end of the table was a platter of smoking grouse, at the other a haunch of venison. Plates of hot biscuits were scattered about, and a white-frosted cake was the centre-piece.

"Say, Hamilton," said Smith, put-

ting his hand on the man's shoulder, his voice trembling with fervour. "In all my life I never saw a more beautiful sight than that table. I'm going to say grace. Gentlemen!"—he raised his voice, the others were all standing about, eyes sparkling, mouths watering—"I'm going to say grace."

A laugh went round, but Smith was as good as his word.

"Is it true that they're going to change the road, Mr. Hamilton?" asked Graham, after everyone at the table had eaten in absolute silence for fifteen minutes.

"I'm afraid so," said Hamilton, coming in from the kitchen with a hot mince pie.

"Well, by Jingol!" said Graham, "if I'd known that before I left Dawson, I wouldn't have come away until I'd looked into the matter. This place must have taken a year to build."

"It did." Hamilton was leaning his two hands on the table; his face was flushed, his eyes bright. In the lamplight he looked handsome. "It took fourteen months off and on," he added.

"Well, it's a damned shame," Smith interrupted. "The idea of side-tracking a place like this. I suppose you'll come outside then, eh, Hamilton?"

"I don't know," Hamilton replied, biting his lip. "For me it doesn't much matter." Then he laughed quickly. "More coffee, Mr. Parry? Yes, that's right; give me your cup, sir."

"No, thank you," said Parry, looking thoughtfully at his host. "This is the best meal I ever ate, sir," he added, folding his napkin carefully in the creases; "I don't know what your charge is, but I know I've eaten ten dollars' worth," and he laid a gold piece beside his plate.

Monteith had been burning with a desire to ask after the hostess ever since he came into the road-house. He now said, kicking Graham under the table.

"You've got a good cook, Hamilton."

The man addressed looked at him.

"I'm glad you think so, Mr. Monteith," he said quietly, as he walked out into the kitchen.

Graham followed Parry's example, and left a gold piece beside his plate. Monteith rather reluctantly followed suit. Smith did likewise, and the other men all doubled or trebled the real price of the meal. When Hamilton came in later to clear the table his fine face flushed crimson. The others were all smoking around the stove. He went over to them, the money held in his hand.

"Gentlemen," he began nervously, biting his lip hard after each word, "you are too generous."

"Now, then," cried Smith, jumping up, "not a word, Hamilton. The meal was worth it. We ain't going to take it back, not a cent of it. Come on, Parry, lend a hand at clearing up."

Parry and Graham walked over to the table. The four men began to gather up the dishes, when there was a sound of someone running up the outside steps. Then men turned to the door, which opened quickly, and Mrs. Hamilton entered the room.

Everyone instinctively stood up. The woman was wonderfully lovely. The beauty of her golden hair, and her deep fearless eyes, her white skin with the bright flush upon it, her scarlet mouth half open, for she was breathing hard, the grace of her tall, slim figure—all of these charms combined made the men hold their breath suddenly, and let it go again in an ecstasy of admiration that had in it a reverence that made them tongue-tied for a minute. Even Monteith could do no more than stare. Then she spoke, and no one but Hamilton paid any attention to the words, they simply listened to the low sweetness of the voice.

"Gregory," she said to her husband, "will you come with me, please?"

Hamilton, his face expressing sur-

prise, took down his coat from the door and followed her outside. The men within recovered. Of course, Monteith was the first to speak.

"Holy Moses!" he ejaculated, and then he stopped and looked at Parry. The latter was holding one end of a dish towel clenched in either hand, and was staring at the closed door, as though his eyes were fixed.

"Struck dumb, Parry?" asked Smith, laughing.

The other started, looked swiftly at the speaker, and laughed too.

"I don't wonder," Graham said earnestly, coming over to the table from the fire. "I never saw anything lik it. When I was in Dawson—"

The opening of the front door interrupted him. Hamilton entered quickly, followed by four tall men, their great fur coats covered with snow, their caps hiding their faces.

"Hulloa!" whispered Monteith to Graham, "what's up? It's the Police."

"The usual proceeding, I suppose," Graham answered back; then suddenly, going over to the shortest of the newcomers and holding out his hand, "Hulloa. Sergeant, I didn't know you were at this station."

"I wasn't until last week," the Sergeant replied, as the four, having divested themselves of their outside garments, walked over to the stove. He shook hands heartily with Graham, who at once introduced him to Parry, then to Smith, and lastly to Monteith.

"I have heard of you, Mr. Parry," the Sergeant said. Sergeant Fielding of Dawson is a great friend of yours, he tells me. He and I were in Africa in the same regiment. Fine fellow, Fielding."

"He is, indeed," Parry returned heartily. "He was with me at Indian River. We did a record-breaking tramp coming home."

"Yes, I know. Your matches gave out," the Sergeant laughed. "Fielding told me, and of how you jumped in the river after the dog."

"I never heard of that," Monteith began fussily, pushing himself in between the two men. "Another experience, Parry?"

No one answered him. Hamilton at that moment called the new-comers into the kitchen. The Sergeant went over and locked the outside door, taking the key and putting it in his pocket; glanced at the heavily-barred window, and then followed his host.

"Say, what does that mean?" Monteith asked, nervously. "What the devil did he lock us in here for?"

Smith roared with laughter. "Have you got those stolen nuggets in your suit-case, Monteith?" he asked. "Ready to take back what you said about the police, ain't you?"

"Ah, shut up!"

Monteith walked to the window with his hands in his pockets.

"Can't get out that way?" asked Graham.

"They're taking every precaution, aren't they?" Gresholm said to Smith. "Going to look at all our luggage, d'ye suppose?"

"It's only a bluff, I guess," Monteith said, coming back and looking around questioningly.

Hamilton came in from the kitchen.

"They tell me the fellows have got away from Dawson," he said in an undertone to the eager circle of men that gathered about him. "They have absolute proof of it. Got away with nearly twelve thousand dollars' worth of dust, stolen from the sluice boxes, from six claims on Bonanza, and three on Eldorado. It's a baffling bit of robbery."

"There's a charge of murder, too, isn't there?" asked Gresholm.

"No." Hamilton shook his head. "the guards at three and five are pulling around all right."

"What are those fellows going to do, anyhow?" asked Monteith. "Search us?"

"They'll take a look at your luggage, probably," Hamilton answered

him, smiling a little. "They won't bother you again while you are on the road. They came up very quickly to-night, and quite frightened Mrs. Hamilton, who had walked down towards the river." He added this last quietly to Parry, turning and walking over to the table.

The Sergeant entered at this moment.

"Gentlemen," he said, "whatever stuff you have here get out and open, please."

His instructions were followed, and after a cursory glance at the open cases, he spoke again. "I am sorry to have to put you to the trouble of coming outside, but I must have a look at the luggage in the stage."

All donned their great coats, grumbling, with the exception of Parry, who stood with his back to the fire.

"Coming out, Mr. Parry?" asked the Sergeant.

"No," that gentleman returned, unfastening a little key from his watch chain, "I've got nothing there but my box of samples. If you would like to open that, here is the key."

The Sergeant laughed. "I do not expect to open anything," he said. He unlocked the door and, followed by the others, went outside.

In the little kitchen off the dining-room against the half-open door that was partly hidden by a dark hanging, Mrs. Hamilton stood looking fixedly at Parry. She saw him give a quick glance about the room, then put his hand in the pocket of his Norfolk jacket and bring out a small revolver. He filled the four chambers with cartridges from another pocket, and held the weapon loosely in his hand, looking at it critically. Finally he slipped it in the belt under the coat. Mrs. Hamilton caught her breath suddenly. It was a very faint sound, but Parry heard it. He went over to the door, pushed the curtains back and stepped into the kitchen, while the woman, with a soft cry, shrank back against the table, on which a tallow

candle stood, sending a pale smoky gleam about the room, lighting up her wonderful hair and eyes and the little line of white teeth between her parted lips.

Parry faced her, his pale face whiter than ever, his mouth smiling.

"You remember me, Alice?"

He spoke very gently.

"Oh, yes."

She was holding the edge of the table in her two hands and looking at him across the candle-light.

"It is ten years since I saw you," the man went on. "You have not changed at all."

"In the daylight I have," she returned; "I have grown much older, much—"

"No," he shook his head; "you have not changed. But he, your husband, is different."

"Oh, yes."

She pressed her lips together hard, and then continued:

"I don't know why my face stays as it is, like a doll's face expressing nothing, nothing of what I have gone through. And yet, I do not mind for myself, but to see him, day by day—oh!—almost hour by hour, getting thinner and whiter and older! Ever since we left Australia it has gone from bad to worse, and now I think it is very near the end."

She pressed her arm up across her eyes, then dropped it and looked at him again. Her lips trembled into a smile.

"And you," she said wistfully, "you have been very fortunate, haven't you?"

"No," he returned, quietly, "not fortunate, for I have never been able to forget."

"Oh, Phillip," and the woman's eyes clouded, "I am sorry."

"I know you are. You always were, bless your heart," the man smiled upon her. He paused. The others were coming back into the other room. "I want to help you Alice," he whispered, leaning over the table

"For his sake you will let me, will you not?"

She shook her head, the hot colour flooding her face.

"I could not, Phillip," she replied. "It would hurt him if he ever knew, and—and I could not keep it from him."

"Where's Parry? Hullo, where's Parry?"

"Gone to bed likely."

Everyone was talking at once in the other room. The sergeant was saying good-bye to Graham in his loud brisk voice, and Monteith was reiterating insinuatingly over and over that he wondered where that sly dog Parry had taken himself. The two in the kitchen heard everything and smiled at each other. Then Hamilton came through the outside door into the little room. He didn't remember Parry, he said, though he had heard his wife speak of him years ago. Parry sat with them in the kitchen for another hour, when he asked Hamilton if it were possible for him to have a sleeping place by himself.

"You will all have that," the host returned. "The bedrooms are up aloft."

At ten o'clock every man was in his little box-like compartment, in which was a single bed, a wash-stand and a mirror. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton slept in a larger room off the kitchen.

*

It must have been twelve o'clock. The wind had risen, bringing the snow with it. It sang round and round the house, and beat against the windows. Mrs. Hamilton could not rest. Her husband lay like a log, sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion. He had worked far beyond his strength during the day, cutting wood down by the river to complete the shed in the rear of the house. By the light in the draft of the heater in their room, she could see his face, white and drawn and weary upon the pillow. The mother-heart of her overflowed, and she bent above him, her eyes filled with tears.

A creaking of the boards in the next room attracted her attention. She sat upright, then noiselessly slipped from the bed and over to the door, peeping in through the curtain. She could see nothing. It was quite dark within, but she distinctly heard someone moving about. Then very quietly the front door was opened and closed.

Immediately an idea took shape in Mrs. Hamilton's mind and was acted upon. She dressed herself hurriedly, putting on her husband's fur coat over everything. Then, without a moment's hesitation, slipped from the house through the outside kitchen door. Ever since the stage had come in, instinct had told her that something was afoot. She was sure of it now and she was afraid. Nevertheless she obeyed what her instinct prompted her to do, almost in spite of herself. Keeping close to the house she walked to the end of the wall and turned towards the front, where from the other door a road with high timber upon either side led down to the river. She felt the wind now, blowing up from the valley. It was snowing a very little and quite dark. She was sure that whoever had come out of the house had gone towards the barn, when to her utter surprise someone caught her roughly from behind, pinioning her arms tightly to her sides. She kept perfectly still, not uttering a sound. Her captor spoke in a quick whisper

"What are you trying to do?"

The woman's heart stood still for a second at the sound of the voice.

"I don't know," she faltered.

"Alice!" Parry turned her around to him, in his own voice fear, surprise and incredulity. "For God's sake, why are you here?"

Again she could only whisper: "I— I don't know."

"Where is Hamilton?"

"Asleep."

"Go back instantly," he whispered sternly. "Go back instantly to bed, and don't move from your room. Do you understand?"

"Yes," she said, slowly.

He took her up to the door.

"Don't awaken anyone," he said; "remember that. I thought I heard the horses in trouble," he went on. "One of them is sick. That is why I am up." He tried to speak reassuringly. "You remember, don't you, my old love for horses?" he said in a whisper, laughing. Quite plainly he regretted his rough tone of a moment before. He put her in the front door, and closed it noiselessly.

For a moment Mrs. Hamilton stood perfectly still. The wind had increased. It blew icy cold through the cracks and keyhole of the door against her. She listened intently. There was not a sound in the house except the deep breathing of the sleepers. She buttoned her husband's coat tightly around her, then very softly went out again into the night.

The sound of feet crunching against the snow made her flatten herself close against the house. The steps passed her, going towards the barn. There must be two men, she told herself, and all of a sudden the realisation of things swept over her. She knew now. Lying there, sleepless, a while ago, she had heard the faint echo of a husky's midnight call. She knew the dogs did not howl unless the moon was up. It was pitch dark to-night. Just after that someone had come downstairs and gone out. And now two men had passed her walking towards the barn, evidently carrying something heavy by the sound of the crunching snow. Parry was one of them. She had seen him. And Parry was afraid. She had never seen him afraid before, and she had known him all his boyhood and all his young manhood. She remembered swiftly how he had loaded his revolver a while back there in the road-house, and his stealthy look around the room as he did so. For a moment a swift fear almost turned her back into the house, and then again came that impelling force that had moved her at first, and she ran

silently over the snow towards the barn.

The faint sound of voices came from the stage, that had been left up against the outbuildings to the right. Mrs. Hamilton, holding close to the wall of the barn, moved around to the back, along to the end, and then peered about cautiously. She could see now, quite plainly. From this point, the road-house was hidden and a small lantern sent a faint gleam out into the night, showing her the black, bulky outline of the stage, and the forms of two men, one on either side, at the back seat. The lantern-light fell upon the sable lining of Parry's coat, as the wearer lifted some bits of rock from the box in the stage and handed them to the man opposite him, who, placing them on the snow at his side, in his turn took from another box a poke, so heavy that he grunted in lifting it, which he handed to the other, who deposited it somewhere in the stage in front of him. Again the latter lifted some rock, this time a small tray full, and passed it to the outside man, who repeated his part of the performance, giving the other a heavy leather poke.

Mrs. Hamilton had seen enough. Parry was then at the bottom of the great robbery—Phillip Parry!

This other man was his partner, who had driven out after him from Dawson, bringing the booty with him. They were putting it in Parry's ore box now, and the other man was disposing of Parry's much-talked of specimens. The gold-dust then would not be touched, Parry's box having been examined. The woman wondered for a moment if she had not better go to him, and ask him to let the other man take back the pokes. Once there was a time when he would have done more than that for her, and a little while ago he had said he had not forgotten. It hurt her more than anything had hurt her in her life to know that Parry was a thief. Then suddenly she remembered the re-

ward. Five thousand dollars would mean life to Gregory. It would mean good-bye to the Yukon and a return to her mother and the home they loved. Her friendship for Parry was lost sight of in the love she bore for her husband.

She walked away from the barn, moving as silently as a shadow across the snow to the house, and around the house to the drive, and down the drive to the river. It was snowing harder now, and the wind drove the snow cuttingly against her face. Suddenly she realised she had no cap and that her forehead felt numb. She put her hand in the pocket of the coat she wore and took out a muffler, tying up her head. Somewhere down there at the river were a horse and sled. Heaven send she find it quickly! She had been at the police station before and she knew her way. She stumbled about a few minutes in the snow to the right of the road, where a thick growth of timber made an intensely black shadow, and suddenly almost fell against the warm body of a horse, which shied a little and then stood still. All of her old training came back to her. Soon she was in the sleigh and down upon the river, the horse flying along through the thick-falling snow, the sled runners making no sound. It was three miles to the barracks. The horse could easily do it in twenty minutes. The storm was in her face, but she did not feel it. Many times the sleigh swerved and swung upon a bit of glare ice and almost upsetting, but she threw her balance instinctively upon the right side and took no thought of danger. The rough wind loosened the scarf about her head, and the driving snow swept in amongst her hair. Her hands grew stiff around the reins they held. She caught her lip in her teeth, and bent her head to the storm. She was driving to save a life, her husband's life. She kept telling herself that over and over again. Surely when so much was at stake there should be no room in her mind

for more than that one thought. If they stayed in the Yukon Gregory would die, and this ride through the storm meant freedom for them both, freedom to go into the great "Outside" again, back to the warm hills of home, back to the love of her mother, back to the wide house with the sun-filled windows that looked out upon the sheep-runs and the paddocks, the broad belt of trees and the dancing sea.

"Oh, God," she prayed, "let me not think of anyone but him, but him I love. Let me forget everything else. Dear God, let me do this thing and save him."

Oh, the tortures of the conflicting emotions within her, the agony of suppressing that which was forcing its right upon her, the right of a friendship that was as old as her life.

"I am doing it to save my husband, to save Gregory," again she prayed. But that which she endeavoured to suppress arose at last triumphant, triumphant because it was born of the nobility and the integrity that were her birthright. And the terrible result to this other man, to Parry, her lifelong friend, flashed before her in all its hideousness. She was driving to save Gregory's life, but at what a cost! She knew that imprisonment could not matter to Parry, death itself could not matter to him as would the knowledge of her betrayal of him. A while ago, back there in the road-house, his eyes alight with kindness, his voice soft with tenderness, he had offered to help her, to help Gregory. And yet Gregory had been the cause of Parry's lifelong unhappiness, the loved cause, for she adored him with the devotion of a mother and the tender passion of a wife. She caught her breath sharply. Now that she had permitted the thoughts to come, old memories came with them, surging memories that blotted out the present and made the long-ago past the vital reality. She was a girl again, and Phillip Parry, the eager-eyed youth who had confided to her

all his hopes and dreams, was with her. They were riding on the hills in the tender gloaming. She could hear his voice now, hushed with the magnitude of his boyish thoughts of the great future. Again, she was a woman and Gregory had come, beautiful, appealing, patient Gregory, and all her love had gone out to him while Phillip had bravely, unquestioningly, stepped aside. It was only when he had said good-bye that she had guessed the depth of his love for her, a love that had had its birth in their childhood and had grown stronger and deeper and fuller with the years, until, at the last, it had become the one passion of the strong man's heart. And, because he could not bear to stay in the home that had held so much and promised so much, he had gone away, and she had not seen him again until to-night. To-night—she threw up her head and the sting of the storm was in her face. To-night—and it was the Yukon. The old days were dead, and she was going to the police to betray him, to betray her friend, sinful, criminal perhaps, but still her friend. See, ahead there now were the lights of the barracks. If she shouted, the police could hear. They would come out to her and they would all go back together. She would point Parry out to them and she would say: "He is the thief; take him and give me the reward." She knew how Phillip would look at her, quietly, silently, just as he had looked on that night long ago when she had tried to be gentle in breaking his heart. With a sudden low cry, she checked the horse, a hot shame for what she had been about to do almost overwhelmed her. With numb fingers she pulled the line and the animal turned. They were speeding back, back upon the river, away from the barracks, away from the sin of betrayal, away to warn him, to plead with him, to save him if it were in her power.

About halfway between the bar-

backs and the road-house the river is narrowed by a blunt peninsula that juts out upon the right. She had reached this point when she heard a low call from the bank farthest away. She pulled the horse up instinctively. For the first time fear for her own safety assailed her. She hesitated whether to turn back or go forward. Suddenly a voice spoke close beside her:

"Why didn't you give the signal?"

The voice was familiar. She leaned forward quickly and slapped the lines across the horse's back. The animal reared but did not go ahead. Someone had laid hold of the bridle. Mrs. Hamilton spoke sharply:

"What does this mean, Sergeant? It is I, Mrs. Hamilton. I am in a hurry."

The man, who was in the act of getting in the sleigh, paused with one foot on the ground.

"Mrs. Hamilton!" he said, his voice vibrating in his consternation. "Uncover the lantern, Will."

The light was flashed upon her face. It showed her white-cheeked and white-lipped, with her glorious hair loose about her.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the Sergeant, stepping into the sleigh and sitting beside her. "Couldn't he have sent anyone but you? Climb up behind, Will, and wave the lantern as we near the cabin. I'll take the lines, Mrs. Hamilton. Thanks. Why, you have no gloves; your hands must be frozen. I can't understand this. Why didn't you give the signal?"

The woman's brain was in a whirl. She could not think. She started to speak, but her voice choked in her throat. The Sergeant turned his head toward her.

"You must be half dead with the cold," he said, with gruff gentleness. Will, help Mrs. Hamilton to wrap the rug around her. I'm beginning to see now, to understand why he sent you. But it was a risky thing to do. You've got no end of pluck you know; I don't care what the reward is. There

isn't another woman in the Yukon that would have dared to do what you have done to-night. There's rough work ahead, perhaps."

She laid hold of his arm.

"Let us go back," she said; "or let me get out here. I can take the short cut through the woods, and reach the house before you come."

"No," the Sergeant's voice decided. "Sit still and don't talk. We'll leave you at the cabin, you'll be safe there. I don't anticipate any trouble unless Parry—Whoa," he broke off to speak softly to the horse. "We're here sooner than I thought. Wave the lantern again, Will."

The cabin stood well under the shelter of the bank, just before the turn in the road that led up from the river. The other policeman held the horse while the Sergeant assisted Mrs. Hamilton to alight, and piloted her through the deep snow to the log hut, through one small knothole of which a glimmer of light shone forth. Within were two more policemen. Mrs. Hamilton was told to sit down upon the bunk and keep perfectly quiet. The candle that stood on the table was extinguished.

"Fordham will stay out on the road," the Sergeant said. "Don't be afraid if you hear any shooting. There'll be no one hurt if we can help it."

The minute she was alone Mrs. Hamilton ran to the door and lifted the wooden latch noiselessly. She must reach the house before the policeman. She would take the trail through the timber. If she died for it she would find Parry and warn him, hide him perhaps, try in some way to save him from the fate that was overtaking him. She stepped out into the storm. She could hear Fordham as he waded through the deep snow to his post on the road. Then there came a sudden noise from the bank, and someone ran around the cabin, brushing against her as he passed on the way to the door. The next moment she felt herself roughly

seized, and Phillip Parry spoke to her in a swift whisper.

"You might as well submit quietly, Monteith. The Police are here."

She took no heed of the import of his words. It was Phillip, that was enough. She tried to draw back from him and see his face. She spoke his name softly, and felt him stagger back as he heard her voice; but he did not let her go altogether.

"Alice, Alice," he said hoarsely.

She began to speak rapidly, standing on tip-toe and lifting her face to his.

"Yes, it is I, Alice. I saw you back there by the stage, you and the other man, and I found the horse and was going to drive to the barracks to tell the Police. I thought of the reward and what it would mean to Gregory and me. I got nearly all the way there, but in the end I couldn't bring myself to betray you. I turned to come back and find you and beg you to give the gold dust up, to leave it here, and after you were safely away we could turn it over to the police. But, Phillip, it is almost too late. Someone else knows, for the Police were in hiding waiting for a signal. They stopped me and now they have gone on up there to the house to find you. I was to stay here. But as soon as they had gone I ran out. I meant to take the short cut through the woods to warn you. Listen, listen, Phillip: Straight along the river-road, opposite the peninsula, there is the old *caché*. No one, not even the Police, knows of it. I will show you the way now and you can stay there for days if needs be. I can bring you what you need. Tomorrow—"

"Who's there?" Fordham's voice rang out sharply. Phillip seemed about to speak. Mrs. Hamilton put her hand over his mouth. The policeman had run across the snow and was standing close to them beside the door of the cabin.

"Leave it to me, Phillip," the woman whispered in his ear, then

aloud: "It is my husband, Fordham. He has come down here looking for me. I have been from home a long time."

"Better go inside," said the policeman, opening the door; "it's warmer here and safer."

Phillip moved the fingers from his lips. "Let me speak, Alice," he said gently, as he drew her into the cabin.

"No, no," she breathed close against his cheek—"no, no; if you give yourself up it will kill me, Phillip. Don't you see that if I had not gone. O, God—"

The policeman had lit the candle. The dim light flooded the tiny room and showed Parry's face drawn and white with an ugly wound across his forehead. Mrs. Hamilton flung her arms around his neck, drawing his face to her shoulder.

"He is my husband," she cried, her wide eyes upon the policeman's stolid face. "He was so afraid for me. You can understand, perhaps. He is not strong. You know he is not strong. Leave us here together, Fordham. Oh, surely, surely—"

A hoarse voice shouted from outside the door, and the Sergeant ran in choking for breath.

"Come out, Fordham," he cried; "that little rat of a Monteith has gone up the river. Grey says he's done for Parry—Why, God bless my soul, here you are!"

A dozen different emotions chased themselves over the Sergeant's face as Parry turned and confronted him.

"I'm not hurt much," Parry said quietly. "You and Fordham go ahead. I'll look after Mrs. Hamilton. She's had a hard night of it."

As the policemen went out, Parry turned to the woman, his eyes alight. She looked at him unseeingly for a moment, then she swayed a little. He sprang forward in time to catch her in his arms as she fell.

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The wide front room of the road-house was alight, and the fire roared

in the heater. The room seemed very full of people who were all curiously quiet. These were the facts that first impressed Mrs. Hamilton when consciousness began to return. The Sergeant was carrying her across the room towards the kitchen. As he felt her move he asked her if she wanted to walk, and set her down gently. Gregory was close beside her, so he put his arm about her. She turned her head towards the other end of the room. The three policemen were standing there and behind them in Hamilton's homemade chairs sat three other men, all of whom had their wrists manacled. One of the men was Monteith, and he still wore Parry's sable-lined overcoat.

They went into the kitchen, she and Gregory, the Sergeant following.

"Where is Phillip? Where is Mr. Parry?" she asked, as her husband placed her tenderly in a low chair. She leaned forward, conquering the faintness that threatened her again.

"Mr. Parry's washing up," the Sergeant answered, briskly, and, smiling upon her, continued: "He'll be in here presently. There's a plucky fellow for you. Although Monteith had given him enough to knock out a man, he held the three of those other fellows at bay until he got our signal, and then when Monteith started to foot it, he was hot after him. That's when you met him and mistook him for your husband. Parry wrote me

from Dawson to be on hand to-night, but I never thought we'd nab the lot. If you hadn't had the pluck to come down the river for us the chances are we wouldn't have got any of them. They saw Parry before he intended, and he couldn't leave. Well, it's ended all right," and he laughed easily. "I told Mr. Parry that you and he should share alike in the reward. but, bless me, he refuses to touch a cent of it; laughed at me for suggesting it. Well, he don't need it and you do. And so I'll be glad to hand it over to you, and I'll send a rattling good account of you to headquarters."

Parry came in looking very white but smiling cheerfully. His head was bound up. Hamilton hurried to him and took his hand. He was too moved to speak; he had been trying to conquer his emotion, but his lips trembled in spite of himself. The Sergeant, seeing how matters stood, began to tell about some ludicrous accident that had happened to Fordham. He took Hamilton's arm, drawing him over to the stove.

"Phillip," whispered Mrs. Hamilton brokenly, as he bent above her. "You know I can't let you do this for me. Remember, how I thought of you—I believed you guilty."

"And believing me guilty," he answered, gently, his eyes upon hers, "remember what you would have done for me, Alice."

RETURN

By LOUISE C. GLASGOW

A little perfumed flower of joy to one who joy did crave,
A tender bud of sympathy, were all the gifts she gave.
Lo! see her lap is brimming o'er with garden treasure trove,
And in the midst a jewel rare—a glowing heart of love.

A NOTABLE JOURNALISTIC CAREER

BY GEORGE MURRAY

SIR HUGH GRAHAM, the first Canadian journalist to be knighted, has had one of the careers of magic success which are the real romance of this New World, a career that should be an encouragement to young men to persevere under difficulties. He carried to Montreal, as a country boy, nothing but a common school and academy education and an alert brain. To-day he is a millionaire newspaper owner, a much besought leader in philanthropic financial enterprises, and a Knight Bachelor. Probably no other Canadian can show greater achievements from extremely modest beginnings.

On acquaintance Sir Hugh impresses you as a man of reflection and ideas, though there is an entire absence of assertiveness in his manner. He is retiring to a fault, and excessively modest about his work, never going further with any undertaking than to admit that it was a "moderate success and more due to the splendid men with whom I have been surrounded than to myself." But you soon realise that there is a powerful human dynamo behind it all. Sir Hugh had excellent training, to begin with, from a shrewd and far-sighted father, Mr. R. W. Graham, of Huntingdon; and his early experiences as a fighting journalist, endeavouring to establish a paper on nothing but sheer merit and pluck, brought his father's teachings into play, and gave his mind a finer edge and a truer temper. His constant readiness to acknowledge the

debt to his father is one of many likeable characteristics.

It need hardly be said that a man who founded a paper in a much smaller Montreal than we now know—with three successful rivals already in possession of the then narrow English-speaking field, and with less than a hundred dollars of capital—and made of that paper the most successful in Canada, is a master of methods and of resources. To-day people seek his advice on all sorts of enterprises; and it is more valued than his cheques, which, for good works, are never small nor grudged. One would think that he could have made a success of any business to which he might have turned his hand. It is merely by accident that he is a big newspaper man. If he had begun as office-boy in a wholesale house, or a manufacturer's office, it is more than probable that he would have worked out his career in these lines of endeavour just as surely.

As it was, the record stands thus: Office-boy in the *Montreal Evening Telegraph* at the age of fifteen, under his uncle the late Edmund Henry Parsons; one month later, assistant bookkeeper; five months later still, bookkeeper; four months later, business manager. Three years later, he went to the *Montreal Gazette*, where he met Lanigan, a brilliant writer, to whom he proposed the next year that they should start a paper of their own. In 1869 they launched the *Daily Star*, with less than a hundred dollars in the treasury—but with George



SIR HUGH GRAHAM

T. Lanigan's telling pen, and an unlimited amount of pluck.

The fight to set that paper on its feet would afford material for a journalistic epic. Before very long, the two partners differed. Lanigan, backed by a local capitalist, wanted to advocate annexation with the United States, presumably in order to attract attention to the paper. But Graham objected; his father had taught him better than that. So Lanigan withdrew, and Graham went on alone. An offer from his principal creditors to

give him, as sole proprietor, a clean sheet was refused; and the young proprietor announced his determination to pay every cent of the overwhelming debt of his paper with interest. And this he did, but not until he had tasted every experience that comes to the man who insists upon making bricks without straw. He had no working capital, and the concern was staggering under a huge load of debt, while he was increasingly harassed by lawsuits, writs of attachment, and all sorts of litigious pro-

cesses. During his struggles he had some ninety-three libel suits on his hands, and he lost only three, which is a fair indication that his papers were generally engaged in righteous causes. His credit became so low at one time that he had to buy his coal by the bucket-ful, and send the office-boy for it. He had to pay for his paper day by day with the street sales of the evening before. What seemed like the last straw on his load of trouble was the refusal of his neighbour to continue the supply of steam power that was furnished by means of a shaft through the wall, unless arrears were paid up—a proceeding that would have meant suspension. Graham wired to the country for a horse power and a horse. These arrived during the night, and for several days a big white horse was on the pay-roll. The horse-treads were erected in a corner of the press-room, and the motive power walked into the office every morning, through the little counting house, to the press-room, which was equipped with a flat machine capable of printing only one side of a sheet. The irregularity of the animal power created a perfect pandemonium. When the press was stopped every few minutes to get relays of white sheets, the animal would start galloping on the mill. This becoming unendurable, a caloric engine was installed, but proved inadequate. It needed help, and every afternoon the bookkeeper, a clerk, and two reporters, the bulk of the staff, could be seen helping the Errierson motor by tugging at the piston rods—a spectacle as near to that of absolute despair as it was possible to see. But Graham never despaired, toiled early and late, and, with wonderful resourcefulness, contrived means for attracting attention to his little paper, pushing it steadily up the hill past its competitors, until many years ago it became the most widely read journal, not only in Montreal but in Canada. The King, however, does not often knight men for business success. This distinction im-

plies that Sir Hugh did more than build up a great newspaper property and a fortune, and herein lies the secret of his Imperial honour. He at once began to use his newspaper, his fortune, and his own splendid abilities in the public service. The list of projects that he has undertaken and carried through is formidable. You can hardly mention a striking public need of the last three decades which did not find Hugh Graham endeavouring to the best of his ability to meet it. When the famine broke out in India, for instance, that was far enough away; but its horrors appealed to Sir Hugh, and he set on foot a movement to raise a relief fund in Canada, to which finally one hundred thousand people sent in contributions. The Boer War aroused his patriotic fervour in like fashion. When it seemed doubtful whether Canada would rush to the assistance of the mother country, as the rest of the Empire was spontaneously doing, Sir Hugh stood amazed at the hesitation shown in high quarters. To feel indignation at such paltering was to act; and he hit upon the ingenious journalistic device of repeating the cablegram, telling of the action of New Zealand in sending troops to aid the motherland, to every mayor and prominent militia officer in Canada, and to leading public men throughout the Dominion, asking if they thought that Canada should do as New Zealand had done, or stand aloof. The response was overwhelming, and swept the doubters off their feet. There came a perfect outburst of indignation from every Province. The despatches filled several pages of the *Star* newspaper, and within forty-eight hours the first contingent was being assembled for embarkation.

In order to encourage enlistment, Sir Hugh insured every man in the contingent against death and accident, the policies totalling a million dollars. It was not known at the time that the citizen who paid for this insurance was the proprietor of the *Star*; but the fact has transpired. It was known

to certain people, however, in official circles: and the late Queen Victoria expressed her admiration, with the result that there came at that time a suggestion from London that Mr. Graham should be honoured with some distinction. As an active journalist, he discouraged the idea; and has only now consented to accept knighthood as coincidental with his practical retirement from active journalistic direction. His services during the Boer War, however, did not stop there. He also appealed through his powerful papers for a Children's Patriotic Fund for the families of British soldiers stricken in the struggle; and to this one hundred and fifty thousand children subscribed. His Imperial services of this character—as distinguished from his more local labours—have been very numerous. Not the least among them was the help he gave towards making a success of the tercentenary celebration of the landing of Champlain, to which the Prince of Wales came, and which served to show the French-Canadians how loyally English-Canadians honour their great men and their anniversaries.

Of local services the list is too long to be even intelligently summarised for the reading of strangers. The best we can do is to cite a few cases. Just now, Sir Hugh is raising through the *Star* a fund for a new Children's Memorial Hospital. A few years ago he saved one of the most prominent churches in Montreal from going under "the hammer." He initiated, organised, and for nearly twenty years gave strong financial support to the Fresh Air Fund, by which over one hundred thousand working mothers and children have been greatly benefitted. Lately he presented them with a large summer home and grounds. His campaigns for civic betterment have been endless. He has gone so far as to organise a company of judges, business magnates, and citizens generally, to clean the streets, with the assistance of the *Star*, when the aldermen

conspicuously failed to do their duty; and he succeeded in shaming the authorities into action.

On one occasion his zeal, energy, and courage played a leading part in saving Montreal from the greatest disaster that ever threatened her. This was in 1885, when the dreaded small-pox seemed to hold the city hopelessly in its grasp. The city authorities were paralysed and helpless. People were refusing to be vaccinated, and there was no adequate place to isolate victims. Moreover, in many cases, the frightened relatives would not permit their sick to be removed from their homes. Mr. Graham personally organised an influential demonstration at the City Hall, composed of leading men in all branches of commerce, with the result that he himself and six of his associates were immediately named on a civic health committee, which there and then entered upon a vigorous campaign of vaccination and isolation. An army of vaccinators and isolators was employed, and did duty for several months. Sir Hugh did not hesitate to go himself into houses where the sick lay, and to explain to their relatives how necessary isolation and vaccination were, and thus to encourage the vaccinators and isolators in their dangerous work. (This I have on the authority of men who worked with him). But there was still an adequate place of isolation to provide. Mr. Graham perceived that the Exhibition buildings were the only available structures. Unyielding opposition to their use was offered by the Exhibition authorities. This, however, did not daunt Mr. Graham. He secured a requisition to call out the troops, and marched at their head to the Exhibition grounds. Here he found the gates barred against them, but he climbed the high fence, and himself wrenched the fastenings from the gates, when the troops marched in. Within twenty-four hours the great building was turned into an isolation hospital, with a corps of nursing nuns in charge, and a procession of

smallpox patients going into it. It is not too much to say that Mr. Graham's courage and promptness on this occasion helped greatly to save Montreal from a most costly set-back from which it would have taken years to recover, for the opening of these great isolation buildings was the beginning of the end of the memorable smallpox epidemic.

Sir Hugh Graham, while keen in business, and a man of conspicuous discernment in the selection of his employees, is most considerate to those who have helped him to build up his papers. He has in his employ several men who have been with him a quarter of a century. He is extremely fond of golf and billiards, both of which games he plays only fairly well, but enthusiastically—all the time admitting he is a “duffer” at them. He has repeatedly been asked to become a member of joint stock directorates, but has invariably declined. Those who are intimately associated with him say Sir Hugh's forte in business is planning, controlling and directing, and that he abhors detail.

Sir Hugh has his own view of titles. I wrote congratulating him, and in his reply he said: “It would be the merest affectation to say I am not

proud of the honour received from His Majesty; but it is one thing to appear to be deserving, and another to prove it by one's after life. I incline to the belief that this is not always so easy to do as might appear.”

He has been in scores of political fights, local, provincial and federal, making enemies, of course; but it is truly said of him that he maintains no personal animosity towards even his bitterest opponent, being as singularly free from vindictiveness as any man I have ever known.

At school, I am credibly informed, he excelled in only two branches—arithmetic and grammar, but in these he was nearly always either “*dux*” or second in his class.

When the news came to Canada on the King's birthday that Mr. Hugh Graham was knighted, there was a universal chorus of approval. His fellow journalists were especially enthusiastic, seeing in the decoration of their admittedly most successful *confrère* an honour to the craft. In Montreal citizens talked of the many public enterprises in which he had been engaged, and agreed that seldom had a title been more honourably deserved. The rest that he now proposes to take, after his forty years of strenuous endeavour, has surely been well earned.



THE CHOPIN CENTENARY

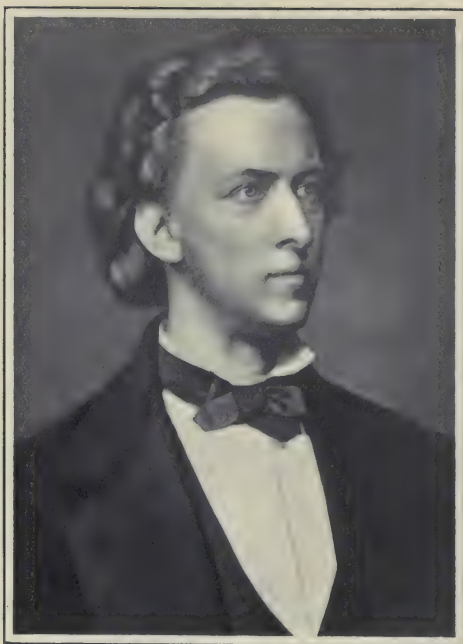
BY MRS. J. W. F. HARRISON

("SERANUS")

IN a "mean little house," according to Professor Niecks, Frederic Chopin, the only son and the third of four children of Nicholas and Justina Chopin, was born on March 1, 1809, in a Polish village, about twenty-eight English miles from Warsaw. The description of the dwelling does not necessarily imply defects in the family; they may have been poor, but they were not ignorant, Nicholas Chopin having been at one time book-keeper in a tobacco manufactory, and again a teacher of French and tutor in a noble house. Indeed, although the home influences were quiet, austere, and no doubt frugal and self-denying, the existence on every side of caste supplied that picturesque element which tinged all of Chopin's future life. His godfather was a Count, Frederick Skarbek, a pupil of his father and part owner of the village. Details of biography reveal a French origin in the family of Nicholas Chopin, a fact which evidently precipitated Frederic's interest in Paris and his wish to be heard there. His education progressed naturally and pleasantly, his father possessing many friends distinguished in literature, science, and art, and Professor Niecks has recorded the fact that the favourite composer enjoyed the greatest of blessings that can be bestowed upon mortal man—being born into a virtuous and well-educated family, united by ties of love. The three daughters of Nicholas Chopin all manifested more or less taste for literature and the composer's mother is describ-

ed by one who saw her in her old age as "a neat, quiet, intelligent old lady, full of an intense energy which served but to accentuate the languor of her son." So, from the small beginnings of artistic endeavour in an obscure village to the homage of the entire world, the name and fame of Chopin have steadily advanced till in the present centenary year adequate honour is being rendered to his memory in Europe and Great Britain, in the United States, and, no doubt, in our own Dominion.

It is a far cry from the little village outside Warsaw to the large modern cities, alive with commercial and utilitarian ideas, of England and America; and, to trace the secret of this composer's tremendous popularity, we must first go back to the origin of his inspiration; the woes and suffering of his country, the deep gulf between rich and poor, the struggles from mediæval conditions through a period of unhappy revolution to higher ideals, the stirrings of an early passion which proved abortive and unfulfilled. At the age of twelve it was evident that Chopin must be and could only be a musician, and thenceforth his course was clear, hampered only in its early stages by lack of sufficient funds to enable him to carry out certain plans of travel and study and to publish his works. Gradually, however, the charming address and wonderful talents of the young *virtuoso* prevailed. He made rich and powerful friends, and began to give successful concerts in Warsaw, Mu-



FREDERIC CHOPIN, THE GREAT COMPOSER OF MUSIC, WHOSE
CENTENARY IS BEING CELEBRATED THIS MONTH

nich, Vienna, Stuttgart, and finally Paris, the goal of his dreams. Later on London was added to the cities where he made friends among the great musicians of the day, such as Mendelssohn, Hiller, Liszt, Berlioz, Franchomme, Schumann, and many others. By his twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth year he was recognised as a unique, fascinating, and highly gifted pianist and a composer of extraordinary ingenuity and attractiveness. It is indeed with the latter phase of his work that we are mostly concerned. While Mendelssohn for some years has been almost neglected by artists and students at home and abroad, and although Schumann, Beethoven, and Liszt, are frequently played and still much loved, it is the music of Chopin that is decidedly the

most popular among all earnest pianists and even among average audiences. It is rather astonishing to reflect that his compositions, at one time considered as sickly, sentimental, and effeminate, are played by everybody, have been arranged in a thousand different ways, and show no sign of failing in their capacity to interest the public. Some writers have accounted for this on the ground of the universal culture and spread of knowledge by which men are not, truthfully speaking, made "children of light and joy" but rather are converted to beings of a sober and perhaps a gently melancholy temperament, having eaten of the tree of knowledge and seeing life in a chastened, saddened sense. The peculiar quality in Chopin's music, called "*zál*" by his bio-



MME. GEORGES SAND, THE FAMOUS FRENCH NOVELIST, WHO
EXERTED A STRONG INFLUENCE OVER CHOPIN

graphers, and a kind of *morbidezza* by others, is, however, greatly exaggerated. There is much that is virile and healthy, much that is purely romantic and poetic; there are some martial strains, other religious and imaginative motives, but the true Chopin is really much more diverse and versatile than he has been pictured. Apart from this, there is to be taken into consideration the never-failing beauty of these compositions, so varied yet so similar, so rich in absolutely new progressions, so masterly in conception, and so melodious even when apparently most intricate, that it becomes a pleasure to study them.

To return to the facts of Chopin's career, it may be said here that nature always exacts a penalty for such precocity, and Frederic was not

destined for either commonplace success or commonplace happiness. Certain constitutional mental traits of irresolution, over-fastidiousness, and melancholy began to assert themselves, and, by and by, the physical life, originally so gay and normal, became infected. Concert-giving, teaching, and composing, all three, did not bring him in any large sums of money; and, by nature somewhat extravagant, a habit probably engendered by the elegant company he kept, especially in Paris, from time to time he suffered from straitened circumstances. Unlike Liszt, whose physical strength was enormous, Chopin was unfit for the concert-room, and, although he played in public up to a comparatively short time before his death, he never became a successful travelling virtu-

oso. His nervous, susceptible nature rendered him exquisitely keen and alive to all shades of artistic and intellectual endeavour, and his meeting with the famous novelist Mme. Georges Sand certainly marked the turning point in his life. Had a more conventional attachment presented itself, and could he have had that rest and sympathy he so ardently longed for and which a well-ordered home might have afforded him, he could not have written more beautiful music, but he might have lived longer and under healthier, happier conditions. The influence exerted upon him by the powerful brain and strong character of the great novelist can hardly be over-estimated and should not be difficult to understand, but what was natural and easy for her and for the other members of the gifted circle that surrounded her in her *château* at No-hant or in the literary quarter of Paris was never easy or natural for Chopin. One thinks of him as in the grip of an influence he would fain shake off but cannot, as the brilliant coteries form, dissolve, and form again around the person of the great enchantress, whose friends were Liszt, the Countess d'Agoult, mother of Liszt's children, Heine, De Musset, and many other persons of genius allied to unconventional living. Chopin was, literally, not strong enough to cope with a scheme of existence which always seems to call for unusual elasticity and hardness on the part of those addicted to it.

Mme. Sand was a person of vigorous physical health and able to endure what most persons would collapse under; of this, the famous sojourn in the South of Europe, undertaken by her with Chopin for the latter's recovery, is a proof. Chopin there manifested the dangerous symptoms which eventually carried him off, but added to this was the conviction that his companion was tiring of him and of his society. It is the punishment of such relations as theirs, that ordinary conditions are absent and ordinary distract-

tions fail to soothe. Chopin, unfitted to reside again with the members of his own family, had given up much to be with Mme. Sand. She, on the contrary, in the circle wherein she moved, appeared to have lost nothing by her ambiguous relations with him and others, and thus the situation became strained and embittered. Abruptly, according to Chopin, their intimacy ended, and from that moment his strength visibly declined. The young and ardent soul, originally pure and honourable as well as gifted, may have realised too late that despite his rank among the world's greatest musicians he had missed the best things of life: the following up of a happy, innocent childhood by other normal and consecrated ties of marriage and high friendship. His end was pathetic, and the mere perusal of his last moments almost moves one to tears. He died a true and believing Catholic, and had only good to say for all he had met in this world, including Mme. Sand.

It is certain that Chopin was a character possessed in the beginning of much that was sweet and pleasant and even high-minded, and those who unite to commemorate his memory should remember this fact and set it against that of an unfortunate affection which very nearly ruined his life. His other friends were unusually devoted to him. His pupil Gutman, who was with him constantly before his death, was a person of deep and sympathetic feelings, and seems to have almost consecrated his time and energies to watching over Chopin during the weary months which preceded the latter's death. Certain it is that while some other composers, famous enough in their lifetime, are now forgotten or partially neglected, the fame of Frederic Chopin is every day more and more secure. The two great piano concertos, the Preludes, Etudes, Scherzos, Waltzes, Mazurkas and in lesser degree the Rondos and two piano sonatas are works which have become perfectly familiar to all classes

of music lovers and concert-goers, notwithstanding their intricacy of form and general character of melancholy detachment. His "Funeral March," part of a sonata for the piano, is now a general favourite and is played at all important funerals, as well as those by Handel and Beethoven. His Ballades and Studies, the Mazurkas and Waltzes, are on every programme of merit or distinction, and we have recently heard in Toronto the wonderful Piano Concerto in F minor played by the gifted De Pachmann accompanied by the Symphony Orchestra, a new and flourishing local organisation. These are facts which speak for themselves and prove that there is virility, magic, and beauty in these compositions, and that the feeble and at times morbid Chopin has become one of the world's favourites and speaks to us now as sympathetically as when in this world and taking his rightful place among the musicians of his own day.

The finest tribute probably ever paid him was from a brother artist and man of genius, the late Anton Rubinstein, who asserted more than once that in Chopin modern music, with all its revelation of chromatic harmony and rich device of ornament and fancy, reached its highest point and that the development of piano technique, as shown by Chopin's compositions, has also attained to a perfection which can scarcely be improved.

Chopin died painlessly between three and four in the morning of October 17, 1849, but the funeral did not take place till the thirtieth of the month. He lies at Père Lachaise, near Paris, with most congenial surroundings, being near Cherubini, Pleyel, members of the Erard family, and others. His heart was, however, taken to Poland and is preserved in the Holy Cross Church at Warsaw, where also a handsome monument was unveiled in October, 1850.

WHOM LOVE HATH LEFT BEHIND

By LOUISE C. GLASGOW

Across the dewy grass they came,
 And she was wet and still;
 They laid a cloth upon her face
 When resting on the hill;
 For they could not bear to see her eyes,
 Which made their blood run chill.

Oh, bright and fair the water's face
 When Love is young and kind;
 But, a sullen look, and black it wears
 When Love hath proved unkind;
 And a soft, sweet bed it makes for some
 Whom Love hath left behind.

IN MARCONILAND

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN

AUTHOR OF "THE PENSIONNAIRES," ETC.

MR. ROBERT MARSHALL sat looking at his private Marconigraph operator.

"For the fourth time, Jagers," he said, "those Arabian people have been informed of our plans."

"Do you suspect—" Jagers began, red with anger because his voice would shake.

"I suspect no one," said Mr. Marshall curtly. "That last affair was Marconigraphed only; and our operators are not fools."

Jagers looked relieved at the compliment. He knew that it was sincere. The Consolidated Sunshine Syndicate, of which Mr. Marshall was President, confided in the honesty of its employees because it had demonstrated its willingness to spend a million dollars to detect and punish a theft by one.

"It is not through treachery that our plans leak," went on Mr. Marshall. "Some one has duplicated our instrument. We will have a new one made."

It was to this practical basis that the Marconi discovery of wireless telegraphy had "shaken down." The whole atmosphere was found to be a medium of electric communication between like instruments. Make a half-dozen Marconigraphs of the same kind and distribute them about the earth as you please, taking care only to have them out of doors and well up in the air, and a message written with the key of any one of these would be promptly clicked off by all the others. They were like six old-time telegraph instruments on one wire; and it made no difference that one was on a Marconi

tower in New York, another in Cairo, Egypt, another in San Francisco, and the rest in European capitals.

So, of course, the great Consolidated Sunshine Syndicate had its own instruments on its own Marconi towers wherever they were needed; and they were guaranteed by the Syndicate's own electrical expert to be like none other on the round earth. The chief sunshine packing plant of the Syndicate was located in the Sahara Desert near Egypt, where they compressed the dazzling, moistureless sunshine of that rainless land which was then shipped to all parts of the world to be "laid on" in sick rooms during cloudy weather, to light the houses of extravagant people at night, to be supplied to garden parties on foggy days in London, to enable artists to work steadily regardless of the weather and season, to replace "flash-light" for night photography, and to serve many another purpose. The chief rival of the Syndicate was a company with a plant on the Arabian desert; but the Egyptian article was thought to be a little the clearer and was altogether the proper thing in preserved sunlight. Many wealthy people always used it for out-of-doors fêtes whether the paler native product was available or not. A North Cape Nightless Co. was formed, but sunshine compressed at so low a temperature evaporated very rapidly in spite of all precautions when brought south. It could, however, be served promptly from iced chambers built into the holds of vessels; and iced Norway sunshine was the tit-bit of the trade. The Syndicate tried to meet it with a superfine "Sphinx"

brand, for which they charged quite as much; but the public suspected that the alleged scarcity was artificial and were not to be caught by anything not really costly.

On Mr. Marshall's Marconi tower there were a number of instruments. Beside that of the Syndicate was one belonging to the European Art Gallery Combine which proposed to "circuit" the art galleries of Europe, moving the pictures about among the best paying cities, including those of North and South America and Australia; and there was, too, a family instrument with which he could talk privately with the old folks on the New Hampshire homestead or his married daughter travelling in Europe with a Marconigraph in her trunk.

Inside of a week the new Sunshine Syndicate instrument was in place, duplicates having been sent at once to all the Syndicate stations. It was an entirely new thing in Marconigraphs, being constructed on a novel principle which the Syndicate's expensive expert thought to be his choicest invention, and one not likely to be hit upon by another man in a thousand years. He had put his soul into making it unique, for Mr. Marshall had told him that if this was duplicated, he would be in need of another situation. But he filed this instrument with a mind at ease. The man who should invent a door-bell which would tell whether it was your dearest bore or the "best fellow in town" with his finger on the button, could not feel better satisfied with himself. Now, at any rate, the secret messages of the Syndicate would be inviolable.

This might have been quite true, had it not been for one of those outlandish pranks which frisky chance is so fond of playing. Miss Muriel Marshall, the second daughter of the billionaire, had a lover of whom "Poppa" did not approve. She had an odd dozen or two whom he would have accepted with her endorsement; but there was only one who seemed a big Norse god in her eyes, and he was merely an unpromising newspaper reporter in her father's eyes. His name was Helder—August Helder; and the city editor of the New York *Tomorrow* would

give him nothing but "dust bin assignments," so named because the news accumulated in them and did not have to be chased. Even with these, he was always missing editions, getting news in for the "six o'clock" (which had to be on the street at four-forty) that ought to have been in the "five o'clock special" (issued at four sharp). But he was as faithful as a Newfoundland dog and never got drunk, and he could "do" an afternoon with the distributors of a coal charity with so true a pathos that the fund actually made money by the day's lavishness. His "special" on a sunrise trip from Long Branch crowded the early boat for weeks; and his little book of essays, called "The Journeys of the Sea," ran to five editions.

Now August Helder was also an electrician—for the same reason that he was a student of the higher criticism and a specialist on early German art. These things interested him, and he took time from his "dust bin" slavery to satisfy the hunger of his mind respecting them. One day it occurred to him that, as he and Muriel could no longer see each other except on fugitive occasions, he might construct a secret Marconigraph with which they could communicate, she on her father's tower and he on that of the *Tomorrow*. They were to meet by chance on Broadway that day, and he told her of it. She was delighted. She already could operate one slowly, having practised on the family line; and she would go in now and get up her speed. Nothing thrills the passion for romance in a young girl like a clandestine meeting with her lover—the witless world outwitted, and they two alone and together. Thus now could she and August meet nightly, with only the city of New York between them, and the click of their own, own instruments "dash-dot-dashing" of their love.

Helder put a week in thinking out an absolutely new Marconigraph, and hit upon the precise principle already used by the expert of the Syndicate. It was a happy afternoon when the Norse god met the dancing-eyed Muriel "quite by accident" as she was driving in Central Park, and slipped into her hands an instru-

ment that "had only one mate in the world"; and that was his.

"So like us," said Muriel. "Made for each other and no one else."

"Yes," replied August, touched to his heart by the thought. "And this communion," he went on magnificently, "will not be broken into by that sun-less Sunshine Syndicate."

Muriel sat silent. She did not think the Syndicate too bad, except when it seemed to keep August from calling. That it made her difficult to woo was rather a virtue on its part.

"I shall be on our tower to-night at nine," he said as he left her; and she promised to keep the tryst on hers, two miles away across the twinkling city.

Just at nine August Helder, prompt for once, sat at his private instrument on one corner of *Tomorrow's* tower, and joined in the Bedlam of nervous metallic chatter that came from the score and more instruments about him. The *Tomorrow* took no chances on having its despatches blocked. It possessed several absolutely secret pairs of instruments; and whenever a man was sent out on a mission that promised to be at all important, he took a member of one of these couples with him and the other was installed at the proper time on the tower with a trusted operator. It was a dull night, in a news sense, when several of the twins were not banging away together at a furious rate. Then, of course, each news agency had its instrument which was at work; and there was the line from Washington, that from London, another from Paris, from Albany, from Boston, from wherever there might be a regular or a special correspondent. Consequently the modest, monotonous clicking of August Helder passed unnoticed. Any one seeing him there would think that he had been entrusted with the reception of an important private "story."

But all he was doing was writing over and over and over again his private call for Muriel. But Muriel was not at the trysting-place—a trysting-place of Marconi romance, with the twinkling electric lights overhead and the spangled night city below. What to this is a canopy of twink-

ling stars and the rutted roadway of a country lane?

The reason why Muriel was not where she could hear her "call" whispered electrically in the magic dark, was that she was engaged in a delicate diplomatic mission—a task that delighted her feminine love of intrigue to its last coil. The European Art Gallery Combine had met an unexpected obstacle at Dresden where the reigning head of the Saxon house refused to permit the gallery in the Swinger to be "circuited." Now an Art Gallery Combine without the Sistine Madonna was—as Mr. Marshall put it—like the "play of Hamlet with Romeo left out." So they simply had to bring the Dresden gallery in.

"They know they've got us cornered," he stormed. "They've got the corner lot on our block, and they know we've got to have it at any price—so they're in to do us, and to do us good."

The King had declared that his Saxons "would form a thousand deep around the Swinger, and defend its treasures while life-blood in them flowed."

"That's his way of shoving the price up," growled Mr. Marshall. So finally he asked the young heir of the house, who was the art specialist, to run over to New York and talk it out with him. This proposal was nearly as dumbfounding as the plan to "lease" the gallery, and a series of communications set in that threatened to outlast the Combine; but Mr. Robert Marshall cut it all short by sending an agent to the court who gingerly hinted the billionaire's willingness to pay all the expenses of the trip, and to show the young man America into the bargain. "I'm a busy man," he said; "and that young man has time to consume in a gas-saving burner."

So the young Prince had come, and Muriel was teaching him Americanese that evening; and, at the same time, getting him to see that there were more people worth the pleasing than his impractical Saxons.

"Starlight! Starlight!" called August; and then waited for an answer. Starlight was Muriel's Marconi "call." But the Marshall tower was empty. Nowhere in

the wide world would an instrument have responded to his, if the Egyptian agent of the Syndicate had not just installed his new Marconigraph, received that day from New York; and he and his operator were still looking curiously at it.

Suddenly it began to talk, but the signal meant nothing to them. Over and over again, what was apparently a "call" was repeated, and then it would stop.

"Perhaps there is a new code coming by the next mail," suggested the operator.

"They said nothing of it," said the agent; "but you'd better write this down anyway." So for an hour the operator sat there, and at intervals wrote "slt, slt," never suspecting that it stood for "Starlight," poor Helder's Marconigraphic pet name for the starry-eyed Muriel. Starlight was the light of love; sunshine the shameless slave of a sordid Syndicate.

Then the instrument began to talk German, and, when it had ceased, the operator carried the result to his chief. The busy man took it eagerly, started, showed open amazement, and then broke out—

"Great Rameses! But this is a German love poem, with a hint of suicide in it. Call them up as soon as you can tomorrow for an explanation."

But it was not explained. Muriel's absence was, however; for the *Tomorrow* printed an elaborate account of the manner in which the Saxon Prince spent the evening at the Marshall mansion, illustrating it with a picture of his schloss at Meissen (where he never lives), with a view of the Royal Opera House at Dresden, a picture of the Prince shaking hands with Mr. Marshall in the Marshall drawing-room, and a series of diagrams showing how Robert Marshall could carpet the entire Saxon kingdom with dollar bills and still have enough to spare to paper every house in Dresden. Besides this was a "story" of a former secret morganatic marriage of the Prince, winding up with the delicate conjecture that the Marshalls would probably pension this wife off handsomely in case Muriel wedded the young man.

August went down to the office, determined to see the Managing Editor, pour

out his scorn on him, and resign; but the city editor saw him first and hustled him off to report a conference of esoteric cannibalism which was beginning at Marblehead, Massachusetts.

It was four nights later before August could again sit on the *Tomorrow* tower and call for "Starlight." But he had only written the "call" twice when someone "broke in" on him. He waited to read Muriel's response. It should have been "Thor." It was—

"Dry up, will you?"

He obeyed. It was quite like Muriel at her maddest; but what was the matter? The Saxon Prince had gone for a trip to Philadelphia that very day—But his machine was talking ahead.

"—has a scheme," he read, "for imprisoning starlight on clear nights and then keeping it until it is ready to go to Europe and shine there. How does that strike you?"

August was so excited that he almost moved quickly. "Starlight," could mean but one thing to him, ticked out on this private instrument; and all this veiling language meant that some one might be listening on the Marshall tower. What should he say back that would not betray them both? How long had Muriel been waiting for him to call? Poor little girl! The pathetic thought of her waiting, waiting for him, kept his mind from working as quickly as he wanted it to—with her still waiting, and he not knowing what to answer.

"They cannot imprison Starlight," he finally wrote back.

"That's my theory," came the prosaic response; "and I furthermore think that Europe does not want it."

"I am not so sure of that," said the loyal Helder, thinking of the Saxon Prince. Surely he was not fool enough to miss seeing that Muriel was the first Princess of the world!

"They have starlight of their own," came back quickly; and then—"Will Berlin please keep its chin out of this?"

August sat back in despair. Was "Berlin" a new name for him?

"I have been wanting to say," the instrument went on, "that I think starlight

can be imprisoned and that Europe will be mighty glad to get it."

"But—" August began.

"Keep out! Keep out!" came in an impatient clatter. Then "Thor! Thor!" repeated several times, like a "call"; and then—silence!

August leaned over and wrote "slt" twice and waited. But there was no response. He thought of this long and consecutively, trying to put together a theory that would explain it. But, finally, logic failing him, he fell back on instinct. Muriel was in trouble; it was something about "imprisonment" and "Europe"; and she had ended by calling "Thor! Thor!" They were probably planning to marry her to the Saxon Prince, and were keeping close watch on her in the meantime, lest she should communicate with him. This was a mediæval conception of the situation; but Helder was more mediæval than New York-y. He was more of a poet than a reporter. He should have been on the staff of *Yesterday*.

The true explanation was, of course, that the Syndicate were discussing a new scheme for compressing starlight, to sell as a side-line to sunlight, and the New York and Cairo men thought that Helder's interruption came from the Berlin agent, whose views they were not seeking just then. As they were closing, Muriel had come out on the tower, gone to her instrument and called "Thor" on the chance of his being back from Marblehead; and was amazed and frightened to hear her call repeated on the Syndicate instrument near her. So she went quietly back down stairs, and the Syndicate people gave up the struggle for the night. Apparently the "wires" were crossed in some way.

Muriel was Marconist enough to know that the repetition of her "call" upon the Syndicate instrument meant that, by some curious chance, August had hit upon the same principle as the Syndicate expert, and that all August had to do was to sit by his machine to hear all the Syndicate's private despatches. This put her in a nervous flutter; for she wanted to betray neither their sweet trysting place to her father nor the secrets of the Syndicate to

a *Tomorrow* reporter. She went to bed quite undecided; and the next day the Saxon Prince came back from Philadelphia, when her diplomatic duties kept her too busy to think of anything else.

The city editor of *Tomorrow* heard of the Prince's unexpected return, and said to August:

"Go over to Marshall's office, Helder, and ask him if it is true that the engagement of his daughter Muriel to the young Saxon sprig is about to be announced."

August first thought of telling his city editor to go to the final home of all sensational journalists; but he was not an impulsive youth and he waited for the inevitable second thought which, in this case, reminded him that this was just the piece of news he was most anxious to know the worst about himself. He would be simply using the prestige of the *Tomorrow* to extract information which personally he was not likely to obtain. So he went; and his card admitted him to the presence of the great man without delay.

"What can I do for the *Tomorrow*?" Mr. Marshall enquired genially as August entered.

"We wish to know," said August, "whether it is true that your daughter Muriel is engaged to the Saxon Prince."

Mr. Marshall's lips smiled, but his eyes looked curious. He knew that Helder had been a suitor, and he wondered if his jealousy had prompted the putting of this question. Still every vagary of the mighty *Tomorrow* was always to be treated with respect. So he said:

"You may tell your editor that it is not true, but that I should prefer not to have the contradiction published. It might seem to give too much importance to the report. If your paper will oblige me in this, I promise to send for you first when I have any such engagement to announce. In fact, I will give you a first lien on all our family matrimonial news."

August reported this to the city editor who ratified the compact. It was later than usual that night before he could get to his Marconigraph on the tower; and, when he did, it was chattering away.

He sat down and listened. It was talking about "starlight" and "imprisonment" again.

"Do you know anything of a 'green vault' at Dresden?" it suddenly asked him.

"Yes," he clicked back; and immediately afterwards his instrument added—"Sure"—on its own account.

"Well," it went on, "it will be necessary for us to supply sunshine in perpetuity for it, whatever it is." There was a pause and then—"Pretty costly, isn't it?" and it sounded as if a slower hand were on the key. Then it struck him for the first time that this was very fast Marconigraphy for a novice like Muriel. But the faster hand was again writing—"Rather. But it is that or starlight in the schloss; and we don't know yet whether we can deliver starlight."

August sat back, his mind whirling. "Why not promise starlight?" the slower hand said. "Those Europeans are used to delays in delivery."

"That will never do. We want to get him to complete the bargain while he is here. When he gets home again, he will probably think starlight a poor exchange for his Madonna."

"His Madonna!" Now August understood. They were bargaining with the Prince for his Raphael; Muriel being the price to be paid; and, in some way or other, their talk was reproduced on his instrument. But how had they come to hit upon "Starlight" as a name for Muriel? How had they come, for that matter, to duplicate his private instrument? Muriel could not have told them! He felt sure of that. And, moreover, if they knew they had duplicated it, they would not have talked secrets in the hearing of his Marconigraph. He sat long by his instrument, but it talked no more that night; and though he called "Starlight" again and again, he got no response.

The next night, he went up on the tower and sat listening in silence. After a time, he was rewarded; for his key began to clatter—but to clatter nonsense. He knew the trouble in a moment. They were using a private cypher. Laboriously

he took it down, hoping that his German patience would enable him to work it out; for it might concern the "sale" of "Starlight."

As he passed the city editor's door on his way out of the office, that gentleman called him in.

"Helder" he, said. "Do you never hear anything new?"

August stood in silence.

"Whatever made you think news-gathering was your vocation?" the city editor went on brusquely. "You are mentally deaf and blind. You have never brought me, in three years, one scrap of news. I can send you for a parcel of it, neatly tied up and labelled, and you'll bring it back quite safely about an hour after we have gone to press. But you never seem to hear anything. You are immune from the contagion of novelty. You are vaccinated against occurrences of interest. You are out of the stream of events. Now, see here! Unless you can bring me something pretty sensational in the next forty-eight hours, you will have to get another office to moon about in. Now, that's your assignment. I'll give you nothing else. Go and hear something new for yourself—and chase it in here pretty lively."

August went off home with an even mind, and sat down to unravel the Syndicate's cypher. He took no interest in what the city editor had said, except that it gave him two days' uninterrupted leisure to work at the puzzling rigmarole. It never occurred to him that it might contain an item of news. But it did. On the afternoon of the second day, he sat looking at the sheet on which he had written the result of his work, and he thought he must be mistaken.

The Prince, he learned, had suddenly jumped up his price for the Dresden gallery. Nothing would do him now but to be made Emperor of Germany. It seemed that Muriel had put that idea in his head, in the course of her diplomatic "jollyng," by asking him why he did not try for it. She told him that it was a common thing for Governors of States over here to get to be President. No American, she said, thinks there's any-

thing too good for him; so he just goes in and gets it. "Now you've got what is nearly as good as a Governorship just by being born," she went on enthusiastically. "You should be ashamed of yourself to think of staying there all your life, doing no better than your father did. No American young man would have so little ambition. You ought to give that Hohenzollern family a run for its money." Of course, this was not all in the cypher despatches, but it is what happened.

So the Prince mentioned the matter to Mr. Marshall; and Mr. Marshall, who had a glass or two aboard, said—"Why not? I'll subscribe to your campaign fund." The Prince took all this as seriously as a German does an opera; and now said to Mr. Marshall:

"When you get me the Crown of Germany, you shall have the Dresden gallery." And Mr. Marshall, after ten minutes' thought, had closed with the offer; and was Marconigrating instructions to his European agents to open the campaign.

"We've made governors and senators and judges, and helped to make Presidents before this," he said. "What's the matter with making an Emperor?"

The beginning of the plan of campaign was outlined in the despatches. "Spot cash" was to be used freely, and promises of increased glory and profit under the new regime made to all open to that kind of argument. Dozens of trained emissaries were to be sent out at once to feel the public pulse. Members were to be elected to the Reichstag; and an effort made to put the control of the army in the hands of the different minor Princes.

August, as the magnitude of the plot developed itself before his mind, thought first of the city editor. Here was an item of news that would save his job for him. Then he thought of Muriel. With this in his hands, Mr. Marshall dare no longer refuse him leave to woo. But a rising volcanic passion of indignation burst upon his consciousness, and buried both these ideas from sight. This was an infamous plot against his beloved Emperor. "Job" or "no job" be Muriel his or a Saxon Princess, he must save his Emperor or die!

Long he sat and thought as to how this might best be done. An obvious way was to print the whole plot in the *Tomorrow*, but the proper authorities might not take it seriously. Another plan was to lay his proofs quietly before the German Consul and the American Government; but this would probably ruin Mr. Marshall—and Muriel was his daughter. He should, at least, give the billionaire a chance for his life.

So what he did was to write out a concise story of the plot and leave it in a sealed envelope with his landlady to be forwarded to the German Consul in case he did not ask her for it within two days; and then he went to the Marshall mansion and asked for Mr. Marshall.

"None of my family are engaged to be married yet," observed the great man pleasantly, as he shook hands with Helder.

"Not even the prospective Empress?" returned August quite as pleasantly.

Mr. Marshall's eyes contracted. "Not even the prospective Princess," he said slowly.

"I said 'Empress,'" corrected August.

"Is 'Empress' to be your wife's *nom de plume*?" Mr. Marshall enquired satirically.

"I shall have no wife," replied August simply, "if you make your daughter Empress of Germany."

"What do you mean?"

"This," and August handed him the translation of his cypher despatches.

Mr. Marshall read them quite through; and then he looked at August. "Where did you get this?" he asked as if enquiring about the weather.

August told him.

"How did you make out the cypher?"

"I took two days to it, and worked it out," said August; and then added—"Unless I stop it personally, a copy of that will be in the hands of the German authorities in two days' time."

"How much?" asked Mr. Marshall laconically.

"Not a cent—nothing except your promise to give it up," was August's answer. "Look here, Mr. Marshall," he went on, "you don't understand this.

You could never buy the German throne. It is not for sale. You would have to conquer Germany to get it. It would be easier to invade Germany and carry off the Dresden gallery itself than to displace the Emperor. I would go over myself and die in his defence. Some one has steered you into a blind alley."

"H'm," said Mr. Marshall, and for two minutes he thought hard. Then he said—"I'll give it up. I'll leave Dresden out of the Combine. I'll found art journals to write down the Sistine Madonna. I'll prove that Raphael never saw it. I'll sidetrack the whole kingdom of Saxony, and put 'em out of business."

"Very well," said August. "I'll burn my story of the plot."

"So you made a Marconigraph like ours and you read our cypher in two days," observed Mr. Marshall. "Are you wedded to journalism?"

"If I was, I could get a divorce on the ground of desertion," said August sadly. "Our city editor says that I never hear any news worth printing; and I get the 'sack' to-night at eleven o'clock."

"You can take a desk then to-morrow at nine in my office," Mr. Marshall continued. "The *Tomorrow* is not as swift as I thought it was. It ought to have known how to use a man like you."

There came a tap at the door; and then Muriel's face shown through a swiftly-

made opening. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Poppa," she cried. "I did not know you were engaged."

"You know Mr. Helder," said the great man with a welcoming gesture towards the young German.

"Sure!" said Muriel, coming in. "That is, unofficially," she went on with merry eyes, but there was a blush on her face as she gave her hand to August.

Her father laughed. "Mr. Helder," he said, "has a trick of knowing things unofficially."

Muriel looked at him enquiringly. "Oh, I mean nothing, you puss! I never do. Only, now that I have introduced you to Mr. Helder, you must let me have that private Marconigraph of yours."

"All right," said Muriel, and she was not quite so puzzled as she had been.

When August went into the office of the *Tomorrow* that night, the city editor said:

"Well, have you heard anything worth printing in two days?"

"No," said August.

"I knew you wouldn't," the man of lightning decision shot back. "You may call on the cashier for your salary."

"Thank you," said August.

"If you do ever happen to hear anything new," continued the city editor, "try to endure it. It won't happen again."



CANADIAN JOURNALISM

BY ROBSON BLACK

(FREDERIC ROBSON)

THERE is a town in the West which once upon a time maintained two newspapers, owned by one man. In the *Tory Banner* this man's interest was admitted, and his name stood proudly at the top of the editorial column. Across the road, at the office of the *Grit Breeze*, only the business manager knew where those fat bundles of copy came from, denouncing each week, the policy and persons of the *Tory Banner*, calling its editor a traitor to all honest ideals and a poltroon of the basest sort. But John Blank, the dual author, knew, and laughed about it each Monday, as he ground out the base calumnies of the *Banner* from eight to nine, and the baser calumnies of the *Breeze* from nine to ten.

And this warfare went on for just one year.

One day a letter came to the editor of the *Tory Banner* which read: "What do you think the editor of the *Breeze* deserves at the hands of a loyal Conservative?" And the answer came, in all innocence: "A drubbing, my friend, that will make him repent his political sins." Just two hours later a police call was sent in from the office of the *Breeze*, but it was too late, and for many days John Blank, the dual editor, lay in the violent ward of the local hospital, talking brokenly to the doctor and nurses. As far as I know that was the Alpha and Omega of dual journalism in that Western town. The story is recounted here only to

prepare the way to less Quixotic phases of Canadian journalism.

This article is set forth, not as a carping, pessimistic, one-man view, but it reflects, as I have taken care to ascertain, the belief of many of our most wide-awake, experienced Canadian newspaper men, those who have had opportunities to look into fields other than their own.

In every Anglo-Saxon community the newspaper has been long accepted as a most desirable thing. You will find it verified so well in our own West. Some land-seeker reaches an untouched part of the wilderness, cuts four sods from the prairie, and plants there the posts of his cabin. Another human lines up beside him. Two months later come a general store, a long moustached land-agent, and an implement dealer; and you can count about eight months before the neighbouring town sheets get a request to place the new Alberta City *Vindicator* on their exchange lists.

And down in the big cities it is much the same in spirit. The afternoon paper has become the only means of gratifying a craving curiosity; it is our cheapest and most effective means of learning at a glance what our neighbour's left hand doeth. Which all is intended to emphasise that the Canadian public looks upon its press as a first rate form of entertainment, in the absence of something better.

Once upon a time a notion was held by editors that a newspaper came

into being by the connivance of some editor and the power of Final Good, and was carried on as an educational force in the community. That has long ago been exploded. A newspaper is a commercial enterprise, pure and simple, to make money, or help some man or party to political or other preferment. This is borne out by the fact that the greatest newspapers on the continent claim to be nothing else than large corporations to give the public something they desire in return for the dear public's money. And may it not be quite a sound foundation this, and quite in keeping with the purpose a paper should serve in a community? It is questionable whether the founders or present controllers of the *New York Evening Post* or the *Boston Transcript* at any time whirled in their brains visions of journalistic messiahs or turned their thoughts through sleepless nights upon the uplifting of the American people by the city editor. No, there was a divorce long ago of the newspaper from that indefinite thing called moral purpose. Newspapers are probably doing more good now through an intelligent supervision of news matter, from a knowledge of what the people want, than by preaching morality and aestheticism in every item of the police reporter. In our smaller cities, the assumption of this missionary spirit on the part of budding reporters still leads to the occasional remark in the "local happenings" column that "a man who would beat his wife like Joshua Jeckyl did last night should be publicly horsewhipped, as such characters are no credit to the town." But that sort of thing passes away with the bursting from the local cocoon and, as the "metropolitan idea" gets a firmer hold, the padding falls away, and the news of the day is given without additional moral deductions.

The power of the press has always been hugely exaggerated by the papers themselves. Is it not true that the average Canadian election,

for instance, is decided pretty much on the policies and records of the parties and in spite of the marvellous cavillings of one section of the press or another? In every town and village of Canada may be found two papers of opposing political views, and during elections the talk of their space and brains is taken up with stories of the enemy, which the writers well know are the output of misjudgment and childish nagging. Even with this, how often, how very often, does the public strike a sensible average of truth? Yet we need not go far afield to find cities and towns in Canada where a powerful paper practically controls the working of municipal machinery, dictates the legislation of the council, appoints whom it will to offices, and cheers the people on, or reviles them out of their senses when the current of feeling toward a certain by-law suits its desires or runs counter.

After we have granted that Canadians like their press and the press likes Canadians, after we have granted the very considerable advancement made by Canadian newspapers in so young a country, it is still apparent that they are hampered to an extent which, if unremedied, will continue to bar all progress as the population grows more discriminating and demands something better. There are, it seems to me, several needs in Canadian journalism that strike the American journalist with particular force; the lack of a news-gathering system corresponding to the American Associated Press; the absence of men in control of papers who are as big as their opportunity; over-preponderance of political news; subversion of the "human interest" element of news to recitals of bald fact.

Though it might not at first strike the casual reader of a Canadian paper, the methods of getting news in Canada are with some exceptions haphazard and inadequate. We lack a full-grown Canadian Associated Press which could be worked just

like the American method. The Associated Press of the United States is one of the most complicated, yet simplest, machines for the gathering of news that could be imagined. It is an association of publishers of newspapers to cover the happenings of the whole world, and for the service of all members of the association. Four or five of the largest newspaper owners are elected to office, and they appoint or re-appoint a general manager each year. As an indication of one branch of their service, there are between eight to ten men employed in the city of Washington alone, and these have an entree to news centres of the Government that are not open to other correspondents. They have almost exclusive privileges at the White House, and, in return, are bound by hard and fast rules to observe the proprieties desired in all the Government's transactions with the newspapers. So perfect on the part of the newspapers taking the "A.P." service is the obedience to these rules, that such an important document as the President's Message to Congress is sent out a week or more in advance of its oral delivery, and on no temptation would a reputable journal use a line of it. On one memorable occasion an unwise editor inserted his "Message" a day ahead of time. He was fined \$500, and he had to pay it, too. In every hole and cranny of the United States, in most centres of Canada, and throughout the other continents, the Associated Press has its correspondents.

One might ask why such a service, shared in by our own journals, would not make them qualified to rank, as their name implies, papers giving the news of the whole world, not of their own back yard and the first ten feet of their neighbour's. The answer is simple. The arrangement under which even the largest Canadian paper works allows only a re-vamped, carelessly-edited pot-pourri of what one man in Buffalo thinks Canadians would be interested in. It works out

in this way: The Associated Press splits up the States into Eastern, Western, Southern and Central districts, and Buffalo is the main distributing point for Canada. Through that city comes all the Associated Press news that reaches Canada, and what that "all" means is decided by one man with a blue pencil, who cuts out of the dish anything he thinks Johnny Canuck might choke on. Moreover, it means that all British and foreign news, nearly all of it, shall come through United States channels, and how much British sentiment do you think the Stars-and-Stripes enthusiast will let stay in it as it leaves Buffalo? At its best, the service that Canada gets through the American Associated Press is both lacking in extensive news value and destructive of true ideas of British thought and progress.

Someone might say that we have our own subsidised cable, but telegraph editors between Victoria and Halifax do not groan beneath the weight of important matter throbbing through that same Canadian cable, though doubtless it sometimes gives us good British news that would not otherwise reach us.

Outside the Buffalo service, the manner of filling the papers with Canadian happenings is most wonderfully varied. A few of the big papers can afford to have their own correspondents in most of the important towns of the Dominion, who work when they like and as accurately as they like, with small chance of detection in news faking. They are under a standing order of their paper to supply only stories of important happenings, such as a murder, a disappearance, or such other event that shows humanity going off at a violent tangent. Then, too, there are the regular correspondents in each town for one or two of the abbreviated news services, and they find a certain amount of patronage from papers. In the West there is the Western Associated Press, which does a fair day's

work, but gets a niggardly service from some of the most important Eastern news centres. Owing to the expense of the telegraphic services and of setting the matter up, a make-shift arrangement sprang into existence in Toronto whereby an agency each night makes six or seven columns of stereotyped plates of the news brought through the office of a morning paper. Many of the smaller Ontario papers manage to get along on such a crutch, but the service is unequal to the deserts of a progressive town, and makes a dead-looking paper.

To carry the examples of lack of uniformity still further, some morning papers work on an arrangement with New York dailies whereby they share in the cable service. These variations in methods are duplicated in part in the United States, but as a back-ground they have the most efficient news-gathering means in the whole world, the American Associated Press, and this brings their standard of efficiency to a point far beyond ours.

In contrast with conditions at Washington, our Ottawa despatches are too partisan and mostly too long. The narrower and more violent the policy of the paper, just so restricted will be the Ottawa news that you see. There is in Ontario, though it is hard to confess it, a journal that keeps a man at Ottawa to supply stories of the great speeches orated in the House by members in its own district, and to elaborate on legislation affecting—Canada? Never—just the people of the few counties in which its circulation lies. What the Premier is planning for the present or future of Canada, no matter, as long as the new wharf is to be built next spring at Bing's Ferry.

With an associated press, five or six men could do all the work necessary at Ottawa. There would be fifty per cent. less violent colouring, and a service altogether beyond com-

parison in news value and broad, patriotic spirit.

A remedy for prevailing conditions was attempted a few years ago, but, alack, the fall thereof!

Mr. John Ross Robertson, proprietor of the *Toronto Telegram*, with an eye to broadening out and improving Canadian journalism, made a serious attempt to get newspaper proprietors together and duplicate, as nearly as possible, the associated press achievement of brother journalists across the line. But he was blocked, not by the little fellows behind secondary papers, but by those in whose hands lay the fortunes of great publishing concerns. One Montreal publisher said in very plain language: "We have built up a news service by appointing correspondents throughout the country. It has cost us lots of money and time. Do you think we are going to strengthen our weaker neighbours by throwing all that we have done into a common pool?" Until there is some improvement on this two-by-four spirit in the craniums of some of our metropolitan newspaper managements the Canadian press will stick where it is, and we shall continue to bewail the lack of a single Canadian newspaper approximating national standing.

*

There was once upon a time a journalist in a town of less than twenty thousand whose name we shall say was "X." He was a man of energy, close-fisted, and dealt honestly by the patrons of his paper, so that in time he gained much money and placed it in a strong box as a sinking fund against future ambitions.

At the age of thirty-five he left the small city and bought a controlling interest in a metropolitan journal. The property had been a financial failure when he took it over, but under his genius for close financing it soon reached a paying basis and began to move up hill. But, although he worked early and late, and puzzled his brains till they revolted, he failed

to produce anything better than an enlarged edition of the four-sheet of his early years. His ideas of journalism had long since lost their elasticity, and in place of a great ideal for his hands to work up to, there was a crystallised copy of the small town sheet hung forever before his vision.

That man was one of a somewhat large class in Canadian journalism, who have forgotten to leave the tan-bark of the village behind. These men, of course, are fatally handicapped; there is no hope. Perhaps a more deplorable illustration of the point is the editor or proprietor with the consuming personal ambition, who uses his paper as a chess pawn to suit the game he is playing. This pandering to interests that may give political or social honour, this salaaming with thirty point headings and suave introductions—it is all very pretty, but generally misses what it aims at. It will keep Canadian journalism just where a great part of it is to-day—helplessly weighed down with policies that are provincial to the core and unfit for the present day in Canada, where abundance of facilities are offered to produce good journalistic results.

This is what a managing editor of one of the largest United States papers had to say about Canadian journalism, and his remarks were founded on a wide experience in the very field he criticised: "The reporters on Canadian journals have just as good stuff in them as their American comrades, but they fail to show up because their training is prcsy. Bright and scintillating copy is not at a premium. Your interviewers insist in writing copy in the third person, instead of letting the subject talk direct to the reader. To improve Canadian journalism to the point where you will have one or more really national newspapers there will have to be a different class of newspaper chiefs, the men who set the pace for the staff, and then you may get a Canadian Associated Press."

To touch upon another detail, too much space is given to politics by the Canadian press. Why on earth will our larger papers persist in printing three columns of a near-great politician's rehearsed speech? Not five per cent. of the readers go further than the head lines, and the proof-reader is about the only one who follows the great man's remarks closely. Half or three-quarters of a column will generally suffice to contain the gist of a three hours' oration of any but a foremost orator. I believe that if one were to look for the reason of all the large and small defects in Canadian papers, it would simmer down to this: That the centre of authority in a publishing company under whose direction comes the general design of the paper, the amount and character of its contents, etc., fails to quit his desk occasionally and take the place of the man or woman, tired from a day's work, glancing over the pages of the paper to find a "piece" that interests. This brings us naturally to the neglect of the "human interest" element of news, as shown in the treatment of matter by both reporters and news editors.

Let us again illustrate: Cardinal Logue visited Montreal a short time ago, and the city, which is three parts Catholic, figuratively fell upon the great primate's neck with joy and bade him a hearty welcome. There was an immense turnout at the station, a big parade, profuse handshaking; the Archbishop of Montreal, with his clergy, were present, and men cheered till they were hoarse. The Cardinal apparently was a very genial man, very human, very susceptible to the graceful courtesies showered upon him. He visited this place and that, in fact, spent several days in Montreal among his own people, blessing them and smiling upon their warm-hearted serenades. What a chance for a big warm-blooded story, one might say. Just so, but the Canadian newspapers during the entire time of the Cardinal's visit in

Canada spoke of it as they would the erection of a new bank building—very respectfully, very accurately, but without any human atmosphere. Staid and formal narratives of just what happened. But the readers of newspapers want something more, they want the spirit of the occasion; they want impressionism in place of cataloguing, not canary-coloured journalism, mind you, but clever descriptive “human interest” sketches—stuff that pulsates. The man who interprets the atmosphere of a courtroom where a murder trial is going on is worth ten of his dull-souled fellow, who writes down lines of verbatim evidence only, the kind of journalist who sees the yellow primrose by the river’s brim, as one primrose—not even a yellow one.

That phrase, “human interest” story, has been worn almost threadbare by indiscriminate usage and now applies in careless conversation to everything, even to a good dog fight; but it is what the people want Cardinal Logue (and I cite his case because it is recent and the most glaring) is far more interesting, and does more interesting things than get off a train and shake hands with a bishop. But because the mass of stay-at-home people never got near the dear old man in the articles written about his visit, he passed from sight soon and was forgotten.

Now notice a contrast. The Cardinal went to New York. He was far more a stranger there than in Catholic Quebec, and one might think he would prove of far less interest to newspapers. Not so. They gathered about him respectfully, in excellent humour and sympathy, and treated him always as a great prelate of a great church. His Eminence saw fit to go to Coney Island one day, and there to spend his five cents in a shooting gallery, like any schoolboy. Was not that a chance for a human interest touch? Naturally, and even the staid old New York *Evening Post* unbent to tell its readers about this

dear old man, with the dignity of the Pope upon his shoulders, arguing with his fellow-churchmen that he could hit the clay pipes oftener than they.

To call up another illustration where Canadian newspapers would appear to have “tumbled” (and it is not given as an unrelated anecdote, but rather to prove the existence of a chronic fault shared in degree by all). In a Canadian city a short while ago society turned out *en masse* to a benefit given by a local charity at the leading summer resort near the city. Men and women of exclusive social sets thronged to the public rendezvous where gaieties flourished brilliantly for the greater part of the afternoon. It happened that the certain resort was to that city precisely the same as Coney Island is to New York. But had New York society suddenly trooped over to Coney Island for an afternoon of charitable nonsense, how long would a New York paper have been in seeing the opening for a big “human interest” story? Not long, I warrant you. But with a corresponding event in this other city one might have searched the papers long into the night without finding more than a brief and prosy paragraph of introduction and (most horrible) a list of names.

Here is the motto of the New York *Evening Post*, printed every day at the head of the editor’s column: “The design of this paper is to diffuse among the people correct information on all interesting subjects, to inculcate just principles in religion, morals and politics, and to cultivate a taste for sound literature.”

That is a pretty solid code of newspaper ethics—but it was formulated, not to-day, but in 1801, the date being carefully attached to the *Post*’s preaching.

If this were your model of ideal journalism, could you find one Canadian paper toeing the mark in one single clause? No, nor to any other code which contains in its body an

expressed adherence to a broad news-service or an all-Canada spirit.

In what has been said before little reference has been made to any other than the chief city dailies, for the reason that they are the mould in which the smaller journals are fashioned. An idea once flaunted in journalism, whether in make-up, advertising schemes, or judgment of news importance is quickly imitated

throughout the country. All hope of improving the tone of Canadian journalism must lie in an awakening of the big fellows.

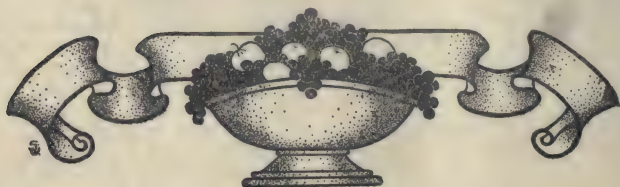
But a journalistic sleep, especially if the creditor is not pinching, holds many fond dreams—dreams that bring only wind-blown fairies who murmur "All's well, all's well." The waking-hour in Canadian journalism will be well worth waiting for.

WALL STREET

By J. D. LOGAN

Thou siren, loathsome yet exceeding fair,
Procuress to the gaping jaws of hell,
Whose million-million victims by thy spell
Lie foully strangled in thy flaming hair,
Like flies enmeshed within the spider's snare,
Oh! by what wiles, satanic, subtle, fell,
Dost thou the avid human horde impel
To proffer thee their most perfervid prayer!

Thou art that darkest, deepest, foulest Lie—
Half truth, half falsehood, a monster strong to thrall
The grasping, clutching beast in human kind;
So doth men's eyes consuming Passion blind
Until to Avarice a prey they fall;
And duped, and broken, gladly will to die!



MOUNTAINEERING IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

BY FRANK YEIGH

"The joy of life in steepness overcome
And victories of ascent, and looking
down
On all that had looked down on us."
—Tennyson.

Mountain climbing in Canada dates from only a quarter of a century ago, while mountaineering as a sport or pastime is less than half a century old, even in Switzerland or India, among the Alps or the Himalayas.

The penetration of our British Columbian and Albertan ranges by the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1886 opened the way for the alpinist, when, for the first time, the vast solitudes of Rockies and Selkirks, of Gold and Cascade Ranges, were made accessible to others than the surveyor or explorer, the hunter or the gold-seeker.

The story of the first ascent of giant mountains is always thrilling. The honour of this pioneer alpine work in Canada belongs, one is glad to record, to Canadians, if the climbs undertaken in the pursuit of official duties be included, as they certainly should. If, however, the credit is kept for only those who climb as a pastime, then

the honour will fall to Swiss, English and American alpinists, whose highly creditable feats will be mentioned later.

It is the intention of the writer to deal with the Rocky Mountains alone in this article, leaving the exploits in the Selkirks for later treatment.

The conquering of the summits of



FINAL PEAK IN THE ASCENT OF MOUNT STEPHEN



CASCADE MOUNTAIN AND LAKE

the Rockies began with the ascent of Mount Stephen on September 9th, 1887, by Mr. J. J. McArthur, a member of the Canadian Topographical Survey, accompanied by "Tom" Wilson, a well-known mountaineer now resident in Banff. It must be remembered that this and similar tasks were performed under special difficulties, and without the assistance of expert Swiss guides or the guidance of blazed trails as is now possible. They had, moreover, to carry heavy supplies as they made their way into the interior valleys, and heavier instruments had to be taken to the summits for the purpose of their topographical work.

Mr. McArthur, therefore, has the honour of being the first to set foot on the roof of the great Cordillerean Range; the first to stand on the King of the Rockies, as Mount Stephen is known. Hidden away in an unattractive looking Government blue book is

the interesting story of the climb:

"Started at 4.30 on September 9, 1887. The slope leading to the top of the blade-like ridge was very steep and covered with a slaty debris, which carried us back at every step. Any attempt to sit down resulted in being carried with an avalanche of shale a considerable distance before we could arrest ourselves. Viewing the sharp, broken declivities up which we would have to climb before we should reach the turret-shaped cliffs at the top, we began to realise the dangers and difficulties of the task. Perpendicular walls often rose before us, the only possible way up which lay through sharp V-shaped gorges broken by short precipices. We had to keep close together and exercise great care, as the displacing of one stone caused a perfect avalanche of rock and gravel. Reaching the base of the turret, we started up another gorge. Progress at times was not much greater than on a



SHOULDER OF MOUNT STEPHEN—CATHEDRAL PEAK IN THE DISTANCE, LEFT HAND

treadmill, as the sliding gravel set in motion by our feet poured with a continuous roar over the precipices below. At last a perpendicular wall, several hundred feet high, rose before us. Inscribed on the rock were three names and the date, September 6, 1886 (representing the highest point then attained).

"Foot by foot we made our way, cutting steps as we ascended, and in time reached the ledge of rock and looked down the perilous slope. A slip on the glare surface meant death, and how we were to get down again caused us no little anxiety. Crawling along dangerous ledges and up steep narrow gorges, we groped our way. At length we reached the top of what we had judged from below to be the highest point of the mountain. But another wall arose several hundred feet higher. We moved along to a slanting rift, up which we clambered, sometimes dependent for a hold

on the first joints of our fingers. After a perilous climb of about a hundred feet we arrived at a débris-covered slope leading to the top of the ridge. It was like a much-broken wall, in some places not more than three feet wide. It required all our nerve to crawl about the eighth of a mile on the top of one of these half-balanced masses to the highest point on the mountain, 6,385 feet above the railway track.

"The air was perfectly still, but the smoke, finally reaching our level from the valleys, made the earth beneath appear like the surface of an ocean, the peaks of the surrounding mountains resembling islands, or rather immense icebergs. We erected a cairn. Descending, we backed down to the edge of the rift up which we had made our way, and with our faces to the rock, and studying every move, at times clinging with the fingers to the shallow crevices and searching for



VICTORIA MOUNTAIN AND GLACIER, LAKE LOUISE

toe-holds, we gradually worked our way down."

One of Mr. McArthur's reports of this period contains a suggestive paragraph that his work of a single year covered more than four hundred square miles, during which he established thirteen triangulation and twenty camera stations which, with the setting of signals, involved the climbing of thirty-eight mountains ranging from 7,000 to over 10,000 feet above the sea. Truly that is a record that deserves to be resurrected from a Government archive!

The climbing work of other Canadians deserves mention, such as that of W. S. Drewry, Otto J. Klotz and Arthur O. Wheeler, all connected with the Canadian Topographical Survey. Mr. Wheeler has, during the pursuit of his official duties, ascended over one hundred peaks in Rockies and Selkirks, and is still adding to the record. A few years ago three Toron-

tonians—Professor A. P. Coleman, of Toronto University, his brother L. Q. Coleman, and L. B. Stewart, covered a distance of two hundred miles from a base around the sources of the Athabaska River, mostly through entirely unmapped territory. Among the mountains climbed by the trio, eight were over 9,000 feet and three over 10,000, while four passes of over 7,000 feet were negotiated.

Another peak ascended by Mr. McArthur and his assistants was Cascade Mountain at the head of the Canmore Valley. A hoary old monster of rock is the Cascade, bearing on its surface the scars and creases of aeons of time. It was first climbed in 1886, the effort being attended with considerable labour and discomfort, not to speak of danger, as there was still a great quantity of snow on the mountains, and snowslides were of frequent occurrence. Achieving the summit, Mr. McArthur recorded his opinion that



PARADISE VALLEY, NEAR LAGGAN. MOUNT SHEOL ON THE RIGHT, MOUNT TEMPLE ON THE LEFT

therefrom is to be found one of the finest and most extensive views in the Rockies, embracing the Bow River and the Cascade, Spray and Simpson Valleys.

On another occasion the weather conditions on the Cascade were very unfavourable. Flying snow clouds frequently obscured the landscape and compelled the surveyors to remain for hours half frozen on the summit.

A near neighbour of the Cascade is Castle Mountain. On one of the ascents made by the McArthur party, they were overtaken by a tremendous rain and snow storm, which lasted for several days. One section of the party was compelled to camp in eighteen inches of snow, with plenty more still coming down. Only a few weeks before they had been snowed in for nine days on the Great Divide. Others of the staff were similarly snow-bound for four days, being unable to procure stones for signal building as the top

of the mountain was a solid mass of ice. Experiences such as these well illustrate the hardships involved and the dangers overcome by these plucky Canadian mountaineers in the pursuit of their professional calling.

Mr. J. H. Scattergood, of Philadelphia, is among those who early climbed Mount Stephen, a record of which is found in the visitors' book kept at the Field hotel:

"With weather misty and damp, though promising, we left Mount Stephen House at 5.45 a.m. A good trail leads through the wood, with an easy rise, and this continues on the steep ridge of a great mound of earth resembling a moraine in shape, until the lower edges of fossil-bearing strata are reached. These continue for perhaps 1,000 feet in altitude, and excellent trilobites and other fossils, clearly defined, can be found at every hand. A little farther up, a prospector's lode for copper ore was passed. Following



THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT ABERDEEN, WITH MOUNT TEMPLE IN THE BACKGROUND

the great western ridge, the small horizontal part about two-thirds of the way up was reached at 8.05. Up to this point the climb had been over loose slate and had been very tiresome, so that the change to larger stones which here occurs was very acceptable, although the latter had been covered slightly with recent snows. This stair-like climb over rocks large and small continues until the first columns which form the summit are reached. These are at an altitude of 9,470 feet, and our time at them was 9.45. At this point the course becomes much steeper, and leads up slightly to the right and between two small lines of columns, until a level bit is reached at an altitude of 9,750 feet. Here we were greatly disgusted to see the weather turn into a snow storm. It was very cold, but as the summit was only about 600 feet higher, we decided to go on. The rope was here put on. From this point the climb changed its nature altogether. Instead of the easy though tiresome slopes of the mountain, an altogether unexpected series of steep climbs on rocks

became necessary, which not only added interest to the climb, but made very great care necessary, particularly with the bad weather conditions and previous deep snow. Skirting to the right, a steep snow couloir was reached where, the snow turning to ice, it became necessary to leave it and go around, first under and then on top of a short but sharp *arete*, which led to the top of the couloir.

"A way was then found straight up a rock face for perhaps seventy-five feet. This is the hardest bit of climbing on the mountain, though it is not so difficult as it looks. With the intense cold and driving snow, and with all the rocks completely hidden under two feet of snow, we found it necessary to again edge to the right until we reached the summit, at 1.40 p.m., at an altitude of 1,350 feet by the barometer. The final climb of only six hundred feet in altitude had required almost three hours. At the summit we found a large cairn and a flag pole bearing a much torn Canadian flag.

"Inasmuch as there was absolutely no view owing to the storm, and we



THE GREAT SNOW CROWN ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT VICE-PRESIDENT

were masses of ice and suffering severely, the descent was started almost immediately. We followed our upward course exactly. The descent from this point was made easier by the fall of snow during the day, so that we came rapidly down and reached the hotel again at 5.50. Total time, 12 hours, 5 minutes."

Cathedral Peak is Mount Stephen's nearest neighbour on the south-east—a gigantic mass of bare rocks whose perpendicular cliffs overawe the beholder when viewed from the base. Mr. Scattergood attempted its ascent on September 15, 1900, but met with failure. Almost carried off his feet by the blinding snow, he scaled a treacherous looking glacier to a height of 9,675 feet, but here further progress was utterly impossible, for an absolutely vertical cliff rose to a height of seventy-five feet on each side. Thus thwarted, though near the summit, the climber and his guide were forced to descend defeated.

In the same month of the same year, Cathedral Peak was successfully negotiated by Rev. James Outram, an intrepid Scotch alpinist, who has since

added many Canadian virgin peaks to his honour roll. Apart from the wonderful extent, beauty and grandeur of the panorama unfolded from the summit of the Cathedral crags, the character and fantastic formation of the mountain makes it a most interesting study as well as an object of exquisite beauty from all points of approach.

On August 26th, 1901, Mr. Outram again climbed Cathedral Peak with Klucker and Bossonary as his Swiss guides. "We left the hotel at Field," he writes in the record, "at 5.25 a.m. and walked up the railway track for about three-and-a-half miles, ascending 500 feet, and moved up the slopes under the crags at 6.30. We gained a ridge at an elevation above Field of 3,000 feet at 8 o'clock, and after a brief halt proceeded to traverse the slopes of loose rocks and débris, which are worse on this mountain than on any other I have seen even in this crumbling limestone district. Across rugged ribs of rock and stony gullies we made our wearisome way, passing the couloir ascended by Scattergood in his attempt on the crags,



A SNOW GULLY ON MOUNT ABERDEEN. THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE IS THE SECOND IN LINE FROM THIS END

till we reached a long steep couloir immediately north of the huge cliffs of the main peak. From here we had a straight up-climb by snow and ice with occasional detours on to the rocks on either side to the col between the crags and the main summit. Thence easy snow *arettes* led to the summit, at an altitude of 10,100 feet. Here we remained two hours, enjoying the fine panorama, and at 1.10 descended nearly to the col and then went down the glacier on the north-west under the wall of the ridge that projects between the Wapta and Cataract valleys above Hector. Forty minutes sufficed to bring us to the base, and in fifty minutes more we had passed the woods and gained the O'Hara Lake trail, arriving at Hector station at 3.30.

This opens up four routes to the centre of Cathedral Mountain, from any of which the main peaks of the crags may be ascended."

Mr. Outram also devoted his attention to neighbouring peaks in the central range of the Rockies, ascending Mount Vaux, 10,570 feet high, and Mount Chancellor, with its dark cliffs and pyramidal summit towering a mile above the Kicking Horse River. The climber was overtaken by a severe storm on the Chancellor, the thunder reverberating with magnificent effect from peak to peak. Just at sunset it cleared, and a wonderful vision of Mount Goodsir was vouchsafed. The storm had powdered all the cliffs with fresh snow and the rosy tints from the dying sun on cloud, rock, snow and glacier were enchanting in their beauty.

But Mr. Outram's master effort was the conquering of lordly Mount Assiniboine—the Matterhorn of Canada

—on September 3rd, 1901. A brief recital is entered by the climber in the Field log book:

"Chr. Hasler, Chr. Bohren and I went by train to Banff on August 30 and were met there by W. Peyto, our outfitter, and J. Sinclair, with horses, etc. On August 31, at 1.45 p.m., our four pack horses, led by Peyto and driven by Sinclair, started, the guides and I following on foot. We went up Healy Creek and camped at 6.30, near the foot of the last lateral valley before the head of the Simpson Pass. Next day, by Peyto's energy and skill, we did a huge day's work of over thirty miles, crossing ridges over 7,000 feet high and with much timber work and climbing to the lake side at the north base of Mount Assiniboine.

"Next day we started on our climb, passing around to the south-west *arete* by the two cols north-west and west of the mountain. We were then enveloped for the day in mist and sleet, but got up to a pinnacle on the south-east ridge about 11,000 feet high. On September 3, in good weather, we got off at 6.10, reaching the north-west col—9,000 feet—at 7.55, the west col—9,500 feet—at 8.45, the south-west *arete*—9,500 feet—at 9.20. We then climbed up the south-west *arete* to the base of the big cliff belt—10,700 feet—and turned to the left gap between the September 2 pinnacle and the main peak, ascending ledges, gullies and cracks to the south *arete*, 11,500 feet, at 12.10, and the summit, 11,800 feet, at 12.35.

"The summit is a twin one, snow-covered and much corniced. Descent by north *arete* and face—the most difficult bit of work yet undertaken in Canada. Steep insecure broken rocks and very steep icy slopes for 2,000 feet, 2.20 to 6.10 p.m. Then easier rocks to glacier and so to camp at 7.45. A splendid traverse. Returned to Banff on the 4th and Field on the 5th, next morning. A snow storm on the night of the 3rd closed the peak for the season."

Though so modestly recorded, the ascent of Assiniboine still stands as one of the great mountaineering feats in Canada. One would scarcely gather from this unadorned tale that the pyramidal top of Assiniboine was before this regarded as inaccessible, that two of its sides are nearly perpendicular, one being a sheer precipice of 600 feet, and that the upper part of the pyramid is partly glare ice and partly loose limestone rock. The record does not state that a slip meant certain death, with a sheer fall of hundreds of feet, nor that the intrepid hunter of hills descended the peak on its northern and perpendicular side—a daring task that called for two hours or over for the first thousand feet.

Mount Goodsir, which is visible to the traveller soon after leaving Field

west-bound, remained unconquered until 1894, when Professor Parker, of Columbia University, and Professor C. E. Fay, of Tufts College, Mass., accomplished the difficult task. Its peak is very bald and blunt, abrupt and rough, icy at times and at others so loftily inaccessible as to discourage any but the most persistent. Speaking of the ascent, Professor Parker said:

"Mount Goodsir is almost perpendicular and it is no wonder that it had been declared impossible of ascent. In one place we went up over a very narrow ridge—an *arete* in the language of mountaineers. It had an edge like a knife, and when we had surmounted it we landed at a cornice of snow. This *arete* was only a foot wide, and on both sides were chasms thousands of feet deep. A mis-step would have meant death. I had, I believe, the two best guides in the world. One of them, Christian Kauffman, boasts, and it is no vain boast, either, that he never makes a step he is not sure of. He tries every place that he proposes to step before he really trusts his weight to it. The real dangers in mountain climbing are the breaking away of the rock or projection by which one is climbing, or the possibility of being carried away by an avalanche, or of being hit by some stone or fragment of ice that has become dislodged or detached from a cliff perhaps thousands of feet over one's head.

"But to return to Goodsir. In places all that saved us was the compact strength of the snow. We were roped together, of course, and after reaching the cornice to which I have referred, it was necessary to ascend this for 300 feet only to reach the face of a cliff 100 feet high and almost perfectly perpendicular. A ledge two or three inches wide would have been a luxury here. We had to climb by means of little projections of stone, possibly an inch out from the main rock, and since we had to, we did it. It is unbelievable the things a man

can do when he has to. And having overcome that difficulty, we were confronted with a worse one — another ridge of snow and rock similar to the one we had encountered lower down. In this case the edge was not more than two inches wide, but we must either go over it or own that Goodsir had beaten us. It was the point at which previous parties had turned back, the point beyond which the peak was declared impassable. No human being had ventured beyond it.

"But I had not come so far to be beaten—to give up the struggle simply because others had done so before me. I thought that with a clear head and steady nerves I could go over it. And over it I went. It required the most careful movements and the utmost nicety in balancing, but it was finally past, and at the farther end was the summit — Mount Goodsir was conquered at last. I was looking down on a sea of peaks, blue and white, gleaming and glistening in their snows, and draped with ever-changing clouds, fleecy and ethereal as gauze draperies. It was a sight never to be forgotten, one which fully repaid me for all the dangers I had faced to see it. It was the finest view in all British America."

Professors Parker and Fay achieved two other notable victories in the Rockies in the ascent of Hungabee (the Indian term for "Chieftain"), which encloses Paradise valley on the west, and Deltaform, one of the Ten Peaks on the range of that name.

"The peak of the Chieftain's cap is as precipitous as that of the Matterhorn," says Prof. Parker. "The first part of the journey was very steep and we were getting along finely when suddenly we came on a vertical cliff in the solid rock, what mountaineers call a 'chimney.' This is one of the most dangerous obstructions that a mountain-climber can meet. This one was only a little over two feet wide, and more than 100 feet high. The only way to get up it was by bracing our feet on the inside walls and work-

ing slowly upward. As there was nothing to cling to it was not exactly an easy job, but by care and hard work we finally reached the top and found ourselves on a steep slope covered with a thin layer of snow. And this was almost as bad as the chimney.

"It extended for about six hundred feet and we had to crawl up it, only to find ourselves at the base of the last cone, 300 feet from the summit, and a split about three feet wide on the rock which must be crossed. That split came near being our undoing. We could not jump it, because there was practically nothing on the other side to land on—nothing but a ledge of rock about an inch wide. So we had to slowly lift ourselves over, and for the third time during the ascent we were in a position of fearful danger, danger beyond any that a mountain-climber takes as a matter of course, and which goes to make up much of the fascination of climbing. But at 11 o'clock in the forenoon we succeeded in reaching the summit of the great Hungabee. The 'Chieftain' who had reared his head unconquered for so many ages was now beneath my feet.

"Next I decided to have a try at Deltaform, another great mountain which had baffled all who tried it. As much as Goodsir was beyond all my previous experience, and Hungabee was beyond Goodsir, Deltaform was difficult beyond Hungabee.

"For hundreds of feet we had to climb straight into the air, with scarcely a place where we could get foothold of any sort. Every device whereby a mountain tries to maintain its exclusiveness was in Deltaform's repertoire. Every possible obstacle warned us back. Chimneys, crevasses, traverses, vertical cliffs and solid ice were all in my path and all had to be surmounted. It took me twenty-one hours, and they were twenty-one hours of mighty strenuous work. Every minute I was undergoing tremendous exertions and facing terrible dangers. The mountain is

11,200 feet high, and we were on its bleak sides all night. It took me four hours to climb the last 100 feet to the summit. And for all of the last 4,000 feet I was overcoming the greatest difficulties, and at any minute a false step would have meant death to all three of us. It was the hardest mountain I have ever climbed.

"No climb ever made in Switzerland can compare with it. Climbing the Matterhorn is like walking up a stairway in comparison. It was the toughest climb, too, I ever made, but if there is a tougher, I, of course, hope to make it some day. But it is quite tough enough.

"I decided to next round off the season with Mount Biddle, another mountain deemed 'inaccessible.' It is almost perpendicular near the top, but after what I had been through it was a picnic. Of course, it was harder than any of the Alps. The Swiss Alps are child's play compared with those mountains in British Columbia and Alberta which I have just conquered.

"While I have only described my ascents, the descents are always infinitely more dangerous than the ascents. Of course, I always went down the same way I had gone up, but going down those pinnacles and cliffs was very much the harder proposition. It was impossible to see where to place the feet, and yet if they had been placed wrongly it would have been instant death not merely to the man making the mis-step, but to the others who were roped to him as well. Every minute is full of danger. For instance, on the day down Hungabee—when we reached the 'chimney,' which I have described in telling of the ascent—an avalanche was sweeping down on us, and we had only just gotten out of its path when it struck. It isn't pleasant to think how close death passed us by."

The Lake Louise district has been the scene of some notable climbing conquests. In 1897 Mount Victoria—"the big snow mountain above the

lake of little fishes," according to the poetic interpretation of the Indian—was climbed by Charles E. Fay, J. N. Collie, Arthur Michael and a Swiss guide, Peter Surbach. Many travelers have gazed upon this mighty snow sheathed mass of rock dominating Lake Louise and constituting the vertebrae of the continent and the Rockies.

Walter D. Wilcox, author of "Camping in the Canadian Rockies," was a pioneer alpinist in this delectable region. Hazel Peak and Mount Temple were ascended by him on two successive days, the first peak being 10,370 feet above the sea, and Mount Temple considerably more. The latter, while one of the most inspiring, is yet one of the most forbidding in the great cluster of summits that marks this wonderful region. There are seven or eight peaks within a radius of six miles, each over 10,000 feet high! Two attempts were made by Mr. Wilcox on the great Temple. At 10,000 feet he came suddenly to a vertical wall of rock about 400 feet high, and actually leaning over in many places. Never in his life had he been so impressed with the stern and desolate side of nature. All was gloomy, cold and monotonous in colour. Three thousand feet below, a small lake was still bound fast in the iron jaws of winter. Inert, inanimate nature seemed to hold perpetual rule in an everlasting winter where man rarely ventures. Finally the venturesome climber in this weird domain of silence reached the exalted throne of the mountain, and in honour of the event many a hearty cheer rent the thin air from the little party of three, for they were standing where no man had ever stood before, and probably at the highest altitude yet reached in North America north of the United States boundary.

It will thus be seen that many of the higher peaks of the Rockies, mostly contiguous to the railway, have been climbed by Canadian, Scotch, United States and Swiss mountain-

eers. A fresh stimulus to this kind of pastimes, as its devotees would fain term it, has been given by the organisation of the Alpine Club of Canada. Its first camp, held in July of 1906 in the Yoho region, was described in *The Canadian Magazine* for July, 1907.

During the summer of 1907 the camp was held in Paradise Valley, when an even larger number entered the ranks of the qualified by climbing Mounts Temple and Aberdeen, while,

in 1908, the camp was held in Rogers' Pass of the Selkirks. The 1909 camp will be held in July at Lake O'Hara.

One of the many commendable objects of this, the youngest alpine club in the world, is to make known to Canadians the great heritage of hills they possess in the Rocky Mountains, and, in making it known, to encourage mountain climbing as one of the most exhilarating and uplifting of pastimes.

THE SNOW-BIRDS

(LES OISEAUX BLANCS)

FROM THE FRENCH OF LOUIS FRÉCHETTE

By JOHN BOYD

When 'neath the wintry skies
The snow-clad valley lies, -
When ever-green arise
The stately pines on high,
When from their branches tossed,
Dissolving in the sun,
Fast falls the silvery frost;
When April seems to stray
From out its destined way—
From spring to us they come,
These messengers so gay!

Far from softer rests,
In more benignant climes—
Where sun of summer shines;
Where, hid by silken moss,
Untouched by snow or frost,
Lie hidden other nests—
You wing your speedy flight
To shores as bleak as night.
May sends you on your ways
To tell of happier days!

When seen, your silken wing,
Oh, little birds, you bring
Peace to the mournful soul;
Away the dark clouds roll;
The heart is stirred with joy,
With joy without alloy;
From God, sweet birds, you bring
The hope of gladsome spring.

From the cold and the snow,
From tempest and flood,
May God in His love
His protection bestow,
Little birds!

EUPHEMISMS

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON

THE tendency of mankind to soften repellent ideas by pleasant or playful terms is as wide-spread as the tendency to veil physical ugliness. Death, "the King of Terrors," the bug-bear of all mortals save philosophers and devotees, is described in many soothing terms and phrases. The restfulness of death is suggested in such synonyms as "falling asleep," and "entering into one's rest." The idea that to die is to join a vast and goodly company is conveyed in the expression "going over to the majority." In some phrases dying is represented as a mere change of scene; the dead are the "departed" or the "deceased," which means the same. On the principle of whistling to keep one's courage up, death is spoken of, in flip-pant slang, as "passing in one's checks" or "going to Davy Jones' locker." "Kicking the bucket" can hardly be called a euphemism, for the "bucket" in this phrase meant the cross beam to which the feet of slaughtered pigs were tied. Archbishop Sandys, when in danger of being executed (Froude's England, 6, 27) expressed his fears that he and his friends would be "made deacons of"—a deacon's crown being usually shorn. Among criminals hanging is spoken lightly of as being "stretched" or as "a dance upon nothing."

A number of euphemisms are employed to glaze over immoralities. Certain women have been called *petites dames*, *bona robas*, *filles de joie*. Incontinence is sometimes miscalled gallantry or even love—an idea that is

embodied in the word "*paramour*." The French are much given to this kind of euphemism. It is one of their pleasant ways of making "vice itself lose half its evil by losing all its grossness,"—to use the pretty but questionable phrase of Burke. "Frisky," "fast," "flirtatious," are often mildly applied to persons deserving harsher epithets. Conversations now are "risky" that fifty years ago would have been taboo. The American squeamishness that substituted a "limb" for a "leg" and condemned the innocent use of words because in other connections they might convey an improper meaning, appears to be dying out. Of persons addicted to such finical euphemisms one may well say "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*." Another variety of squeamishness very inaccurately substitutes "Hades" for "Hell," which the translators of the Bible have the bad taste to use invariably in its proper place. Certain euphemisms, of course, are originated and required by a regard for decency.

The repulsiveness of insobriety is cloaked by soothing epithets, such as "mellow," "merry," "jolly screwed," "primed," "tight." Sometimes a "worshipper of Bacchus" is called "maudlin," a term which originally implied a likeness to the Weeping Magdalene; sometimes he is said to be "as drunk as a lord," a left-handed compliment to the nobility that formerly was fairly well deserved. Some seductive names are given to intoxicants: "*parfait amour*," "Cream of the valley" (gin), "White satin"

(gin), "mountain dew," "*liebfräulich*," "*benedictine*." Indeed some liqueurs have names that might commend them to unwary teetotallers, such as "*crème de rose*," "*cacao*," "*café*," "*thé*." An American bar-keeper in London some years ago, not content with the various mixed drinks invented by his countrymen, added several more to his printed list. Among these were several alluring and imaginative names, such as "Ladies' Blush" and "Bloom of the Morning." Of "*eau de vie*" (water of life), as a name for brandy, Archbishop Trench observed that the untutored Indian with truer instinct called it "fire-water." With equally true insight the treator sometimes uses the formula "Nominate your poison," and the treated party occasionally remarks, as he raises his glass, "Here goes another nail in my coffin!" To speak of taking a drink as "taking a smile" is, however, more seductive and better for the trade. A very effective euphemism has, however, been adopted by prohibitionists. They call themselves "temperance" folk, and speak of their propaganda as a "temperance" movement, although, if it were practicable, it would render temperance in drink impossible.

The slang of law-breakers, amateur and professional, naturally contains numerous euphemisms. The "hopper" was one of their playful ways of designating the dreaded treadmill. Pilferers share Pistol's contempt for the word "steal" and prefer "prig," "pinch," "bag," "crib," "nick," "bone," "scoop," "nab," and several other synonyms. The French playfully call thieves "*chevaliers d'industrie*," as we call them "the light-fingered gentry." "Palm-oil" is a term once in vogue to designate money discreetly placed in the palm of the hand, as a bribe or an "inducement." Corrupt politicians try to disguise the criminality of robbing the public by inventing new names for this form of fraud. These terms are usually short-lived, owing to the dis-

repute they speedily acquire. The pickings or "perquisites" of heelers or bosses are not called thefts; they are "graft" or "boodle" or "rakes off." Those who venture to expose them are denounced in language that is far from euphemistic; they are branded as muck-rakers or defamers of their country. Mediæval poisoners used an "inheritance powder," a "*poudre de succession*" they called it, in the interest of impatient heirs. Death was not caused by his drugs, said an Italian poisoner; it was only "assisted" (*aiutata*). Before parting with the criminals, we may note the polite expression of the police in making an arrest—they gently inform the culprit that he is "wanted," and to save him from unnecessary exertion they sometimes place a pair of pleasantly-named "bracelets" upon his wrists.

Men have lost fortunes in so-called "play" and inflicted tortures on animals in so-called "sport." But if such euphemisms are to be deprecated, others are harmless or commendable. "*Hôtel Dieu*" is a pretty name for a hospital and "*mont-de-piété*" for a pawnbroker's shop. Relations who are frequently unpopular are politely called by the French "*belle mère*" and "*beau-frère*." Skunk fur is known in trade as "Alaska sable" and a similar subterfuge is adopted to overcome the unreasonable prejudice against dog-fish as a food. An unattractive personal perfume has been euphemistically styled "*bouquet d'Afrique*." The parlance of the prize-ring used to abound in picturesque euphemisms, such as sending a boxer "on a visit to his mother," or "tapping his claret." Disguised or contracted oaths, which have been dealt with elsewhere by the present writer, are part of the "homage paid by vice to virtue." Their apparent object is to retain the efficacy of the undisguised oath as a safety valve, while evading its guiltiness.

While nowadays we employ euphemism chiefly to veil moral or

material ugliness and to lull the qualms of inconvenient consciences, the Greeks, who gave us the term, used the figure from a different motive. They thought it inauspicious to apply harsh epithets to malignant beings or to unlucky things. Thus they sought to soothe the wrath of the Furies by styling them the Eumenides (the kindly ones), and they tried to avert ill-boding phenomena appearing on their left by substituting *euonumos* (of good report) for their ordinary synonym for "left." For *kakos* (bad) they sometimes used *heteros* (other). A trace of the same superstition among our own forefathers is seen in their calling whimsical and often mischievous elves the "fairies" or "good-folk." It is flippancy or scepticism, rather than any hope of propitiating him, that makes people use complimentary names for the Devil, such as "His Satanic Majesty," "Old Nick" or "The Old Gentleman."

An extension of the euphemistic principle in certain directions might be desirable. The language of some people shows a tendency to glory in their shame and to shock others. And this counter tendency is not confined to the slang of hoodlums or the scurrilities of political and sectarian controversy. One set of *mauvais sujets* in London styled themselves the "Hell-fire Club;" another in Paris called themselves "*roués*," at a time when the word meant persons deserving to be broken on the wheel. More than one corps has dubbed itself "The Devil's Own." To die is sometimes coarsely called "to croak." With shocking playfulness, cruel instruments of torture were nicknamed "The Maiden" and "The Scavenger's Daughter." It will be remembered that the redoubtable *Major Hannibal Chollop* in "Martin Chuzzlewit," used to call his bowie-knife "Ripper," in pleasant allusion to its efficiency in "ventilating the stomach of an adversary."

WOULDST THOU BE FAIRER ?

By E. M. YEOMAN

Wouldst thou be fairer set in pomp of thrones,

Thy form adorned with wealth of cunning lands :

Purple from Chios, decked with Indian stones

Graven for thee by deft Egyptian hands ;

Thy brown head crowned with gold the savage sifts

From desert sands, where the dread Gryphid dwells ;

Thy fondling hands enriched with odorous gifts

Of Arab perfumes pent in Red Sea shells ?

Ah, no!—the sage resolving secret things

Shall find his answer in simplicity.

Our fairest skies are clear, our sweetest springs.

Ev'n so, my heart finds all its quest in thee,—

Loftily simple, ev'n as now thou stand'st,

In woodland guise, thy blue gaze on the west,

A lily-flower in thy fondling hand,

A rose of Canada upon thy breast.

THE POET OF THE LAURENTIANS

BY MELVIN O. HAMMOND

"LET me write a nation's songs and I care not who makes its laws," someone has written. The utterance was not by a Canadian, though well it might have been, for the work of song writing has yet largely to be done. The French-Canadians have many simple folk songs, sung to weird fascinating music, but the English-speaking peoples are only finding their national consciousness and realising the need of national songs after having used and misused those brought from the old land by their forefathers. While the respective advocates of "O Canada" and "The Maple Leaf" are contending for supremacy with the masses of the people, let us look for a little at the work of a man whose poetic candle has been burning with a fitful ray, now dim, now brilliant, with the passion of patriotism or of tenderness. The man is Frederick George Scott, Canon and rector of St. Matthew's Church, Quebec, a writer who might fittingly be termed the Poet of the Laurentians.

Mr. Scott's work has been before the people of Canada for upwards of twenty years, first in a modest, thin volume entitled "The Soul's Quest," since increased by three or four other thin books of poetry and two others containing dramas. His range of subjects has steadily developed, but through it all there is a note of tenderness and human sympathy. As a clergyman, it is but natural that he should be a lover of his fellow-men, and this is

one of the pronounced features of all his work. From an interpreter of biblical story and Norwegian lore, Mr. Scott has evolved into a poet who sings of the natural beauties of the Laurentians and an exponent of British Imperialism. His Imperialism is not so easily explained as his love of nature. For his enthusiasm for the mountains he needs go no farther than his own verandah. His northern windows look upon the St. Charles valley and the Laurentians beyond in all their ever-changing charm and magnificence. In winter their white grandeur would be monotonous but for the shifting purples of the cloud shadows. In spring the pale green waxes to the deep and varied tones of the June luxuriance. Over the kingdom of undulating forest the very clouds drive their chariots in summer, and in autumn a procession of prismatic splendour moves across the hillsides until lost in the dust and ashes of November.

Over these intervening acres marched in deadly strife the armies of Wolfe and Montcalm, upon whose trenches the pedestrian may yet stumble as he fares to Montmorency. To the other side of the poet's abiding place stands the rock of Cape Diamond, with its ever-inspiring flag unfurled from the King's bastion, and beyond, the Plains of Abraham, the scene of the last great struggle between French and English for Canada.

Here then are the two main influences upon Mr. Scott's poetry, the Imperialism which comes from a full



heart, though living amid people largely of an alien race and tongue, and the love of the Laurentians, whose majesty and changefulness are hourly thrust upon his vision, and whose paths are penetrated from time to time with the zest of a school-boy after butterflies. To these may be added the influence of biblical and other historical researches, and lastly

the influence which comes from the everyday contact of a sympathetic heart with the rich and poor, the proud and the humble, the strong and the weak of the clergyman's world.

It is not intended here to review Mr. Scott's verse. The volumes speak for themselves. A rapid glance at some of his characteristic poems may be of service. "Samson" and "Thor"



THE VALLEY OF THE ST. CHARLES AND THE LAURENTIAN HILLS, LOOKING OUT FROM THE
POET'S GARDEN AT QUEBEC CITY

are two of the more lengthy selections in the volume entitled "My Lattice and Other Poems," and are, generally speaking, of one type. "Samson" is a graphical portrayal of a biblical story of Samson's imprisonment, while "Thor" is a highly imaginative poem describing the falling of the god of thunder under the spell of the moon-lady. Each possesses undoubted strength, the latter ranking among the best of the imaginative verse of Canada. "A Dream of the Prehistoric" is one of the most frequently quoted of Mr. Scott's poems. It is an instructive suggestion of the world and its inhabitants in prehistoric times and of the accomplishment of man during his occupation. Other examples of Mr. Scott's imaginative verse are "Natura Victrix" and "The Frenzy of Prometheus." Such titles as these have in his recent volumes, however, given place to more popular subjects, indi-

cating an inspiration from world-vision rather than the contents of an ample library. Among his tender human poems have been "Love Slighted," "Van Elsen," "The Cripple," "Lost Love," "Buried Love," and "Little Friend's Grave." "Buried Love" is a delightful fancy in which Love is pictured as living all winter in a house of snow, weeping—

"For the little maid that sleeps—
Sleeps beneath the snow.

And when spring shall come again
And the warm winds blow,
Tears have made his sight so dim
That the world will seem to him
Buried still in snow."

The influence of his surroundings is seen in a number of Mr. Scott's most charming verses. "My Lattice" speaks in tones of delicate fancy of the wonder world of the unpeopled north beyond the St. Charles. "A Nocturne" is a richly imaginative



"THE POET OF THE LAURENTIANS," IN THE GARDEN WITH A BELOVED COMPANION

sketch of a scene on a stormy night in an empty French-Canadian church, where in a swaying building shadows dance across the floor from the light of an oil lamp, making an uncanny congregation to listen to the storm king's voice. "The Unnamed Lake," while lacking perhaps the touch of tender intimacy of Drummond's "Little Lac Grenier," describes a familiar feature of the Laurentian country with touching simplicity and realism. "The Storm" is a graphic glimpse of the terror inspired by one of nature's outbursts in the northern hills. Here is the first verse:

"O grip the earth, ye forest trees,
Grip well the earth to-night,
The Storm-God rides across the seas
To greet the morning light."

The note of tenderness follows in "The River," a composition of haunting beauty. The first verse reads:

"Why hurry, little river,
Why hurry to the sea?
There is nothing there to do
But to sink into the blue
And all forgotten be.
There is nothing on that shore
But the tides for evermore,
And the faint and far-off line
Where the winds across the brine
For ever, ever roam
And never find a home."

Finally, for the purpose of these citations and quotations there is "The Laurentians," in which the poet's thoughts move in slow and dignified majesty reflective of the mountains themselves:

"These mountains reign alone, they do
not share
The transitory life of woods and
storms;
Wrapped in the deep solemnity of
dreams,
They drain the sunshine of the upper air.
Beneath their peaks, the huge clouds,
here and there,
Take counsel of the wind, which all
night screams
Through grey burnt forests where the
moonlight beams
On hidden lakes, and rocks worn smooth
and bare.

These mountains once, throned in some
primal sea,
Shook half the world with thunder, and
the sun
Pierced not the gloom that clung
about their crest;
Now with sealed lips, toilers from toil
set free,
Unvexed by fate, the part they played
being done,
They watch and wait in venerable
rest."

In his last volume of verse, "The Hymn of Empire and Other Poems," issued two years ago, Mr. Scott made his first pronounced stand as a poet of Imperialism. "A Hymn of Empire," fervent beyond the thoughts of many native Britons, is probably the strongest example. Another example is "The Return of the Troops" (from South Africa), a voice from Canada rebuking the pro-Boers of England. Mr. Scott's last published work was a mystery play, "The Key of Life," issued a year ago, giving in dramatic form the events of the birth of Christ. Throughout Mr. Scott's work, in fact, there is a recurring religious note.

His most conspicuous poem in the last couple of years was "Canada: An Ode," read at the Royal Society meeting at Quebec during the Tercentenary celebration. In this Mr. Scott strikes his highest note of patriotism. The

circumstances of its production, as narrated by Mr. Scott to the writer, are interesting. Part of it was written during the winter and then laid aside. On showing it to a friend, Mr. Scott was urged to complete it. The matter was neglected until one night a clerical call took the rector of St. Matthew's across the river to Levis. Here it was again shown that extraordinary conditions cannot restrain the operation of the magical muse. "I felt something coming," said Mr. Scott in describing the incident, "and while I was on the ferry boat, sitting between two stout French women who were talking in their own tongue across my lap, several of the lines came to me. I wrote them down, fearful otherwise of their flight. Then on the way up the street in Levis, in the darkness of night, more of the lines came to me and I stopped here and there under the street lamps and wrote them down."

If Mr. Scott had never written any verse he would still be famed for his personality. To meet him is to know him at once for a poet or at all events a man of high artistic gifts. He has a kindly, impulsive temperament. His clerical duties in a populous parish are heavy, and the calls upon his time are without number and often unreasonable. Surrounded by an interesting family, some of them approaching manhood, he is a typical active, nervous, thoughtful Canadian.

Mr. Scott spends much time in his garden in summer. It is an extensive plot for a city residence, and from any point of it he commands a magnificent view of the St. Charles valley. With his faithful dog, he sits in a shady bower, retreats behind his lattice, wanders among the fruit trees, or plays croquet with his sons. When he is recalled to his more routine duties he is probably prompted to say, as he said to the present writer, under the irritation of a worldly trifle, "Purgatory for me will be five hundred years of catching trains and two thousand years of remembering names."



The Northwest Arm, Halifax

NORTHWEST ARM

By

LILIAN VAUX MacKINNON

Into the shelter of the quiet land
A restless arm of ocean is outflung,
And straightway are its heaving waters calmed
The placid shores and leafy glades among.

Beyond the harbour, sea-fogs, and the moan
Of storms, and billows white with foaming crest;
Within, the guardian shores look kindly down
With benediction of unbroken rest.

Yet sea-gulls push their white-winged passage through,
Such charmed waters cannot hold them long;
Out to the ocean's tempests must they go;
Only the blast can lure souls that are strong.

The mirrored water meets the heaving deep,
The green-clad slopes merge into shoreless space,
'Tis mighty powers alone such stillness keep;
An ocean's fullness thunders in its place!

THE CARD-HOUSE

BY E. S. KEMP ROBINSON

"YOU can't come in," called out Helena's voice as I opened the door of the smoking room.

I stopped obediently, and stood where I was, in the doorway, wishing rather that our hostess could have chosen someone else to perform this particular errand. I am always delighted to be of service to her, as she knows, but all the same I could not help feeling that I was not quite welcome here, even as her messenger. Inside the room were two card tables set a yard or so apart, and by one of these, on a chair, stood Helena, and by the other young John Mowbray, the son of the house, likewise on a chair, and they were each in the act of adding a storey to a pagoda of cards already about three feet high, with which they had been amusing themselves together all the time since luncheon—the afternoon being soaking wet. On my appearance they stopped. The building operations had evidently reached too critical a stage to be carried on amid interruptions, and, as I did not go away, very slowly and cautiously Helena turned round to see who it was.

"Oh, it's only you, is it?" she said fairly kindly. "Well, stand just where you are, and don't breathe for a minute. Now, Mr. Mowbray!"

Then followed a dead silence, while the tenth storey was added to each of the pagodas; Helena's with apparent ease, but young John made a terrible business of his, seeming nervous and excited out of all proportion to the importance of such a competition, and

every moment I expected to see his castle come down with a run. However, he managed somehow, and then they both stood upright and turned to me, ready to hear the explanation I doubtless had to offer for my intrusion on their privacy.

"I've come to fetch you to tea," I said, wondering rather impatiently why a servant could not have been sent. "Mrs. Mowbray says, if you want any you must come at once, as they're going to have some music."

"Oh, bother!" said Helena from her chair. "We really can't come just now. I don't want any tea." Then she added, seeing, perhaps, an expression of surprise I could not quite conceal: "It's a bet. Mr. Mowbray betted me six pairs of gloves he could build a higher card-house than I could."

"Did he?" I said. "You'll lose, John. Why, you nearly had them down last time. I hope you got her to give you pretty substantial odds, did you?"

John did not answer, and did not appear to have noticed my question. His manner was decidedly the reverse of genial, and I thought he was a little childish and unreasonable, as he had heard me say I had been sent for them, and he might have known that I should not have come of my own accord. I turned to Helena, and somewhat to my surprise I saw her climbing down from her chair.

"We may as well have some tea after all," she said, without looking at either of us. "We can finish after-

wards. Nobody will come in here for a little. Be careful how you get down."

She did not appear to have heard either; and, without being particularly curious about the matter, I repeated my question to her, more, perhaps, because it is slightly irritating not to be answered when one speaks than for any other reason.

"Did you bet him level?" I asked. "If so, I think it was rather sharp practice. I'd give him four to one, and be glad of the chance, on what I've seen of your form."

She gave a little laugh.

"No—not exactly level," she said, passing by me quickly, without looking up. "Mind and not bang the door."

It was, of course, their bet and not mine, and if they did not want to tell me the terms of it I was the last person in the world to display impertinent curiosity; even though, glancing a moment at Helena, I fancied her colour was a little brighter than usual; and furthermore, when we reached the drawing-room door, instead of coming in with us, she turned suddenly and ran away up the staircase, saying something about getting a handkerchief. All this was just a little tantalising, but still, it was no affair of mine, and, after wondering a moment what all the mystery was about, I dismissed the matter from my mind; and, as I do not much care for music, I thought I would go out on to the verandah, the smoking-room being denied to me, and have a pipe until it was over; or perhaps the rain would stop, and I could get out and stretch my legs before dinner was ready.

There were several chairs out there, and, quite by chance, I seated myself on one just outside one of the smoking-room windows. I did not notice this until I had made myself comfortable and was in the act of lighting up, when something moving inside the room caught the corner of my eye and made me look in. I

stopped, match in hand, and for the life of me I could not help watching. It was Helena. I could see her perfectly plainly. Her face was flushed and her lips parted, and there was a frightened, guilty look in her eyes that sent a cold shiver all down my back. She came swiftly across the room to one of the card tables, gave one glance backwards towards the door, listened a moment, and then, before I could move a muscle, she stretched out her hand and deliberately pulled away the bottom story of the pagoda which stood on it. I saw her start and shrink back as the cards came rustling and flapping down, and then in a moment she had glided out of the room like a ghost, and noiselessly closed the door.

I lit my pipe mechanically, feeling a little dazed and shaken; rather as though something had exploded suddenly under my nose. Surely this was going rather far. I had heard much of the lack of what is called the sporting instinct in women, and had even, at certain times and in certain company, said myself, half jokingly, things that implied a minimum of confidence in the honesty and uprightness of the sex, as these qualities are understood by us. But that was about women in general, and I had certainly never dreamed that Helena, whom I had known ever since she was a little baby, could have actually done a thing like this for the sake of a paltry six pairs of gloves, or, indeed, for the sake of anything in the world. I could hardly believe it, though I had seen it with my own eyes. It was all so carefully planned, too. It was not even as though she had yielded to a moment's temptation—found herself in the room with the table at her elbow and nobody about, and this horrible idea suddenly occurring to her—though that would have been bad enough in all conscience. But she had deliberately invented an excuse for going upstairs until we were out of the way, come back to the room with a fixed purpose,

and carried it out with every appearance of conscious guilt.

I am very fond, indeed, of Helena, but I could not disguise from myself that this was sailing rather near the wind; and, indeed, that she had done something which, if publicly known, would give rise to a good deal of disagreeable comment, woman or no woman. It was really rather serious. I wondered very much whether I ought to speak to her about it, and get myself disliked till the end of my days, as I certainly should do. But perhaps, after all, that was really rather more than could be required of me.

I was thinking about this when, for some reason or other, I remembered the scene in the smoking-room when I had interrupted them. I had it before my eyes very vividly; Helena on this side, John on that, building their card-castles like a pair of great, contented children. Then, after a little, a most astonishing fact asserted itself. It was some seconds before I could quite grasp it, and convince myself that I was not confusing things somehow. But it was quite correct. John had been on that side, Helena on this. They had stood thus and no otherwise. And now Helena—I leaned back in my chair, and really I could not help chuckling a little, though perhaps it was not, strictly speaking, a laughing matter. Still it certainly had its humorous side. It was her own castle, and not John's, that Helena had destroyed.

There could be no doubt about this. I went over it all carefully in my mind, and turned and looked in at the window again, to make quite certain how the room lay. There was certainly no mistake about the facts. Only, as I sat there smoking, I could not for the life of me understand quite how Helena could have made such a stupid blunder. I supposed she was in such a fluster that she scarcely

knew what she was doing. Still, the tables stood just as she had left them. One would have thought that it was impossible she should lose her head so completely at the last moment, after laying all her plans with such coolness and skill. I could not understand it. The more one thought about it, the less likely it seemed. Was it possible that Helena was unwilling to accept gloves from young John, and, foreseeing that she would win in the ordinary course, had resorted to this trick to ensure her own defeat, on that account? Somehow I did not think so. And yet what other conceivable reason could she have for wanting to lose?

I had read a good deal in books about the extraordinary complexity of the feminine character, and the strange motives by which women and girls are said to be actuated, and I tried now to recall what I had learned in this way to see if it would help me. But it certainly did nothing of the sort. And then, while I was beginning to flounder hopelessly among all sorts of impossible nonsense, and rapidly growing stupid, I heard, almost as in a dream, a murmur of voices coming from the room behind me. One of them was Helena's. "The bet's off—of course," she was saying. "You haven't won fairly. Someone's been in—Mr. Mowbray! Oh, no, no! you mustn't! If you do I'll never speak to you again, as long as I live!"

But then I made an effort, and pulled myself together, realising that this was no dream, and that I had better be going. I got up very quietly from my chair, and went along to the end of the verandah and down into the garden, the rain having almost stopped. Because betting debts are debts of honour and must be paid, as everyone knows. Still, I wonder rather what Helena will say when I ask her how it was she came to lose.

FIRST ENGLISHWOMEN IN LETTERS

BY IDA BURWASH

READING down the list of English writers, it is not till the fifteenth century that a woman's name appears—the name of Juliana, Prioress of Sopwell, author of "The Booke of Hunting," "The Art of Hawking," and "The Lawes of Armes," is the first.

During the sixteenth century woman kept her counsel secretly. Through the Reformation days she lived intensely—brilliantly and dramatically in the days of Queen Elizabeth, too disturbed or too absorbed under stress of the live spirit of the Renaissance to think of anything but living. It was a time in which her pen was practically unused. Uncommunicative she remained till the close of the seventeenth century, when two women-writers appear contemporaneously. One by birth a laughter, the other by circumstance a mourner, they form a striking contrast; the one, a dashing, careless actress and playwright, the other, a gentle, religious, titled lady early widowed by a cruel stroke. England's daughters both, their laughter and tears echo the clashing of claims during England's stormiest period—the days of the sombre Roundhead and jovial Cavalier. Susanna Centlivre seemed to breathe the breath of reaction from the day of her birth. Soulsick of the perverse Puritan, who with the smooth satisfaction with which he had locked up the theatre doors would have trampled the glory of Shakespeare himself if he could, down goes her laugh and her scorn of him on the

yellow page of her old printed plays! Saint or sinner, she tosses him off with the same reckless abandon with which she married and buried her various husbands and squandered her short span of years. Her "Simon Pure" is the broadest of caricatures, no doubt, but with a seasoning of truth that must have stung, the *Hypocrite* stands unmasked.

Under control, this keen sense of the comic in the ludicrous shifts of a frail humanity would have been a rare gift. But her license has spoiled it for modern taste; it is well to remember, however, that these were the times when English society was but a blemish more or less. Excess is the natural outcome of unnatural restraint, and in the days of the Restoration its flaunting and lawless spirit seemed to flare up afresh in the comic drama.

Then as now, success was sweet to the artist soul. Then as now, life meant clothes and food and shelter. Clever play-writing meant ease of living, and the sudden relief from restraint made gaiety "go" with the mass of the people. The temptation might well have tested a steadier nature; for the woman of then knew nothing of education as known by the woman of to-day. All in all, when the time is considered, this first appearing of woman in print stands on its merit fairly.

Curiously, the year of this playwright's death marks the death of the Lady Rachel Russel—whose "Letters" reveal the profound and secret

development of the germ of the Puritan genius in the heart of a gentle woman — that steadfast look beyond the deeps, the courage that could stay itself upon the fact that her martyred husband, whose greatest fault was his faultlessness, had died "with the fortitude of a Christian," faithful to God and Country.

Largely personal in quality, letters admit of but little criticism. Much of their interest lies in the character of the writer so naïvely written between the lines; and unconsciously as a flower breathes its fragrance on the wind do the letters of the Lady Rachel breathe through their sadness the sweetness and native endurance of her long-widowed soul.

But with the eighteenth century there comes a change of atmosphere. At its opening, the Lady Mary Montagu leads off brilliantly with her famous correspondence. Both in England, as abroad, letter-writing was the accomplishment of the women of that day. Music and Art being still to them untrodden regions, letter-writing proved a wholesome means of self-expression. The name of Madame de Sévigné will last with the lasting of French literature. The delicate sparkle of her wit, her grace and personality are charms as powerful to-day as they were two hundred years ago. On the other hand, Lady Mary's correspondence reveals the writer's larger soul and greater vigour. There are curious coincidences in the lives of these two writers. Both were left motherless in infancy. Both were educated out of the common way of women. The Abbé de Livry, "*le bien bon*," as she fondly calls him, took careful charge of Madame de Sévigné's training. The Bishop Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, superintended Lady Mary's "classics." Both women were beautiful in person and both were faithful wives, though neither found her husband exactly satisfactory. Both, too, were exceptional mothers and each had two children—in each case a son and a

daughter — both sons disreputable, both daughters exemplary. Each also reflected her surroundings: the one leaving memorable pictures of the dull-hued interiors of the Courts of the first Georges, the other, of the brilliant pageantry of Louis Quatorze. The literary tone of the France of Madame de Sévigné was greatly in advance of Lady Mary's England. Among her intimates were Corneille, Racine, Molière and La Fontaine, each a shining star in a galaxy of brilliant writers. Her letters are said to give a truer history of the gorgeous Louis than any that have been written. They reveal a mother-love unsurpassed in devotion and a poet's sympathy with nature in their fresh pictures of country scenes. Varied and *spirituelle*, they are written with a charming naturalness that puts the French-woman's native seal of fitness of manner to her matter.

Lady Mary's more direct and stronger personality handled her pen with greater firmness. Her stroke was the satirist's rather than the humourist's more gentle-healing touch. The keen edge of her wit jagged more than one of her friendships; while in character and intellect she reached so far beyond her age as to touch here and there the aims and struggles of the women of to-day. She described carefully what she saw. She wrote as she felt and thought and not as the conventionality of the day would have her think. Her very wit, keen to note what would have slipped by duller minds unseen, threw into greater prominence the vices and follies of her time. She was not without her faults, faults of style as faults of character, yet through all alike, her failings as her efforts, there breathes a quality of greatness, the birthright of all natures born to love and live the truth. Quite apart from letters, she remains a benefactor to her race; for it was entirely owing to her efforts that inoculation was introduced into England.

But it is as letter-writer, by pecu-

liar excellence, that she is cherished by all true lovers of the English tongue. Her pen, wit and interests were versatile as her surroundings. Not only were her pen and ink portraits of the first Georges and their favourites faithful to details, but they indicate in just the clever lining of the satirist that touch of the burlesque attaching to the early Hanoverian in England. Equally clever and amusing are her sketches of Continental customs, yet in the novelty of these experiences her judgment did not fail. She upheld her position as ambassador with dignity and brilliancy.

It was then, when plunged into the splendour of the East, that the artist in the woman really awoke. Her glowing fancy caught at once the soft dark beauty of the Oriental women. She described them as she saw them—reclining in the gorgeousness of their apartments or against the glory of their gardens amid the music and the sparkle of their silver fountains. With ready interest and active mind she identified herself with these Turkish women. Disguised in "ferigee and asmack" she wandered the streets of Constantinople at her own sweet will, delightedly alive to all its picturesque variety—mosque and minaret, bazaar and bath, palaces and people. Yet mindful of her husband's dignity, she could be magnificent upon occasion. Dressed in a splendid Turkish costume of rose and silver, white and gold, dazzling in flowing caftan and velvet talpac studded and strewn with blazing jewels, she visited the Turkish ladies in the privacy of their apartments. But, if prejudiced, her criticism melted before the perfect grace of the Sultana Fâtima as she arose in stately beauty to receive her English guest, "putting her hand to her heart with a sweetness full of majesty that no court breeding could ever give."

Returning home by way of Greece, every scene embodied a poetical idea; the poetry of nature heightened by the poetry of classic story. But it is in her later correspondence that we

have the best of Lady Mary—less of imagery, perhaps, but more of character. She was compelled by ill-health to spend her old age in Italy. It was but natural, then, as time went on, that the old riot of wit and fancy should give place to riper judgment and philosophy. But to the last her inborn humour was irrepressible. She was fast going blind, and could no longer see to read by candle-light. Yet she could feel the drollery of her own situation as she taught the three old priests, her only neighbours, to play "whist" with her to enliven her evenings. Even yet, as we turn the yellow pages of these letters, scenes and events of every day, flashed through her bright intelligence, live in a constant play of light and shade before us—her old castle at Louvere, bought for a song, and her delight in it; the freedom of her outdoor life; the success of her farming ventures; her dairy, poultry, bees, and silkworms, and her delight at her success in doubling her capital; her summer camp in the old farm-house, with its floor strewn with rushes: its chimney covered with moss and green branches, blooming flowers set about in the great earthenware pots so artistically fashioned by the Italian peasants! Cardinals, princes, nobles, peasants march across her pages in fascinating procession. Then come criticisms of contemporary writers—Richardson, Fielding, Bolingbroke—jotted down with every arrival of new books from England. Finally, as the loneliness of age increases, her sympathy for sorrow, with her thoughts on serious subjects, rises more often to the surface, but always interspersed with her ever vigorous theories of the education and broader destiny of women. Words do not fade. These published letters still reflect their worth and wit, and to her credit, be it said, both as woman and as writer, Lady Mary was rarely guilty of a tiresome line or halting sentence.

Going as coming, the eighteenth century was destined to be disting-

uished by a woman and a Montagu. If saluting it ushered in the lively Lady Mary, with its fading breath it speeded the departing Mrs. Montagu, a personage more famous as the founder of the "Blue Stocking Club" than for her essay on "Shakespeare" or her smartly-written letters. Rather oddly, though they bore the same name, there was no relationship between these two writers.

Elizabeth Montagu inherited her father's witty and sarcastic temper, also his love of social pleasures. She was a woman all alive. According to her own description, her letters show her "fond of gadding"—a fighter with the "Church Militant" when shut up in Canterbury to escape an epidemic; a fury with her brother, because "when he had sold all his law at the sessions he packed up his salable eloquence and carried it back to Lincoln's Inn instead of going to the assize ball with her"; a lover of experience, when "purely for her country's good" she rushed off to the races; finally, a wild disturber of the peace, when, playing cards at Bath, she mimicked the antics of ridiculous fine ladies, and so on, without end, till in the face of such a flow of nonsense it is hard to reconcile the reckless, mad-cap girl with the dignified and well-bred little lady as she appears in middle life.

Such a character, made up of fitful lights and shadows, is not easy to define. But whatever end she had in view, she succeeded in attracting to her house in London a remarkable society, one that included in its circle the foremost scholars and critics of the day. For all alike, writers, orators and artists were delighted by the freshness of a wit that could charm without wounding and amuse without offense.

Her over-rated essay holds no authority to-day. Though her letters were original models of refinement in their choice of English, it is much more indirectly, by her influence in fostering a literary taste that Mrs. Montagu remains a figure in the his-

tory of letters. It was no slight task to gather up the scattered threads of thought, to develop a sense of the responsibility and unity of art by bringing the writers and thinkers of her day into stimulating contact with each other; and, like the French *Salon* of an earlier date, so often confused with the pedantries of "*Les Précieuses*," the Blue-Stocking Club has been much misrepresented. These sister circles were as different in tone as their leaders were in character. The famous *Salon* held its sway in the classic chambers of the stately Marquise de Rambouillet, her lovely daughters on her right, on her left, "La Lionne," striking and radiant in the glory of her tawny hair. To leave the silvery atmosphere of this famous "*Chambre Bleue*" for the house on Portman Square where the English "Blues" are gathered suggests a sudden drop from the realms of the ethereal to the region of the grotesque.

Let us glance a moment at the odd assembly. The fragile hostess is a gracious little image. At her elbow learned Johnson rolls out his ponderosities; while Garrick, opposite, prime-favourite of his hostess, banters the Doctor; Stillingfleet, at careless ease, leans back, little dreaming that the fame of his unclerical blue stockings shall outlive his great *origines*. Delightful Burke is there, fresh from the House, the last *bon-mot* at the end of his silver tongue. There is Horace Walpole, languid and fastidious, enduring "Holy Hannah" and that "fountain of perpetual flow," Mrs. Thrale. Brilliant Mrs. Boscawen is discussing music with the poet Beattie, her gallant Admiral devoted to fluttering Miss Burney, while gay Lord Lyttleton directs a volley of successive shocks up and down the moral spine of upright Mrs. Chapone. Clever Mrs. Garrick is seated *tête-à-tête* with mild Sir Joshua, fighting shy of Mrs. Carter, who, in the intervals of taking snuff, is quoting Greek to fussy Dr. Burney. How clear in the eyes of time they stand, with all their oddities,

their whimsicalities! The Blue-Stocking Club will never die.

Was that the intention of its founder? Did the shrewd mind behind the blue eyes of the hostess realise that life as influence, continues? Did she feel the force of character behind the frothing periods of Johnson, the heart of all humanity in Garrick, the courage of conviction in the careless Bishop, and the forming of a shapeless policy in Burke grown to-day to an imperial brotherhood? Did she guess at "Holy Hannah's" effort to individualise, and revel in the freshness of outlook beneath the wordiness of Burney, that wordiness that makes it so hard for a modern to conceive how *Evelina* could so "rivet" Burke and Reynolds as to keep them up all night to the end of the last chapter?

If her woman's touch was quick to feel the great pulse of this under-breathing, with its pleasurable stimulus to her own heart and intellect, it was her woman's gift perhaps to reflect that inspiration by putting the best in each in contact with the best in all. Whether or not she was conscious of an ideal so far-reaching, or whether she was simply pleased to draw about her the brightest and most charming people of her day, Mrs. Montagu remains distinguished as the most attractive Englishwoman of her time. Neither titled nor exceptionally rich, she was the one woman able to draw to her receptions in the interest of books and letters the most notable society of London—a society of varying stripes and colours, many of whose members loved the gossip of their clubs and the excitement of quadrille.


At the beginning of the century, woman's place is fixed in brief by Lady Mary Montagu in a letter to Bishop Burnet. With apology for

touching on the larger questions of State and Church, she writes: "My sex is usually forbid studies of this nature, and folly reckoned so much our sphere that we are sooner pardoned any excess of that than the least pretension to reading or good sense. We are permitted no books but such as tend to the weakening and effeminating of the mind. Our natural defects are every way indulged, and it is looked upon as in a degree criminal to improve our reason and fancy, *if we have any*. We are taught to place our art in adorning our outward forms, even to extravagancy, while our minds are entirely neglected. This custom, so long established and so industriously upheld, makes it even ridiculous to go out of the common road and forces one to find as many excuses for it as if it were a thing altogether criminal not to play the fool in concert with other women."

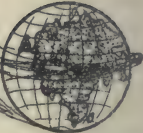
But as the century develops it lifts upon its apex Mrs. Montagu supreme as leader of society, controlling with subtle insight new forces of thought and feeling shaping themselves to new expressions. For the Drama now is superseded by the Novel. Then oddly as the century goes out, comes little hesitating Fanny Burney to purify this upstart novel, as Jeremy Collier the irate had just purified the drama.

Old Jeremy did well when bestriding the clouds he spat forth "his whirlwind of fire and pepper." But little Fanny did better for by the soft showering of her humour, "not only," writes Macaulay, "did Miss Burney take away the reproach on a delightful species of composition but vindicated the right of her sex to an equal share in the fair and noble province of letters."





Current Events



By
F. A. ACLAND

IT might have been supposed that a question so purely scholastic and philological as whether or not the "u" should be retained in "honour" and words with a similar termination afforded little ground for the development of angry words and recriminations. But we must remember that one of the fiercest and most dangerous controversies of history, one that almost threatened the life of the early Christian Church, turned on the shadowy difference between the Himocousions and the Homoiousions, and it may chance that in this question of English spelling lie the seeds of a storm that will similarly some day shake the world of Anglo-Saxondom to its foundation. It says little, meanwhile, for our amenities in Canada that the suggestion cannot be made that it may be on the whole better to adhere to the system pursued in the parent country without raising angry protests that such a proposal is an indignity to Canada and betokens the worst type of "colonial servility."

*

We can, as a matter of fact, all spell as we please and there has been so far no hint of tyranny on the part of Great Britain towards us on the subject. The "u" in honour, etc., is, however, but one of thousands of anomalies in English spelling, and it is difficult to see how consistent reformers can consider any special purpose has been served by dropping the "u" in the word named. The "h" is just as useless as the "u," if we ad-

mit that the "u," is useless; but as a matter of fact a phonetic spelling—and if reformers aim at anything this or nothing must be their ideal—would rather omit the second "o" and make it "onur." The fact is the task of reshaping the English language the world over is too prodigious to be worth entering upon, much less to get angry over, while so many problems more vital to our welfare and peace of mind remain unsolved. Perhaps when real trouble on the subject is threatened the safest plan will be to refer the whole matter to the Hague tribunal, and have a Dutchman settle it.

*

President Roosevelt is going out of office amid a storm of imprecations. His famous "secret service" message to Congress has perhaps been the act which has done most to provoke direct conflict between himself and Congress, and it must be admitted that his suggestion that Congressmen dared not run the risk of being investigated—and so would not vote the secret service appropriation—contains a peculiarly bitter sting. Presumably he spoke by the book, and counted the cost. A president who will not again run for office has little to fear from the loss of popularity. In some cases the aggressive president has been so viciously abused, insulted perhaps would be the better word, that the majority which is still faithful to him came to his rescue and had the objectionable utterances removed

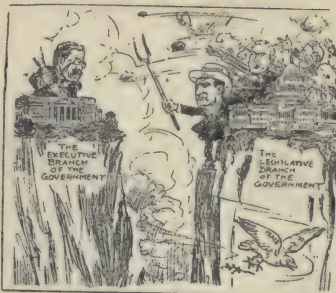
from the records of the House. Senator Bacon, attacking Mr. Roosevelt in the Senate, declared "Had the King of England sent such a communication to the Commons he might not have lost his crown, but he would certainly have been superseded by a regent." Such comparisons are useless, of course; the President in the possessor of a thousand privileges which have long since been taken from the British Sovereign. A more effective response, meanwhile, to the President's startling charge is the appointment of a committee to investigate the whole subject.

*

A strenuous message from the President in another case has been productive of some apparent benefit and comparatively little hostile criticism, that, namely, in the case of the anti-Japanese legislation which the State of California has been proposing to enact. President Roosevelt's letter showed that as a result of the action which Japan has voluntarily taken to restrict the emigration of her people to the United States there came during the six months ending October 31 last fewer Japanese into the United States than left it, so that the number of Japanese in the country is actually decreasing. The State legislation proposed aimed at segregating Oriental children in separate schools, hiving the Oriental population in towns and cities, and barring Orientals from the directorate of California companies. The State authorities have taken President Roosevelt's advice, or have at least acted in accordance with it, and the Governor has held the bills up for the present, also expressing his conviction that no anti-Japanese legislation will be enacted during the present session of the legislature.

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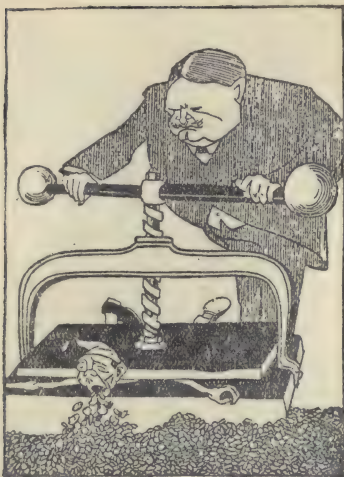
The situation discussed by the President, however, and the curiously ineffective methods provided by the



THE WIDENING CHASM

—The Chicago *Inter-Ocean*

Constitution of the United States for dealing with it demonstrate once more the weakness in this vital respect of the American federal system. Washington has no power over California and cannot veto any measure which California may choose to pass dealing with what may be termed their internal affairs. "The people of California presumably know much better than he (President Roosevelt)," says the *New York Commercial*, "what is good for California and Californians." Foolish or precipitate legislation on the part of California might well bring direct calamity on the United States, for whatever might be the final outcome there can be no doubt that a war between the United States and Japan would bring incalculable disaster to the United States. Such a war may at the moment appear to be a contingency so remote that it should not be regarded, but Japan will not continually tolerate rude thrusts at her national dignity, and she is in a peculiarly fortunate position for taking offensive action as against the United States. Congressman Hobson, who made some bubble reputation during the war with Spain, may talk wildly when he publicly airs his conviction of the certainty of war coming speedily between the United States and Japan, but it is likely that the subject is receiving more serious consideration from the United States execu-



GERMANY'S REAL PERIL

Prosperous yet tax-ridden, the German Empire seems likely to contract a case of chronic "shortness."
—Pasquino (Turin)

tive than the world at large supposes. Of one thing at least we may be well assured. We are at the beginning only of the whole vast problem of the relations between the eastern races and the white races. It is the Anglo-Saxon nations that must first grapple with it, as it has fallen to them to grapple with other world issues, and there is no aspect of the subject that does not deserve the closest study and scrutiny, especially here in Canada where the Pacific links up directly with these untold millions of the East, who hold in their hands the destiny of the world.

*

A French journal contains an article from the pen of a recent traveller in Canada, declaring that Canada is being rapidly Americanised. He dwells particularly on the similarity of newspapers and hotels on the two sides of the border and on other such trifles—he might have added trains and cabs, and did, in fact, instance

cigars—as if nationality was made up of such matters. He did not apparently go very deep down into the life of the Canadian people, or he would have found radical differences in the attitude of the two peoples respectively on such supremely important questions as divorce, lynch law, etc., not to speak of the vital line of cleavage caused by Canada's enthusiastic acceptance of her position as one of the free nations of the Empire. The French visitor comments particularly on the stream of American migration to Canada, and it is no doubt true that in externals, in western Canada especially, where Americans have done so much to develop the Dominion, there is practically an identity between the two people; but a little below the surface, and away from the purely material aspect of things, Canadians and Americans have developed quite independent and separate habits of thought and ambitions and ideals that have often but little in common with each other, while as for the Americans who are coming—and are heartily welcomed—into Canada in such numbers, these are being converted with a wonderful rapidity into citizens of Canada and loyal subjects of the British Crown.

*

It is not less British, but more British, we are likely to become if our leading men have the influence one might expect. Sir James Whitney, Premier by an overwhelming majority of the Province of Ontario, publicly expressed his convictions the other day that Canada has not in the past shown a proper appreciation of the benefits of its connection with the motherland, and that it is going to do better in this respect in the future. "The only return we make," said Sir James, "is to pay the salary of our Governor-General, and if this continues we shall grow narrow and forget our thankfulness to the mother country for the protection we receive. . . . The British Empire will dissolve

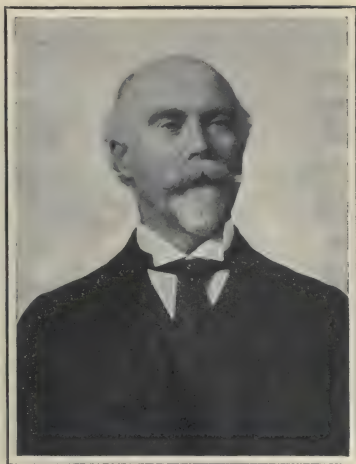
if we do not unanimously agree to make sacrifices, and the longer these are delayed the worse it is going to become." Such remarks touch the fringe only, of course, of the complex question of inter-imperial relations, but they will not be without value in shaping the frame of mind in which at no distant date the people of Canada must face a duty which is becoming yearly more pressing.

*

The difficulties encountered in approaching the subject are tremendous. Hardly two opinions offered concerning it agree. The special menace at the moment, for instance, real or imaginary, is still the possibility of a German *coup* on Britain, a contingency which many distinguished men in that country believe to be very real and imminent, and one that can be averted only by incessant watchfulness and increasing strength on the part of Britain. The *Montreal Star*, heartily concurring in the suggestion that Canada should do more than she is doing in the matter of imperial defence, suggests that we should prepare "a really effective army corps, which might, were the motherland threatened with invasion, be swiftly transported thither to help man her sea coasts." The crux of the situation is that in the event of a German descent on England there would be no preliminary threatening, any further than we see and hear at the present time. The thing would be done in a flash or it would not be done at all. An army corps which would have to be carried over from the Dominion would be useless in such a case. Against a sudden invasion England must be protected by the ships around her shores and the men within her borders.

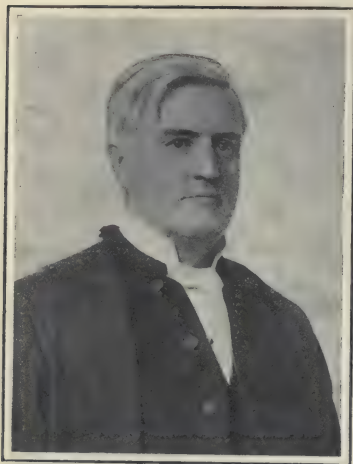
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The *Star* says enthusiastically that "the spectacle of troops pouring into the British Isles from Canada would have a splendid moral effect on the



HON. SENATOR KERR, THE NEW SPEAKER OF
THE DOMINION SENATE

continent of Europe"; but such a spectacle could not be seen once German troops had evaded British ships and overwhelmed British troops, and if it came then to a mere count of heads it must be remembered that Germany's population vastly outnumbered that of Great Britain and Canada and that her trained soldiers are as ten to one compared with what Britain and Canada could unitedly put in the field. As to Canada sending men to take part with Britain in a continental war, one would not care to say it could never be necessary or desirable, but such a possibility is too remote, too directly in opposition to the general Canadian outlook, to enter into present day calculations. It is on her navy that Great Britain must depend most of all for her defence, and Canada must find some way either of assisting the mother country to bear the crushing financial burden of the great sea armaments that protect the Empire in guarding Britain, or of affording otherwise, and it may be elsewhere, a substantial relief to the imperial responsibilities of the people



HON. CHARLES MARCIL, M.P., THE NEW SPEAKER
OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

of the United Kingdom. It may not be possible to do immediately all that should be done, and it will be urged by many that we have already made a beginning. But we must not delay too long deciding where our duty lies. The old Latin maxim that he pays twice who pays quickly was never truer than in the matter of imperial responsibilities. It is *what* we do now that will count.

*

The new Dominion Parliament—the eleventh since Confederation—is fairly started, its first considerable act after the election of a Speaker being to recognise the justice of the grievance long urged by the civil service that the salaries of the service have not kept pace with the increased cost of living. The subject was a difficult one to deal with, but the justice of the claim was obvious. Salaries and wages

in practically every profession and every class of labour had risen more or less in sympathy with the increased cost of living before the turn of the civil servant came. It would have been unjust to the great body of officials to whom is entrusted the administration of the affairs of a prosperous and growing country had their claims been longer neglected.

*

As to the new Speakers, Hon. J. K. Kerr of the Senate and Hon. Charles Marcil of the Commons, they are gentlemen of dignity and character, unlikely to allow the standard of debate or procedure in either house to be lowered. Mr. Marcil had had a long experience as Deputy-Speaker and his election was generally expected. As an orator in two tongues he has a brilliant reputation throughout Canada. The incident of election was the occasion of some reference by the Premier to the British practice of retaining a Speaker from Parliament to Parliament regardless of his former party predilections. There is much to be said in favour of such a system from the point of view of higher politics, and it works well in Great Britain, but it is perhaps asking almost too much of a younger and more democratic community like Canada that one party should leave so dignified and influential an office in the hands of its opponents. The British ministry newly coming into office finds an immense field of rich patronage at its disposition at home and abroad, all to be used more or less for its party friends. The Dominion Government has comparatively little in the way of well paid offices to bestow and the two parties are not likely soon to agree to take each other's Speakers.





At Five O'clock

BY JEAN GRAHAM



JASPER'S SONG

By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

Who goes down through the slim green
sallows,

Soon, so soon?

Dawn is hard on the heels of the moon,
But never a lily the day-star knows
Is white, so white as the one who goes
Aimed and shod where the hyacinths
darken.

Then hark, oh, harken!

And rouse the moths from the deep rose-
mallows,

Call the wild hares down from the fallows,
Gather the silk of the young sea-poppies,
the bloom of the thistle, the bells of
the foam,

Bind them all with a brown owl's feather,
Snare the winds in a golden tether,

Chase the clouds from the gipsy's wea-
ther, and follow, O follow the white
spring home.

Who goes past with the wind that chilled
us,

Late, so late?

Fortune leans on the farmer's gate,
Watching the red sun low in the south,
With a plume in his cap and a rose at
his mouth;

But oh, for the folks who were free and
merry

There's never so much as a red rose-
berry.

But old earth's warm as the wine that
filled us,

And the fox and the little gray mouse
shall build us

Walls of the sweet green gloom of the
cedar, a roof of bracken, a curtain of
whin,

One more rouse ere the bowl reposes

Low in the dust of our lost red roses,

One more song ere the cold night closes,
and welcome, O welcome the dark
death in.

—Metropolitan Magazine.

MY LADY'S SHOES

"WHY," asked an inquiring mer-
chant, "are women so sensi-
tive about the size of shoes? Most
men will boldly ask for tens and
upwards, with no sign of humiliation,
but a woman will blush over fives
and look mortified to death over sixes.
Why should she be so anxious to dis-
guise the fact that she has comfort-
able-sized feet?"

This is one of the feminine caprices
which make existence more interest-
ing. "Cinderella" and a host of lesser
tales bear witness to the convention
that a heroine has tiny feet. Of
course, a man like Mr. George Ber-
nard Shaw, who simply revels in say-
ing and doing the disagreeable thing,
would be quite capable of presenting
to the public a heroine in drama or
novel who would wear seven-and-a-
half-shoes — common-sense make at
that—and think nothing of it. But
most of us are given to prevarication
about gloves and shoes and will
squeeze toes and fingers unmercifully
in the effort to appear daintily shod
and gloved. We will resort to all ex-
cuses to make plain that "we can
usually wear three" and it must be
the weather that has caused the foot
to assume the dimensions of fours.

The novelists must bear a share of
the blame, for they have encouraged
this gentle vanity for centuries. Every
woman is at heart an Oriental in the
matter of believing in small extremi-
ties, and, if the truth were known,

many a Western maiden has suffered torture at her first large ball, just because she *would* insist on white satin slippers two sizes too small.

*

A RUSSIAN ACTRESS

AN English writer who has travelled in many lands declares that the Russian women are the most clever and also the most charming women in the world. Cleverness and charm are by no means always associated. So far as man is concerned, it has often been said that he dislikes a clever woman. "Pedantic" would perhaps be a better word for the unlikely sort of woman, for a really clever dame never lets a man think that she knows quite as much as he does. But to return to the Russian woman, who has a better claim than the Canadian to be called "Our Lady of the Snows!" If one may judge from the artists who come across to many-dollared America, to reap the reward of their toil and endeavour, the Russian has that mysterious possession called "temperament" to a degree which bewilders and delights the more prosaic people who have more freedom than poetry.

Madame Nazimova who comes to Canada this winter has won a high place and lovers of drama are affected deeply by this unbeautiful yet wonderful artist. No one would dream of calling her "pretty" but her appeal to the intellect and imagination made the girlish attractiveness of Miss Ethel Barrymore and the easy vivacity of Miss Hilda Spong seem an ordinary affair. Madame Nazimova has the mental alertness of the Slavonic genius and the dramatic fire which is seldom lighted in a happy country. Her acting of the rôles of the Ibsen heroines is the most intelligent Canada has seen. Where Miss Nance O'Neil ranted and Mrs. Fiske declaimed, the Russian woman lived the parts of restless womanhood. Her *Hedda Gabler* comes nearer being a conceivable woman

than any other interpretation of that tempestuous lady, whose demise is so eminently satisfactory. Amidst the commonplaceness of modern musical comedy, with which Canadian audiences are provided, the genius of the Russian woman shines like a rare jewel.

*

A PECULIAR CRITICISM

WHEN a woman writes a book, paints a picture or sings an aria, there is no necessity for the critic of the performance to interpolate a reference to the sex of the performer. This is generally recognised in journalistic circles to-day, but it will probably be the twenty-first century before "good, for a woman" or "a remarkable achievement considering the sex of the artist" disappears from the critical column.

Miss Agnes Laut is a Canadian writer whose half-dozen books, beginning with "Lords of the North," have provided both instruction and entertainment for all who are interested in fiction with historic flavour or history with a dash of picturesque colour. In "Pathfinders of the West," Miss Laut told us many things of Radisson which we had not learned from the school-book called history, by courtesy. Her latest work, "The Conquest of the Great Northwest," I have not read and, therefore, I am not going to rush in where archivists might fear to tread.

However, whether one has read Miss Laut's book or not, there is a protest to be made against the "preamble" to Mr. Arthur Hawkes' criticism, entitled: "The Strange Case of Miss Agnes Laut and David Thompson," which was published in *The Canadian Courier*. This critical article, of more than three thousand words in length, concerns itself chiefly with Miss Laut's chapter headed "David Thompson." Of Mr. Hawkes' criticism, no one unacquainted with Western exploration can have a word to say. The unsophisticated reader

might be led to wonder whether the article is a criticism of Miss Laut's "The Conquest of the Great Northwest" or an advertisement of Mr. J. B. Tyrrell's forthcoming volume. If Miss Laut has blundered, it is well that her readers should be informed of the fact. Such criticism is not only legitimate but welcome. But for the three preliminary paragraphs of the article there can be no excuse. They are a mawkish discourse, opening "Can women write history? Of course they can and do."

Mr. Hawkes preambles along in this wise:

"I have never known a woman writer who wished allowances to be made for her work, because of its feminine origin. The literary crown is sexless. If one's views are of the slightest interest it may be superfluous to say that in every field in which a woman may care to work, I would accord her the utmost welcome and liberty. It has always seemed to me absurd for a man who is eternally a debtor to his mother for any strength of mind or body, to wish to limit the activities of his mother's sex in any noble pursuit."

Now, is not that "awfully decent, you know," of Mr. Hawkes! He is positively willing for women to do more than wash dishes and scrub floors, and he would like the dear things to know it, even if he is under the painful necessity of proceeding to tear up a chapter of a book written by a woman. Why, in the name of all that is consistent, should a critic indulge in three paragraphs of deprecatory remarks about the sex of a writer before coming to the real matter of discussion? Can he not see that he is guilty of the very offence he professes to condemn? If a woman writer does not desire especial consideration, so far as her literary work is concerned, why should a reviewer halt for the space of forty lines to explain this attitude and his respect for it? Mr. Hawkes' regard for his maternal parent is a credit to the gentleman but really has nothing whatever to do with his opinion of the reliability of "The Conquest of the Great Northwest."



LADY VIOLET ELLIOT

Third daughter of Lord Minto, whose marriage to Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, second son of Lord Lansdowne took place in India recently. Lady Violet Elliot is the youngest of Lord Minto's three daughters, and is twenty this year. Her second sister, Lady Ruby, married Viscount Errington last year. Her eldest sister, Lady Eileen is unmarried. Lord Charles Fitzmaurice is thirty-five this year, and is the second of Lord Lansdowne's two sons. His elder brother, the Earl of Kerry, was married four years ago.

This condescending prefix to literary, musical or dramatic criticism has become wearisome to all women who regard their work with any degree of seriousness. Miss Laut may have taken an honest interest in Mr. Hawkes' review of a section of her work, but she could hardly have been edified by the "nice-little-girl" preliminary remarks. This casual protest is uttered against that class of patronising reviewers, not against consistent criticism. It would not be well to say in haste that all men are offenders in this matter, for one has only to reflect on how differently Mr. J. Castell Hopkins or Dr. Colquhoun would have treated such alleged blunders to realise that Buffon's brief saying as to style is profoundly true.

*

THE CHEAP CRAZE

TWO women were passing a bargain counter, piled high with blocks of pink and green soap. On the utmost

pinnacle was a placard proclaiming the low price to which these tempting cakes had been reduced.

"I believe I'll get half-a-dozen cakes," said one woman, pausing before the glistening pile.

"Cheap soap!" exclaimed the other in horror, "I'd as soon buy a cheap tooth-brush."

"Perhaps I'd better not, after all," dubiously replied the would-be purchaser, "I don't know anything about the brand. But a bargain of that kind always makes me feel as if it were wicked not to take advantage of it."

The bargain fiend has been satirised none too severely by the modern censor. The sight of decently-dressed women tearing frantically at bits of lace or ribbon which have been "marked down," jostling, pushing and scrambling, to get closer to the coveted dry goods, is not an edifying spectacle, yet it may be seen almost any day in the large shops of Canadian cities. The powers which arrange for these sales are fully aware of human weakness and trade upon that element which, so the late Mr. P. T. Barnum declared, "loves to be fooled."

That true economy is sometimes served by the cheap sale is not to be denied; but the majority of such announcements are merely to catch the unwary, who think nothing of quality and everything of the mystical figures of \$1.99 or \$4.59. Verily, the modern shop-keeper has found "9" a figure to conjure with. The bargain fiend is utterly incapable of understanding that ninety-nine is only one less than one hundred, and she buys all manner of unnecessary articles because, forsooth, they have fallen so low as forty-nine cents, when any child can see that they would be dear at thirty-five.

There are certain things which may be bought cheap without serious loss to the buyer, but soap and shoes are not in the catalogue, while, as for books—but the being who will exult over buying a cheaply-bound book de-

serves a constant diet of Laura Jean Libbey.

*

THE BEAUTY SPECIALIST

THE "beauty specialist" is an expression applied to the person who advertises that he or she will remove all blemishes from the complexion, will give a glow to the cheeks, a cherry tinge to the lips and a wonderful lustre to the eyes—will, in fact, make the confiding customer a thing of beauty and joyful forever—to vary the line by the late Mr. Keats. These advertisements are thickly strewn in the daily papers and the popular magazines, while they fairly run riot in those harmless publications intended to be read in the domestic circle. Probably the beauty specialist is of ancient lineage. The appeal is so frequently made to women that one would not be at all surprised to learn that the serpent whispered to Eve that the apple would bestow beauty as well as knowledge. Most men are too busy to consult the beauty specialist and regard the pretensions of such "artists" with doubtful eye.

As loveliness is a rare sight, it must be concluded that most of these specialists fail to "beautify." Their defrauded customers are usually willing to suffer in secret, rather than experience the humiliation of making public their search for physical perfection. Occasionally one of the disappointed majority is too angry to shrink from the ridicule of the vulgar, and the public is delighted with a lawsuit in which there is a startling revelation of the prices charged by these Venus-makers.

Most of these ingredients turn out to be fairly harmless, merely perfumed mutton fat or something equally familiar. But the victim is hardly repaid for all her trouble and vexation of spirit when she discovers that the beauty specialist has merely been putting up in fancy boxes or hand-painted china jars, such salves and creams as grandmother used half a century ago.



The WAY of LETTERS

FOR some time it has been felt by leading educationists, particularly in Ontario, that the work of the schools might be well supplemented by historical reading that would be accurate and inspiring, and yet not be so involved as to make it difficult of comprehension by juveniles. As a result, a most praiseworthy publishing venture has been made by William Briggs, under the auspices of the Ontario Library Association, and we now have the first volume of the "Canadian Heroes Series." This volume is entitled "The Story of Isaac Brock," and it was written expressly for the series by Walter R. Nursey. The author, without dwarfing his style or belittling the subject, has kept before him the fact that his book will be placed in the hands of boys and girls, and he has therefore presented the outstanding incidents in the life of the hero of Queenston in a simple yet vivid and comprehensive style. It is difficult for a writer on a subject of this kind to refrain from glorifying war and the bearing of arms, but Mr. Nursey has written with moderation and generally with creditable judgment. No other book offers to young readers in a manner so intelligible to them the story of Brock's life and the meaning of the War of 1812. It should make excellent supplementary reading in the schools,

and it should also be in the school libraries. As a Canadian production in every respect, it is worthy of genuine praise. It contains illustrations from photographs, old drawings and prints, and original paintings by C. W. Jefferys, C. M. Manly and Fergus Kyle. Six of them are reproduced by the tri-colour process, an expense that is not often incurred in the making of a book to sell at less than a dollar a volume. The binding is cloth, tastefully decorated, with a tri-colour insert. One of the most interesting of the illustrations is the reproduction of a photograph of the coat worn by Brock at the Battle of Queenston. The hole made by the bullet that ended the hero's life is plainly discernible. The publisher announces that "Tecumseh," by Mr. Norman Gird, of Sarnia, will be the next of the series. The idea of this series was brilliantly conceived, and this first volume has been carried out with distinction. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, 85 cents).

*

RALPH CONNOR AS BIOGRAPHER

Many readers and admirers of Ralph Connor's novels will feel that, although "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot" and the others that followed met with phenomenal success, it remained for "The Life of James Robertson" to show Rev. Dr. Charles W.

Gordon at his best. This life of the late Superintendent of Presbyterian Missions in the Northwest has been handled in the manner that its importance and opportunities demanded, and as a result we have a very valuable contribution to Canadian biographical literature. Not only should it be of intense interest to churchmen, but it should prove to have a broadening and sympathising effect on all readers, for the life of that stalwart man of God means the history of much of the Northwest mission work, particularly in connection with the Presbyterian Church. The keynote of Robertson's career is given near the beginning of the book, where the author describes how, when James was about sixteen, a problem that had given some trouble at the college in Edinburgh was sent down to the master at Dull, where James lived.

"If any of them can solve it," said the master, "it will be Robertson."

Robertson took it home and "fell upon it." He did not retire with the rest of the family, but when the father came in next morning James rose with the solution of the problem in his hands. In after years it required a man of that type to establish and superintend the great mission fields of the Northwest, and James Robertson was that man. But few of his stamp can be found in any calling. (Toronto: The Westminster Company).

*

DR. DRUMMOND'S LAST WORK

The last literary work of the late Dr. William Henry Drummond appears in a volume of moderate size entitled "The Great Fight." Besides his last work, the volume contains a number of poems and sketches that had not been published before in book form, and what is of even more interest, there is a most intimate and delightful introduction by the author's widow, May Harvey Drummond. The introduction is partly biographical, but it is mostly a character sketch. Mrs. Drummond throws many a side-

light on one of the most lovable of men, and, having read her words, one could scarcely help having a largely increased interest in the "Poet of the Habitant." It is good enough to read about the inner side of a man's life, about his manner, his habits, his likes and dislikes, his methods of work and his love of country; but when the one who shared his lot as help-meet tells us about the courtship, a rather romantic courtship, too, we begin to feel a very human interest in the poet. Mrs. Drummond records that when, as a young woman, she and her father were guests at the Laurentian Club, they were induced to stay over Sunday. Of this visit she writes:

"In a journal which I kept during the trip, under date of 'Sunday, Sept. 18th, there is this entry: 'Introduced to our unknown friend, Dr. Drummond.' Here was another and very tangible object in the way of our departure, and it being impossible to refuse the earnest request of this man to whom we owed so much, we stayed yet another day, the afternoon of which I spent fishing under the guidance of the no longer 'unknown' friend. The far-reaching events of that day were thus tersely though all unconsciously summed up in my little diary: 'Went to Trout Lake fishing—caught my first 'big fish.'"

We are told that the poems and sketches in the volume are printed just as they were found, without the finishing touches that the author might have bestowed had he himself been sending them for publication. Some are connected with Dr. Drummond's experiences at Kerr Lake, in the Cobalt district, where he died; some are in the well-known French-Canadian dialect, while others are written to or about his own people, the Irish. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: The Musson Book Company. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

IMPRESSIONS OF THE HOLY LAND

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, writing in the preface of his delightful volume,

"Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land," says that before going to Palestine he had always had a foreboding that there he would be disappointed, that the anticipation would prove to have been greater than the realisation. He had feared that all the cherished fancies and pictures that he had formed would crumble, and therefore it was with some uncertainty that he at last decided to go and see for himself. But he was not disappointed, and his desire, notwithstanding the uncertainty, "to live for a little while in the country of Jesus, hoping to learn more of the meaning of His life in the land where it was spent and lost and forever saved," was justified. He writes on a land of unique and wonderful fascination with all the polish and skill of a master artist, as well as with the deep religious feeling necessary in order to come into sympathy with the subject. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

*

CRITICISM OF THE U.S.A.

Mr. John Graham Brooks has printed a book—"As Others See Us"—in which he endeavours to trace the progress of the United States in the criticisms passed upon it by visitors from other lands, and particularly by English visitors, the progress being, of course, especially in matters of social intercourse. The matter is one that would really have been taken for granted. It is natural that there should be more of culture, refinement and leisure, particularly in the Eastern States, than when those states were still largely in the making, and it is reasonable that the change should be reflected in the criticisms passed by visitors. Mr. Brooks has collected, however, a valuable array of quotations and has no difficulty in convincing us that however substantial the ground for unfavourable criticism that may have existed half or three-quarters of a century ago, many of the criticisms passed were shallow and foolish. Whether the American people were to be ex-



MR. ROBERT SERVICE, WHOSE NEW BOOK OF POEMS, TO BE ISSUED SOON, IS ENTITLED "THE BALLADS OF A CHEECHACHO."

cused for betraying such a degree of feeling as they frequently exhibited over the books produced by European travellers is another question. They allowed themselves, for instance, to be greatly exercised by the comments of a Captain Basil Hall who visited the United States in 1827-8, and who declared among other things that there was trouble ahead for the United States as to manners and morals because its population contained no class which could spend money with grace and distinction. It may be that a Captain Hall would even to-day maintain such a proposition, but his view would not greatly trouble the people of the United States. Mr. Brooks has produced an agreeable book, however, and many of his own comments are pertinent and searching. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

AGAINST CATHOLIC INVASION

Mr. Joseph Hocking is a novelist who does not often surprise his public.

His books are frankly anti-Roman Catholic; so consistently so, that one may well put him down as a man who believes that he has a mission. In "The Soul of Dominic Wildthorne" the problem of Catholic aggression is treated with regard to its bearings upon the Church of England and is, therefore, in its controversial aspect, of more interest to the mother country, where the Church is by law established. Mr. Hocking evidently believes that Romanism is making swift inroads with the High Church party in England—a state of things which he views with serious apprehension. *Dominic Wildthorne* is, in all but ordination, a Roman Catholic priest, though he has taken the vows of the Church of England. The book traces his gradual awakening to the falsity of his position. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, \$1.50).

*

LANDSCAPE PAINTING

Frederick East, the well-known English landscape painter, is the author of an elaborately illustrated volume entitled "Landscape Painting." The object of the work is to show the importance of landscape painting and to assist students in a practical manner to grasp the essentials of composition. It contains reproductions in colours of paintings by Mr. East, and there are reproductions of various impressions of certain scenes as taken at different times and under different conditions. (London and Toronto: Cassell and Company).

*

MORLEY'S MASTERPIECE

The publication of the "Letters of Queen Victoria" in a popular edition at a low price is followed in similar form by that masterpiece of biography, Morley's "Life of Gladstone." It comes in two volumes, instead of three, as in the original edition; the volumes are smaller in size, but in other respects the editions are the same, except, of course, that the

three volumes contain heavier paper. The text is the same, unabridged, and there are reproductions of portraits of both Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. (London: Edward Lloyd, Limited. Cloth, two volumes, 5s.).

*

HUMOUR AMONG SEA-FOLK

The quaint flavour of fishing-ports and seafaring people that has so well distinguished the short stories of W. W. Jacobs rests with abundance in "Salthaven," a recent novel by this popular author. "Salthaven" provides plenty of rollicking fun and humorous dialogue. The characters depicted are odd and full of interest and their love-making could scarcely be called conventional. The son of the head of a firm of shipowners falls in love with the daughter of the chief clerk in the firm's office, and it is around that situation that the plot is woven. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

*

NOTES

—A second edition of "Recollections of the War of 1812," by William Dunlop, has been published. Good first-hand knowledge of great events of history is always of exceptional value, and Dr. Dunlop's has the added quality of freshness and spirit. The introduction, by Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, Deputy Minister of Education, gives a brief sketch of the author, who as "Tiger" Dunlop, was a well-known character in the days of the "Huron Tract." (Toronto: The Historical Publishing Company).

—The second book in the "Canadian Hero Series," from the presses of William Briggs, is entitled "Tecumseh." The author is Mr. Norman Gird, of Sarnia.

—William Briggs announces an important book for Canadians, which will be entitled "The Memoirs of Lord Haliburton." The author is J. B. Atley. Lord Haliburton was a son of Judge Haliburton, author of "The Clockmaker."

Within The Sanctum

IT is a remarkable fact indeed that the novice or the person who labours without artistic instinct or aptitude to attain something in the realm of art almost invariably dislikes being led out from the meshes into which an over-fanciful enthusiasm has misguided, dislikes even to learn the prosaic lesson that a knowledge of the proper purposes and functions of tools and materials in any art or craft is of much more importance than the doubtful quest in ethereal regions after those uncertain, evasive, almost evanescent qualities that are cherished in the disguise of *Soul* and *Truth*. Doubtless to put *Soul* into work is a very gratifying accomplishment, but unfortunately some of us seem to be more soulful than soul-stirring. To glow with rapture at the birth of an *Idea* is a pardonable symptom, but unless the person who glows is trained and capable the result from an artistic standpoint will be a lamentable failure. Transmission of this quality, *Soul* (or, as painters sometimes say, *Spirit* or *Feeling*), is brought about spontaneously, and no amount of *Soul* or *Spirit* or *Feeling* will avail anything unless it is supported by the fundamental principles of the art in hand.

To letters this applies just as much as to any other branch of art. It applies with particular significance right here in Canada, because, after all is said and done, if *Truth* must come out, we have a good percentage of novices. We have also in the ranks of our writers many who have little or no artistic instinct or aptitude, whose writings reach the public simply because the authors are able

to insure the publishers against loss. Books are published in Canada, especially books of verse, that should never be printed. But there is amelioration in the fact that our Canadian publishers are not alone in this respect. Worse offenders can be found in Boston and New York, and to them some of our determined poets have had to resort. Nevertheless, we have by no means a clean slate in Canada, for frequently we find books of verse by persons who have had more commerce with the muse of finance than with the muse of poetry. We should not infer, however, that every book published at the author's own expense is an indication of unworthiness. Nor should we infer a reflection of discredit on the publisher. Some of the greatest literary successes have been results of publication on the full responsibility of the authors, but that does not alter the fact that some of our publishers degrade their imprints by permitting them to be placed on books that should never go to press. Thus the average of our literature is lowered simply because there is not in connection with all of our publishing houses a standard sufficiently rigid to keep out the writer who has more money than ability.

So we come again to the subject of literature itself in Canada. We have admitted doubt as to the possession of a national literature. Some critics profess uncertainty regarding a Canadian literature of any kind; some even go so far as to declare that we have none at all. Mr. Arnold Haultain has quite properly admitted that he does not know whether we have any or not. He has made an honest admission, commendably so,

but he perilously near places himself on the positive side by citing as an example of dignified current poetry, and in connection with citations from Swinburne and Milton, a poem entitled "At Midnight," by Virna Sheard, which appeared first in *The Canadian Magazine*. We should not overlook the fact that Mr. Haultain comes from a very severe and exacting school. We know of none severer or more exacting. He is also a very keen critic. Long ago he reached the stage of keenness in criticism of his own work, and but for that he might now be regarded as a prolific writer. Unfortunately his is the practice of but few.

The opinion that we have no literature at all is scarcely worth considering; it is not even intelligent. For we have a literature, a very creditable and improving literature; but when it comes to its standing as a national endowment we must reiterate our inability to judge. We do not even possess the right or privilege of judging. We may feel sure that one or another poem or story or essay is as good as anything of the kind being produced in the English language, but just whether or not it will live and attain national importance and significance we cannot say. We may think that it will, but what seems great to us may be merely local or transient. Many persons who are falsely patriotic in their feelings towards Canadian literature resent this attitude, and they seem to think that *The Canadian Magazine* is the last place in which a confession of this kind should be made. But, in all good faith, we think that it is the very first place in which it should be made. To assume that we have a national literature, and to hold fast to that assumption, may give an impression of patriotism, but it is false patriotism, an evil that should never be condoned. Good literature cannot be national simply because of its goodness. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" may not only be false as to fact but it may be

bad writing. Nevertheless, whether we like it or not, it is a contribution to the national literature of the United States, simply because it has been cherished and perpetuated by the people. Milton's "Paradise Lost" was by no means as great in literature in its author's day as it is now, because then the great mass of the people were unable to read it. Nor had it lived through centuries and gained in comparison with most of what had been written before or has been written since. One might as well say that stock in some manufactory was worth just as much a year ago at ten dollars a share as it is to-day at fifty dollars. In inverse ratio, Marconi's invention is a great boon to humanity now, but ten years hence it may be discarded to give place for something as yet beyond our comprehension. The reaper was a long step in advance of the cradle and the scythe, but is it now a national implement? And so we must regard literature: as something whose greatness in either a lasting or national way only time and posterity can establish.

But to give assurance that real current literature is making in Canada, we need not be confined to one poem or one author, and perhaps it will not be regarded as egotistical of us to reprint the following from *The Canadian Magazine* of December, 1907:

THE VISION

By Virna Sheard.

Long had she knelt at the Madonna's
 shrine,
 Within the empty chapel, cold and
 gray;
 Telling her beads, while grief with mar-
 rying line
 And bitter tear stole all her youth
 away.

Outcast was she from what Life holdeth
 dear,
 Banished from joy that other souls
 might win;
 And from the dark beyond she turned
 with fear,
 Being so branded by the mark of sin.

Yet when at last she raised her troubled
face,
Haunted by sorrow, whitened by
alarms;
Mary leaned down from out the pictured
place,
And laid the little Christ within her
arms.

Rosy and warm she held Him to her
heart,
She — the abandoned one — the thing
apart.

Heretofore we have said something
about art in literature and the im-
provement in this respect among Can-
adian writers. Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone
MacKay provides a good instance of
this in a poem contributed to a recent
number of *Harper's*. It is a most art-
ful piece of work. It tells a whole life
story, not so much by what is said
as by what is left unsaid or merely
suggested. Read it:

THE WAY TO WAIT.

O, whether by the lonesome road that lies
across the lea,
Or whether by the hill that stoops, rock-
shadowed to the sea,
Or by a sail that blows from far, my love
returns to me!

No fear is hidden in my heart to make my
face less fair,
No tear is hidden in my eye to dim the
brightness there—
I wear upon my cheek the rose a happy
bride should wear.

For should he come not by the road, and
come not by the hill,
And come not by the far seaway, yet come
he surely will—
Close all the roads of all the world, love's
road is open still.

My heart is light with singing (though
they pity me my fate
And drop their merry voices as they pass
my garden gate),
For love that finds a way to come can find
a way to wait!

There is abundance of other good ma-
terial to choose from in a rapid survey
of recent Canadian poetry and there

is temptation to go on quoting, but
the following poem by George Herbert
Clarke, taken from *The Canadian
Magazine*, is well worth repetition:

THE LAST LULLABY.

The shepherd moon mothers her shining
sheep,—
The little stars that cluster close and
deep;
And soon they sleep.

The flower's wings are folded to her
breast:
She hears a whisper from the darkling
west;—
How pure her rest!

Dim droop the drowsing birds upon the
trees;
The boughs are still as they: no unquiet
breeze
Troubles their ease.

The far and lonely waters feel the spell,
Whose monotonous sound slowly out, and
tell
Their sway and swell.

All nature is asleep and dreaming
dreams
Aglow with wonder that on waking seems
But broken gleams.

So let my spirit sleep the sleep of death:
Close, eyes; be idle, hands; and silent,
breath!
Wait what It saith!

Marjorie L. C. Pickthall's recent
contribution to *The Metropolitan
Magazine* is an example of rich colour-
ing and exquisite imagery. It may
be found at the beginning of the de-
partment "At Five O'clock" in this
number.

It would be folly to attempt to con-
sider here the writings that have al-
ready passed into more enduring form,
but when we think of the possibility of
a national literature we might perhaps
be excused for feeling that we already
have in Canada much that should
help in the realisation of what we
cannot safely forecast but what we
fervently hope the future generations
will enjoy.

The Editor

What Others Are Laughing at

DUST

A sign hung in a conspicuous place in a store in Lawrence:

"Man is made of dust. Dust settles. Are you a man?" — *Boston Record*.

*

HE KNEW

"Doctor," said the convalescent, smiling weakly, "you may send in your bill any day now."

"Tut, tut!" replied the M.D., silencing his patient with a wave of his hand. "You're not strong enough yet." — *Leslie's Weekly*.



VICAR OF POPPLETON. "I hear you have been over at Ippleton Church the last two Sundays, Bates. How would you like if your cattle strayed into somebody else's field?"

BATES. "I shouldn't object, if so be the pasture was better!"

A BIT OF NATURE

Boss—"When you told that new clerk that he'd have to hump himself if he expected to hold his job, how did he take it?"

Department Manager—"He got his back up right away." — *Chicago Tribune*.

*

Possibly the hold-up man takes to the highways in order to raise sufficient coin to enable his wife to take to the buyways. — *Montreal Star*.

*

Man is ninety per cent. water. In many unhappy instances the other ten per cent. is Scotch.

A Saskatchewan Anglican called a Methodist a liar. The joint opinion of these interesting citizens on a Baptist might be worth printing. — *Toronto News*.

*

A Toledo woman wants a divorce because her husband won't kiss her. We reserve judgment until we see the lady. — *Montreal Star*.

*

AN ENGLISH SLIP

A little story which has just found its way across the Atlantic from an English country house tells of the recent slip made by a new and nervous butler in serving his master, a duke, at the luncheon table. Quiet, respectful, and assiduous, he proffered a dish with the insinuating query: "Cold grace, your grouse?" The slip is so obviously natural that doubtless the tale is true. — *Christian Guardian*.

THE CANNON ROARED

While campaigning in his home state, Speaker Cannon was once inveigled into visiting the public schools of a town where he was billed to speak.

In one of the lower grades, an ambitious teacher called upon a youthful Demosthenes to entertain the distinguished visitor with an exhibition of amateur oratory. The selection attempted was Byron's "Battle of Waterloo," and just as the boy reached the end of the first paragraph, Speaker Cannon suddenly gave vent to a violent sneeze.

"'But, hush! hark!'" declaimed the youngster — "'a deep sound strikes like a rising knell! Did ye hear it?'"

The visitors smiled, and a moment later the second sneeze—which the Speaker was vainly trying to hold back—came with increased violence.

"But hark (bawled the boy)—"that heavy sound breaks in once more, And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!

Arm! arm! it is the cannon's opening roar!"

This was too much, and the laugh that broke from the party swelled to a roar when "Uncle Jos" chuckled: "Put up your weapons, children; I won't shoot any more."—*Success*.

*

HIS AFFLICTION

A teacher had told a class of juvenile pupils that Milton the poet was blind. The next day she asked if any of them could remember what Milton's great affliction was. "Yes'm," replied on little fellow, "he was a poet."—*Universalist Leader*.

*

THE TRUTH

"See here. That horse you sold me runs away, kicks, bites, strikes, and tries to tear down the stable at night. You told me that if I got him once I wouldn't part with him for \$1,000."

"Well, you won't."—*Lutheran Observer*.



A MISTY NIGHT

"Where am I?"

"Sixth Avenue."

"Ah mean, what town?" —*Life*

NOT THE POINT

He—"If you refuse me I shall blow out my brains."

She—"Impossible."

He—"Maybe you don't believe I have a pistol."

She—"Oh, I dare say you have the pistol, all right."—*Philadelphia Record*.

*

NOT MUTUAL

Father—"I cannot give you my daughter, my dear sir, I am mighty particular in such things."

Suitor—"Oh, pshaw! Now I am not in the least so."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

*

A COMPROMISE

Corpulent Suitor (on his knees)—
"If you will not accept my offer, at least help me up." — *Meggendorfer Blaetter*.

The Merry Muse

TOO WISE

I wouldn't want to be so wise
I'd always know the truth from lies.
Ah, no, my friend, I tell you flat
I wouldn't be as wise as that.

I met a man the other day,
He grasped my hand, then dashed
away—

"I liked that thing you wrote," said
he,

"'Twas something that appealed to
me."

He hurried on when this he'd said;
He didn't say just what he'd read.
I'd not have been so pleased, you see,
If I had *known* he'd lied to me.

James P. Haverson.

*

WHY HE DOESN'T

I so admire fair Phyllis
My love I would rehearse,
And ask her if she'd take me
For better or for worse.

But when I read the papers
I'm scared almost to death,
For butter's thirty-eight now,
It takes away my breath.

I'd like to ask fair Phyllis
To share my humble lot,
But eggs are thirty-six now,
I'd really better not.

I wish to wed sweet Phyllis,
But then there is the rent,
I know I can't afford it yet—
A handsome fire-proof tent.

So I refrain from asking
And merely sigh and sigh;
I'd like to marry Phyllis,
But prices are so high.

J. G.

SAVING THE COUNTRY

The Patriot in fervid tone
Spoke of the Sounding Seas
Which lave This Canada of Ours,
And bear our export cheese.

Then of the Lakes he said a word,
Commendatory too,
He asked, if they should disappear,
What would the yachtsmen do?

"I see," the patriot declared,
"The Mountains clad with pine,
The silver in its native lair,
The gentle wildcat mine."

"Hear, hear!" the worthy chairman
said,
His bosom swelled with pride,
For, though an honest man, he sold
Some stocks upon the side.

The Patriot thereby was stirred
To wider, higher flights.
He spoke about the Western Plains,
Also the Northern Lights.

The Cattle on a Thousand Hills
Came in his peroration,
And lastly he demanded votes
To save this noble nation.

He said: "Defeat me not, my friends,
Nor lay me on the shelf—
I want to save this glorious land,
To save it—for myself.

J. Edgar Middleton.

*

WHERE IT ENDS

The quality of mercy
Is not strained;
But durn the sinner anyhow who
swiped my old umbrella
When it rained.

Evening Sun.



Drawing by C. W. Jefferys

THE DEATH OF BROCK
FROM "THE STORY OF ISAAC BROCK," BY WALTER R. NURSEY
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POWER: WIZARD OF SETTLEMENT

BY CLAYTON M. JONES

RECENT reports that the British Government is going to expend \$1,500,000 for the relief of the destitute in the United Kingdom and to hasten the naval construction programme in order that the unemployed may have work, serves to call the attention of us on this North American continent that in Europe the population is pressing harder and harder on the means of subsistence. Because of the great demands for relief from the lack of work and over-population it is estimated that this country will witness a migratory movement of Europeans such as has never been seen in modern times. In 1800 the population of Europe was approximately 200,000,000. In one hundred years it had increased to 400,000,000 during a time in which the population of all the rest of the world had increased by only 100,000,000 souls. From 1900 up to the present time, it is said, the increase in the population of Europe has been much more rapid even than in the ten years immediately preceding that date.

The inherited land hunger of the Anglo-Saxon does not need the additional incentive of much body hunger

and overpopulation, as in the migration of Europe, but may be traced to the land hunger of a people alert to grasp the opportunities which come with the settling of a Last West. The ebb and flow of the alien tide across the Atlantic has borne a very close relation to the labour market, but the last great trek of the sons of men—across the international boundary, from the United States into Canada—is the result of the desire of owners of land to become the owners of more and better land. The inrush of 80,000 settlers last year from the United States, to form part of those who now occupy 5,000,000 of the 175,000,000 acres of virgin soil that is to be cultivated, backed by the most modern farm machinery for subduing the soil, led by three transcontinental railroads and followed by the telephone, the telegraph and the newspaper, is one of the most dramatic and spectacular events in the history of modern times.

For the settlement of the Last West is being carried on under different conditions and by different methods than was the opening up of the great American West by the fa-



POWER FOR THE MILLION
KAKABEKA FALLS, NEAR FORT WILLIAM, ONTARIO

thers of the pioneers of to-day. How different it is one may judge from the description of Quartermaster Inman of the United States Army, who passed a greater portion of his life on the frontiers, in a book called "The Old Santa Fé Trail." One evening, only about thirty years ago, he was standing upon a hill-top, and there saw before him the newly laid rails of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé railroad, which closely parallels the old trading route between Leavenworth and Santa Fé.

Far to the westward just visible in the sunset he saw the dust of a train of waggons on their way to some army post still more remote from civilisation; while to the eastward there was just visible the headlight of an approaching train. In the valley below, alongside of the little river, were grazing herds of buffalo and antelope, some of the last ever seen in that dis-

trict, and not far from them was an Indian encampment with fires lighted for the evening meal. The Indians were on their way from their former hunting-grounds to the reservation to which the Government had assigned them. As a final contrast, less than a mile away, alongside the railroad, was the rough cabin of a settler, surrounded by a field of freshly turned prairie sod which was being prepared for cultivation. The rude cabins of the settlers, thirty years ago, often miles apart, were built of prairie sod for lack of better material. The Indians frequently made raids and robbed and murdered all within their reach.

In the Last West today the sod cabin has been replaced by a comfortable home. Instead of

the mail being delivered once a week or once a month bringing belated news, it has its daily delivery bringing the news of yesterday from the far corners of the earth; the former solitude has been dispelled by the telephone and telegraph and the growing traction lines radiating from the cities of the Last West. For instance, six years ago, three trains a week came up from Calgary to Strathecona and the primitive method was pursued by the passengers of getting off the train at Red Deer to lunch while the train waited for them. Now there are two crowded C.P.R. trains each way daily, each equipped with a dining car, while to the east there is the daily train to Winnipeg over the Canadian Northern Railway and from Calgary two daily Canadian Pacific Railway trains across the continent both ways. The three transcontinentals are



POWER FOR THE SETTLER
THRESHING OUTFIT "BETWEEN JOBS" IN THE WEST



POWER MAKING THE WAY
STEAM SHOVEL ON G.T.P. MAIN LINE



POWER IN THE WEST
KANANASKIS FALLS, NEAR BANFF, ALTA.

all pushing north and east from Edmonton so that this city will in the future become the centre of a network of railroads. Fort Vermilion, by the way, is the most northerly agricultural settlement of the Last West. One man up there is producing a yearly crop of 20,000 bushels of wheat on something less than a thousand acres. That is in the Peace River country, a vast stretch six hundred miles long and from fifty to two hundred miles in width. It is there that the Mackenzie drains its 450,000 square miles — tracts almost as large as any state in the Union that have not even been explored.

At Regina, in the Saskatchewan country, a syndicate proposes to build a street car system around Regina and out on the adjacent prairies connecting the various towns. At Cal-

gary, the City Council has been asked for an appropriation for preliminary surveys and expert opinion on the feasibility of municipal power development. These are but random illustrations of the daily push of the people in every mushroom town of the Last West. The cities which have sprung up during the night, appropriating the Indian Trail for their Main street, insist on broad pavements, pure water supply and scientific sanitary methods of sewage disposal. The telephone and telegraph are almost at once in evidence, and the quick production of electric lights and electric transportation is the striking feature of the settlement today.

The settlement of the American West was hampered by the lack of development of electric power, for it was not until the Chicago exhibition



A PIONEER POWER HOUSE
ON THE KOOTENAY RIVER AT SLOCAN JUNCTION, B.C.

of 1893 that people woke up to the tremendous possibilities of the production and transmission of power by means of electricity and the electrical system of distribution. So out in the new towns of the American West, the gas lamp and the horse car were in evidence for want of something better, and many times the water supply and sewage disposal systems were poor because of the lack of engineering information and modern pumping stations.

Then again the imperfect locomotives of the struggling transcontinental lines were hindered by grades that are unknown across the hundreds of miles of Canadian prairie. It must be remembered that the beginning of our great systems of railroads was as late as 1825. The first steam road was put into operation when a train of twenty-two waggons for passengers and twelve for coal was hauled by a

steam engine from Stockton to Darlington, England, a distance of twenty-five miles at the rate of five miles an hour. The engine was for the time abandoned because it could not compete with horses, and its builder, George Stephenson, was called "the craziest man in England." The first attempt to use engines in the United States for any other than experimental purposes was in 1829, by the Hudson and Delaware Canal Company, from Carbondale to Honesdale, Pa., a distance of sixteen miles. The engines were made in England. In the following year Peter Cooper built the first locomotive in the United States. It weighed less than a ton; its boiler was about the size of a flour barrel, and its flues were made of gun barrels. Mr. Cooper was highly elated because his engine made better time than the horses of other railroads, and it therefore created competition with



Photograph by Micklethwaite

A MUSKOKA WATERFALL

the "prairie schooners" and the stage coach of the American West.

In striking contrast with the above, we note that the Canadian Last West invasion is being aided by six-cylindered balanced compound locomotives of 2,000 horse-power capacity, rolling on 100-pound "open hearth" steel rails with six or seven hundred tons of coaches, sleepers and baggage cars stringing along behind at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and that soon three bands of steel instead of two will securely bind together the political and business interests of Eastern and Western Canada. Of course, in the settling of the American West the luxuries of electric transportation and the electric light and telephone were entirely unknown, so that the farmer was entirely cut off from the rest of the world.

In the settling of the American West the railroads were hindered by lack of bridge building knowledge in the fording of the mighty rivers of the States. Squire Whipple, of Utica, N.Y., made the first study and analysis of bridge stresses in 1847, so that in 1863 the first long span truss bridge, 320 feet long, was built over the Ohio river at Stubenville. This was followed by the most important advance in the science of bridge building, when the Kentucky cantilever bridge was constructed by C. Shaler Smith in 1877. This structure, with its spans of 375 feet each, marked the beginning of the modern cantilever. In 1801 James Finley built the first roadway suspended by steel cables near Greensburg, Pa. It was called a suspension bridge and had a span of seventy feet, but the suspension bridge did not have its triumph until 1883 when the marvellous Brooklyn bridge was completed.

In those days considerable difficulty was experienced with the water supply of cities. In 1801 pumps for the water works of Philadelphia were installed. They were double acting force pumps lined with sheet copper to prevent leaking and made of wood.

Their steam boilers, lever beams, shafts and fly wheels were also of wood. The boilers consisted of boxes nine by nine by fifteen feet, each containing a wrought iron flue box with vertical cast iron flues. In the cities of the Last West to-day, high duty triple expansion engines may be used to do the pumping as they need them. They are being built now for the great settled cities of the American West, as for instance Chicago, with the capacity of lifting forty million gallons 140 feet in twenty-four hours. The quantity of water supplied by this one pump would meet the needs of a city of four or five hundred thousand inhabitants.

But these cars and that farm machinery, these engines and those lights must have something to make them go and that "something" is Power in the form of coal or falling water. The development of the Last West would be greatly retarded, as was the settlement of the American West, if, with all the modern uses of Power, the country did not have the means to produce it. Because, after all is said, it is the application of steam and of electricity to the machinery of production and transportation and public utilities that has made possible the transportation and sale of 100,000,000 bushels of wheat grown in one year from the occupation of 5,000,000 acres of land in a new country. The former ignorance of men as to how to use the forces of nature and turn them into Power for their own use contributed as much to the delay in the opening up of the Last West as the misleading reports regarding the uninhabitableness and barrenness of the country sent out by the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Out there on the Pacific rim of the Last West, great manufacturing cities are springing up, due to the plentifulness of coal and water power. British Columbia, the most westerly province of the Confederation, contains 300,000 square miles of country known to be

extensively mineralised and still a virgin field for the prospector and investor. As early as 1835, coal was discovered at Fort Rupert by the Hudson's Bay Company. During 1907 the Province produced 1,384,312 tons of coal and 271,785 tons of coke. The distribution of coal seems to be general, for it is known to exist along the whole western slope of the Rocky Mountains. Vancouver has produced to date 25,000,000 tons of coal, and there also are some very large water powers developed under high heads which supply Vancouver and the surrounding district. One company alone has some 350,000 horse-power of electric energy available for distribution.

In considering the development of water-power in British Columbia, it is worthy of note that every river of importance on the Pacific coast, except the Colorado, rises on the watershed of British Columbia. The electrical energy that may be derived from the drainage of its extensive area of highlands and mountains is so great as to be beyond human comprehension or estimation at present. The Columbia, Skeena, Fraser, Stikine, Liard and Peace rivers range in length from four hundred to a thousand miles and are of great size and volume, the first four being sufficiently navigable to steamers to also form valuable waterways for the development of the country and lend an additional impetus to the trade with the Orient.

Coming eastward into the Province of Alberta we find Edmonton in the central part with its coal fields and gas wells. Five hundred miles to the northward the Peace River is harnessed to the two most northerly flour mills of the Last West. Two hundred miles farther north one can still grow wheat. Edmonton is destined to become a large manufacturing city, because of the coal beds which are located on both banks of the Saskatchewan. Two mills are cutting 100,000 feet of lumber daily for the farmers locating on the large

and fertile wheat-fields to the east.

Of course, the Rockies are the land of the water-power. At Bennington Falls there is 15,000 horse-power developed and transmitted eighty miles, where it is used for smelting, mining and transportation. Coming farther eastward across the prairies for a thousand miles, we find no water-power because the land is nearly level. Then we come to the city of Winnipeg and the great Winnipeg River starting from Minnesota and Ontario and flowing into Lake Winnipeg. On the river, within easy transmission distance of the city, there is a half-million horse-power to be developed. Eighty thousand horse-power is already produced, for the citizens of Winnipeg have expended recently \$3,250,000 in building themselves a municipal power plant with a capacity of 60,000 horse-power to draw industries to their city. Free grants of land of 160 acres can still be obtained by *bona fide* settlers in the northern part of this region, and the yield on some farms has been as high as thirty-five bushels of wheat to the acre.

Thirty miles from Fort William, the chief grain port with its three great elevators of 6,000,000 bushels capacity, built by the Canadian Pacific Railway, is Kakabeka Falls on the Kaministiquia River. This water has a drop of over a hundred feet and is one hundred and thirty feet wide. When it is developed it will furnish all the power needed within a radius of a hundred miles for many years to come. A few miles farther east, on Thunder Bay, is Port Arthur, which divides honours with Fort William as the receiving point for the wheat of Manitoba and the Northwest territory by way of the Canadian Northern Railway and the Canadian Pacific Railway. Since ocean-going vessels now enter Lake Superior, these strategic commercial points for the convergence and transportation of this great Canadian granary of the Last West to Europe, combined with the

cheap electric-power derived from the Kakabeka, foretells the growth of a large city, for Lord Strathcona asserts that in ten years the Canadian West will produce all the grain needed by Great Britain.

That Eastern Canada will be amply able to do her share in the providing of manufactured articles for that nation-to-be which is springing from the soil of the Last West is evidenced by the recent great development of water-powers and the transmission of electric energy which is taking place in the Province of Ontario alone. There is development all over the Province of more or less importance. At Peterboro' there is 10,000 horse-power, and in the south-western part of the Province, near the city of Hamilton, we find the falling water creating 40,000 horse-power. At familiar Niagara Falls there is 150,000 horse-power making soda, potash, carborundum, aluminum, carbide, etc. This power is also transmitted to various cities and towns for lighting, manufacturing and transportation.

When the manufactures of England become crippled because of lack of coal and the absence of waterfalls and the demand becomes greater for manufactured articles and machinery from the fertile acres of the Last West, then a dam will be constructed across the Long Sault. A highway will be provided for sea-going vessels by means of canals, and as no limit will be set upon the amount of water that may be used as at Niagara, there will be developed at this point 700,000 horse-power. From here the power will be distributed which will operate factories, run cars and light cities miles away.

These then are the great forces which surround and project into the Last West; these are the forces without which the settling of the American West was undertaken. The conversion of them into Power to be used on the broad acres or in the factories

is as romantic as the settling of the Last West itself and the scenes of life and death attending the harnessing of a tremendous volume of water and the building of the power plant are as dramatic in their own way as is the rush of 70,000 American farmers across an international boundary line in the course of a twelvemonth. With its thousand miles of fertile prairie invaded by the water-power of Winnipeg on the one hand and the coal and gas fields of Edmonton on the other; the cheapness of operation of the new single phase electric traction lines and the ability to transmit power economically up to two hundred miles, guarantee that the towns in the wheat-fields will be connected by electric transportation as well as the great transcontinental roads. Denatured alcohol and coal will run the intricate farm machinery and the mineral wealth is being attacked by the powerful machinery of to-day.

The discoveries in science have been so marvellous in recent years that only application of them to an entirely new country drives home to the layman their practical uses. The wireless telegraph sending a message pregnant with human thought, thousands of miles through storms and fogs over land and sea; the remote control of mechanisms with no tangible connection between them and the operator; the conversion of a cubic foot of water a second, falling ten feet into an electrical horse-power transmitted a hundred miles, and the digging of a carbonised vegetation of an unknown era to be converted into Power and thus take the place of the brawn of men and relieve them from the drudgery of the world, while increasing infinitely their productive capacity, do not hit one's imagination so hard until one sees them backing the whole panorama of human progress in a raw country and becoming the first aid to a new nation springing from a new soil.

LABOUR AND SOCIALISM

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

SIMULTANEOUSLY, and not unconnected with the disturbance of religion, as well as with political conflict, comes a paroxysm of industrial and social agitation under two phases, more or less blending with each other: that of Socialism, and that of "Labour." The "Labour" agitation, which prevails mainly among the artisans, especially in the great factory centres, seeks an increased share of the profits. It once put forth a claim to the whole on the principle taught by extreme theorists that, everything being the product of labour, to labour everything ought by right to belong; an assumption which, supposing the labour meant to be manual, as the claim proceeds from that quarter, would have shut out everything not manual, including invention, even mechanical invention, from a claim to remuneration. The conflict between Labour and Capital has brought on strikes very costly to both parties and to the community at large, including the strikers themselves as general purchasers of goods. This is in face of the rising industries and probably impending competition of China and Japan.

The remedy proposed for Labour-war and strikes is profit-sharing. This seems to present difficulties, as Labour might demur to delay of payment, while the employer might not like interference with his policy or inspection of his books. Profit-sharing, however, is declared to be practicable by so high an authority as Mr. Carnegie, who, if he can bring it about,

will add to his many benefactions the greatest of them all.

It would be well that Labour should have a voice in Parliament to bring its wants and grievances authoritatively and peacefully before the people. In England it has, and there is a Labour man in the present Cabinet. In Toronto at the last election a good Labour candidate offered himself in the person of Mr. O'Donoghue. It is a pity he was not elected. But by party and very senseless party, party without an intelligible issue, our elections are controlled.

"The best form of government is that which doth actuate and inspire every part and member of a state to the common good."

That has been the writer's motto; it is the motto of the old Radical party, the principles of which he has been said to preserve. I believe I never failed in England or here to support a good Labour candidate, one who I thought would be loyal to the community as well as to his class.

Some think that we should dispense altogether with the capitalist. As it is evident that nothing furnishing employment to labour could be set on foot without capital, such a proposition would be insensate. What is really meant must be that the capital should be transferred from the present possessors to the labouring class.

The writer is better acquainted with the history of Labour in England than with its history in Canada. While the great Napoleonic war was going

on, little could be done in the way of social, industrial, or political improvement. But not many years elapsed after the end of the war, before peaceful progress resumed its course, especially in the interest of the labouring class. A series of Acts for the protection of Labour, such as the Factory Acts and Mining Acts, was passed. The unions were legalised, though they were somewhat discredited by the Sheffield affair, and some of us who then stood up for them got hard blows. The Poor Law was amended, sanitary workhouses were erected, and at the same time a great impulse was given to charitable works of all kinds—hospitals, homes, and places of recreation. A system of public education was introduced, and this, it must be borne in mind, was an act of beneficence on the part of the State, that is of the taxpayer; the education of children, as well as the feeding and clothing of them, being naturally a part of parental duty. The general reform of the law has enured mainly to the benefit of the poorer class. Much more no doubt still remains to be done, but it cannot possibly be said that the conduct of the property-holding and ruling classes in England has been such as to provoke the hatred of them which glows in extreme Socialist manifestoes.

A succession of Reform Bills has extended political power to the masses, and made them in fact almost masters of the State. Their influence is plainly visible in the action of the British Parliament and Government. It surely is not reasonable to arraign the authors and supporters of these measures as enemies of the people.

The death-rate in England has decreased, crime has decreased, the expenditure on poor-law has decreased, saving has become more general. In England old age is now, wisely or not, to be pensioned.

Rail and steam have brought within the English labourer's reach the productions of different countries, besides

giving him access to new markets. This could not have been done without the accumulation of capital in the hands of private enterprise which is now denounced as tyranny and oppression.

It is asserted, and seems to be proved, that the rate of money wages in England has increased during the last generation, and not only the money rate but the purchasing power.

In striking the balance of credit and blame between the employer class and itself, the labouring class in England and elsewhere is bound to make allowance for a certain amount of indolence, of which, if the Prohibitionists are to be believed, the source is largely drink, and for the total disregard of Malthus's rigorous but incontrovertible law of population. Had not offspring been blindly multiplied, competition would be less severe.

Nor, in the exercise of their political power have the masses been entirely true to their own interest. They have shouted and voted for war, regarding it apparently as a spree. For opposing war, and war most causeless and iniquitous, John Bright was burned in effigy, and he, Cobden, and other Liberals and friends of the people were thrown out of their seats. We are told that numbers are now wandering unfed in the streets of London. Those same streets, saw the hideous orgy of the war spirit on the Mafeking night.

The large landed estates of Great Britain are economically much open to question. They are largely an inheritance from feudal or early times. Where the landlord is non-resident, there are likely to be evils. Where he is resident and does his duty, he earns a part of the rent; Coke, of Norfolk, a great improver of agriculture, unquestionably did. The old Duke of Wellington went down when business permitted to his country estate, Strathfieldsaye, and did a landlord's duty there. Everything is now so fitted to the system of manorial ownership that a radical change would

be very difficult. But there has been legislation to facilitate the acquisition of small holdings. On this continent, colonised when the feudal and manorial system had been long in its grave, the question can hardly arise.

Did not the investigations preliminary to legislation on employment in the English factories and mines disclose great rapacity and inhumanity on the part of some capitalist employers? Unquestionably they did. Nor can it be denied that such tendencies generally exist and call for condemnation and repression. But let it be observed that capitalists are not a social oligarchy; in any list of them, especially on this continent, will be found the names of many who have risen from the ranks and in whom probably the appetite for gain and the tendency to grind the labourer are not less marked than they are in the rest. Let it also be ever borne in mind that a too rapid increase of population in any country must tend, by overstocking the labour-market, to put the labourer at the mercy of the employer, especially when mechanical invention is superseding hands.

In the course of the eighty-six years of the writer's life there has, in the countries in which he has lived, been, if not the increase to be desired, certainly a marked increase of the sense of social responsibility and of active beneficence. The monuments of it in fact in the shape of charitable foundations, charitable associations, and benefactions of all kinds are everywhere to be seen. There is still unhappily a great deal of selfish and wasteful luxury, such as provokes class-hatred and is dangerous to society. This world of ours is still a good deal out of joint, though not quite so much so as it was eighty years ago. We may hope that happiness is more equally divided than wealth. Thackeray's *Marquis of Steyne* rolls in wealth and riots in debauchery. But happy he is not; a day-labourer on the *Steyne* estates, with a kind wife, a good cottage, and

regular pay, is happy.

In one respect there may have been a change for the worse. The social severance of employer from employed has probably increased. Old men may remember the time when the habitations of the two classes were less apart, and there was more intercourse between them. They now live entirely apart; the workmen in their cottages near the works; the employer in his villa in the outskirts. In a great number of cases too the employer is a Company. Employers should do what they can to improve the social relation.

Distinct from the movement the object of which is bounded by improvement of the lot of Labour, though more or less allied with it, is Socialism, which seeks to transform and regenerate society. Seeing how great and too often how cruel are the imperfections of man's present estate, it is not wonderful that there should have been dreams of a better. The author of the "Utopia," Sir Thomas More, was set dreaming by the cruelty of landowners who ejected peasant farmers from their holdings to turn the land into sheep-pasture for the production of wool. "Utopia" is a lovely vision and though severe, no doubt justly, upon the greedy landowner, thoroughly benevolent in its general spirit and free from the odious and criminal appeals to careless enmity of the property-holding class with which the harangues of some Socialists at present team. The dreamer in this case made no attempt to realise his dream. In more recent times we have had serious projects of social regeneration, notably those of Saint-Simon and Fourier, which, particularly that of Fourier, Mill handles with respect and sympathy, claiming for them a right to fair trial, though at private expense; ending, however, with indefinite adjournment.

"It is for experience to determine how far or how soon any one or more of the possible systems of community of property will be fitted to substitute itself

for the 'organisation of industry' based on private ownership of land and capital. In the meantime we may, without attempting to limit the ultimate capabilities of human nature, affirm, that the political economist, for a considerable time to come, will be chiefly concerned with the conditions of existence and progress belonging to a society founded on private property and individual competition; and that the object to be principally aimed at in the present stage of human improvement, is not the subversion of the system of individual property, but the improvement of it, and the full participation of every member of the community in its benefits."—Political Economy, Book II., chap. i., sec. 4.

A trial at private expense under good auspices, Communism, or something like it, was given by the Owens at New Harmony with unfavourable results. The success of such an association as the Oneida Community, celibate and under a prophet, evidently proves nothing. The Oneida in the end grew rich and owned factories, where it employed workmen on the usual footing..

Equality and Fraternity are the watchwords of Socialism. Of Fraternity, or something like it, a measure may be said to be attained in any well-ordered and contented commonwealth. It is manifested by community of interest in the national welfare, common joy at national success, common sorrow at national defeat. Equality will hardly be attained without a radical change in the providential government of the world. That all men are created equal the authors of the American Declaration of Independence hold to be a "self-evident truth." With deference to their illustrious authority, it would be difficult to frame a more self-evident fallacy. Men are created and sent into the world with every conceivable variety of endowment, physical, moral, and mental, with infinite variety of circumstance, and not less various openings and chances in life.

If all could be rolled flat to-day, to-morrow the differences would re-appear. This may offend our sense of equity, but the responsibility must rest on the government of the world. An equal right to justice all men unquestionably have, but there the natural equality ends.

What we now want most urgently and must have before us if we are to do justice to the Socialist's scheme is his plan both for the settlement and the transition. What is the organisation of the regenerated community to be? How and by whom is it to be governed? Who is to make the laws? Who is to regulate industry? Who is to distribute the parts and determine the remunerations of all workers? How, without private capital, can undertakings be set on foot? How without the prospect of private gain can private enterprise be called into play? Will there not have to be, besides a complete change of organisation, a change of human nature almost as complete? There may be answers to all these questions, but at present they are not before us.

How the transition is to be effected is a question hardly less vital. Suppose a part of the community resists, clinging to private property and individual enterprise, what is to be done? Is recourse to be had to the methods of the French Jacobin and the Russian Anarchist? Enough of that spirit has been shown in the writings and speeches of extreme Socialists to make the class which is threatened look to its military training.

At present the Socialist movement, in England at least, seems to be rather taking the form of the use of the powers of taxation for a general transfer of property. The ultimate consequence of this or of any sweeping policy of confiscation would probably be political convulsion, with industrial disorganisation in its train.

MY SISTER'S CHILDREN

BY LOIS E. LONGLEY

I NEVER posed as being fond of children. The truth is I do not understand them, and therefore it was with something of a shock that I read the following letter from my sister:

"Dear Rosie,

Am too excited to write. Jack has to start for New York on Tuesday and is bound to take me with him. Won't you come and take care of Buffy and Midget for me, as I can't trust them with the maid I have at present. They are dear little souls and won't be a speck of trouble to you. Wire, like an angel, saying you will come.

Yours ever,

Evelyn.

P.S.—We shall only be gone a fortnight."

My first impulse was to send an uncompromising refusal, but in the end my better nature prevailed, and in the course of a few days I found myself in Halifax ready to take charge of my sister's house. After all, perhaps I should confess that the prospect of being near Professor Hadley might have influenced me slightly.

I had never seen the children, and I felt ill at ease when the cab drew up in front of a pleasant red brick house.

I was received by a neat but rather aggressive maid, who informed me that the children were in the nursery and that they had been very troublesome since their mother left.

I opened the nursery door rather timidly.

"Here is Aunt Rosie, baby," a shrill little voice cried.

"I'm not a baby, I'm a Boston bull," replied a child in angry tones.

The next moment two small figures, on their hands and knees, came over in my direction.

"Are you Buffy?" I asked, taking the hand of the elder, a fair-haired child of five, with a sweet sensitive little face.

"I shall be to-morrow, but to-day I'm a raging lion, and baby's a Boston bull dog."

The Boston bull, a rollicking three-year-old, with the wickedest, merriest little face in the world, gave a bark or two and returned to his play.

"Are you going to live with us while dada and mother are away?" asked Buffy.

"Yes, dear. Do you think you will like to have me stay and take care of you?"

A pair of earnest blue eyes gazed at me for a long minute, and the owner of them replied: "I don't know. You don't look cross or disagreeable, but we can never tell, can we? My dada says most people are fools, and I suppose you are one."

I felt embarrassed, and turned the conversation by asking if Midget was very lonely without mamma.

"He's lonely sometimes, but I take care of him. Mamma depends on me to keep him happy. He cried a lot last night, but I took him into my bed and told him stories about wild beasts tearing little boys to pieces, and that comforted him."

"Would you like to see our bunnies?" he continued. "They are alive. Midget's is 'Polly' and mine is 'Snowflake.' Come, baby — Boston bull, I mean."

Two friendly little hands were thrust into mine, and I was taken out into the garden to a hutch containing a pair of rabbits.

"Mamma bought them for us," I was told. "When we showed them to dada, he said mamma was foolish and that the bunnies would die. Midget and I dug big graves for them, but they didn't die. Midget filled up his grave, but I just made mine bigger so that it would do for me in case I died. It would be handy for mamma to have it all ready."

At this moment the maid came to say that tea was served, and the three of us sat down together.

"Maud is our nurse," Buffy informed me.

"Is she kind to you?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, pretty kind, but she breaks the law."

"Breaks the law?" I asked.

"Yes, she says things that are not true. The other night she told me that I should be cast out when I died and put in a great pit of fire if I didn't go to bed nicely. Wasn't she foolish? We know God better than that, don't we?"

Here Midget piped up and asked for a butterfly sandwich.

I stared helplessly.

"He just means bread and butter with marmalade on folded together and cut in little squares."

After tea, the children said good-night and went off to bed quite happily. I settled down for a quiet evening. I felt thankful to find they were not shy children, and I began to think it would not be such a tiresome task to look after them.

My sister had left a note urging me to let Midget share my bed as he was likely to get nervous in the night. "You will enjoy having him," she said. "He's such a soft warm little bunch to have cuddled up beside you."

I retired early, feeling the need of a good night's rest after my journey. I slipped gently into bed for fear of disturbing the small boy, and closed

my eyes in delightful anticipation of a peaceful night. I was suddenly roused by a vigorous kick in my back. I silently edged away and remained rigid for a few moments. I was beginning to breathe freely again, when a warm arm was flung round my neck and a sleepy voice murmured, "I'm still a Boston bull, Auntie."

Again I settled myself, but on the brink of losing consciousness a plaintive voice reached my ears:

"The Boston bull wants a link."

I sighed, but lit a candle and waddled out in my bare feet to the bathroom. I found a glass and took it in full of water.

"Here you are," I said in a voice which I flattered myself sounded quite patient.

"That won't do. I can't dink out of that glass."

"Don't be silly. Take your drink," I urged.

"That glass won't do," he began to sob.

"What glass do you want?" I asked with a distinct diminution of patience.

"I don't want a glass at all; I want dada's shaving mug."

Again I crossed the chilly hardwood floor to the bathroom, and, seeing a mug, I seized it and filled it with water.

"Here you are," I said, "drink it quickly, Auntie is getting cold."

The only response was a burst of rage.

"That's Buffy's mug."

"I don't care whose it is—take your drink, if you want it, and, if not, go to sleep."

A prolonged wail arose. "I can't dink out of Buffy's mug. I want dada's shaving mug."

I was almost decided not to give in, but a thought of the Professor softened me. Then, with tightened lips, I flung off and found the shaving mug and handed it to him.

"Now I can dink," I was told, with a winning smile.

It took some time to compose myself for sleep after this, but eventually

I did drop off into happy unconsciousness, but not for long. I was awakened by a sleepy little voice saying: "Tickle my back, Auntie."

Compliance is cheapest in the end, I thought, and ran my fingers over the child's back.

"Say about the railroad," he commanded.

"I don't know what you mean. You must go to sleep," I said firmly.

"Mamma would say it. Oh, oh, I want my mamma! I want my mamma!"

Louder and more piteous rose the cries.

"Tell me about the railroad, dear, and then I will say it just like mamma," I coaxed.

The cries ceased. "You must tickle me very softly and say:

"Tickley, tickley on the back,
Run right up like a railway track.
Tickley, tickley, down we go,
And here we come to his little toe."

I obediently repeated it, and he smuggled up closer.

"Now say the knee one."

"What is that one?" I asked pathetically.

"Tickley, tickley on the knee,
What a brave boy this must be,
For he doesn't laugh and he doesn't smile,
While mamma tickles him all the while."

I confess that my thoughts of my sister were not gentle ones. But my nephew gave a sigh of ineffable content and murmured: "Now the feet one," and I repeated after him:

"Tickle, tickle his little feet,
While he sits on a nice, soft seat.
Tickle, tickle his little toes,
And then come up and tweak his nose."
Run right up like a railway track.
Tickley, tickley, down we go,
And here we come to his little toe."

I wondered savagely which would be the next place of anatomy I should be called upon to repeat idiotic nonsense over. However, his soft, regular breathing told me that my little nephew at last slept.

If there is one time of the day when I like to luxuriate, it is when I wake up in the morning. It is so pleasant to feel the gradual dawn of consciousness; then to lapse back for another doze; finally to stretch, take up a favourite book and read for a little while before dressing. I had placed "Idylls of the King" within reach on going to bed. This morning I was rudely awakened by my small nephew bounding about the bed as the clock struck six.

"I am a white horse named Minnie to-day," I was informed, "and I'm running away. Now you telephone for the stableman to come and catch me and put me back in the barn."

I obediently telephoned to an imaginary stableman, and the white horse plunged frantically about trying to escape.

"Now naughty people are driving poor Minnie and making her gallop and gallop up the big hills. You telephone for the policeman to come and take them to jail.

After half an hour, this amusement palled upon me, but there was no sign of weariness in my companion.

The door opened, and another small white-gowned figure entered the room and climbed into bed. Giving me a sweet kiss, he nestled up to me.

"Isn't it sad for you, Auntie' that you have no little boys of your own?"

I felt I was justified in perjuring myself as I looked at his trusting friendly little face.

"Why don't you ask God to born you a baby?" he continued.

I evaded the question by telling him that Midget was a white horse named Minnie. A moment later I realised my mistake. With one wild bound Buffy was up shouting: "And I'm a brown horse, Prince. Telephone for the stableman to bring Prince over to take you and mamma and dada and Buffy and Midget for a drive."

"I'm dead," said Midget.

"What does he mean?" I asked.

"Oh, he just means that he doesn't want to play at being in the carriage.

So you and dada and mamma and Buffy are in the carriage. He's dead."

Then began a long exciting series of adventures. But at last their nurse took them off to be dressed and I, feeling more exhausted than if I had done a hard day's work, proceeded with my own toilet.

During breakfast Buffy gazed so long and earnestly at me that I asked him what he was thinking of.

"You have a pretty face, Aunt Rosie," he remarked, "but I don't think it's such a *good* face as my mamma's. But I quite like you," he added, consolingly.

"I think I will call you 'Green Leaves' to-day. Sometimes I call mamma 'Green Leaves.' She likes that for a name. It makes us think of pretty leaves and flowers, and I like to think of mamma and pretty things."

After breakfast Buffy told me he thought he would take Midget for a walk. On being assured that his mother often let him take Midget out, I gladly agreed, and, after cautioning him not to let baby get his feet wet and to go down towards the park, I settled down to write letters and soon was oblivious to all worldly cares.

As I was nearing the end of my correspondence, the door opened and Maud asked me if I could tell her where the children were, as she wanted to get them ready for luncheon.

The children! With a guilty start I looked at the clock. Nearly three hours had gone by since they had started for their walk. Horrible misgivings flashed across my mind as I hurried for my hat and started off for the park. I was the prey of most distressing forebodings. I tried to comfort myself by recalling their fond mother's words: "Buffy is so reliable. I can trust him with baby anywhere." Visions of straw hats floating on the water and submerged childish forms arose before me. What should I say to my sister? How could I face her on returning to her desolate home?

I asked several people if they had seen two very small boys, but no one could help me, and half running, half walking, I hurried on. It was growing chilly, and I remembered that they had only recently recovered from whooping cough. As I neared the park, I saw several small objects lying on the road. As I drew nearer, they resolved themselves into four little brown shoes, and four rubbers half full of water. With a sinking heart, I ran on. Soon childish voices reached me, and no music ever sounded sweeter. Peering through the trees, I saw my small nephews. They had scooped out two hollows in the wet soil beneath the trees, taken off their hats and coats and were resting peacefully in their clammy beds. I then saw that they were drenching wet. Their clothes were clinging to them, while the water oozed down their legs in muddy streams.

"Children!" I cried, and I never knew before how much could be expressed in one word.

"Why here's 'Green Leaves,'" a happy little voice cried.

"O, Auntie, see our beds! We are going to sleep here all night. Haven't we been busy?"

"Children, how did you get so wet?" I gasped.

"Oh, we were just Peter walking on the water."

I didn't speak, but hurried them into their coats and shoes and started for home on the run.

One reproach I did utter: "Buffy, how could you let Midget get so wet when I told you to be careful of him and not let him get his feet damp?"

"I feegot. It was so beciting being Peter."

After putting them in a hot bath and toasting their toes at the fire, I watched nervously for signs of croup or the return of the whooping cough. But on that occasion fate was kind, and they took no harm.

*

Later in the week some of Evelyn's

friends came in to see how I was getting along.

"Aren't the children too sweet for words?" one gushing lady asked. I politely agreed, with certain mental reservations.

"Isn't the elder an old-fashioned little soul?" she continued. "Whenever I see him I feel as if I must take him right up in my arms and love him."

"Aunt Rosie, Aunt Rosie, where are you? You will be so s'prised," cried Buffy's voice at this moment.

"We look so beaut-i-ful," continued Midget's voice.

The next moment the door flew open and the children entered. Their faces were heavily coated with brilliant red and green paint; their right hands were painted red, their left hands green; their legs between their knickers and white socks corresponded.

I gasped, and as I did so they laid their wet hands confidently on the knee of the gushing lady.

"Don't we look lovely, Miss Anderson?" asked Buffy.

"Look lovely," echoed Midget.

"There's such a nice man painting the verandah next door. He let us put sticks in his tins, and then we were able to dec'rate ourselves."

Eventually, we got the paint out of Miss Anderson's dress, and she left, with a halo of turpentine and dampened enthusiasm.

"What do you think mamma would say if she could see you?" I said, in a reproving tone, to Midget, as I scoured the paint from his face.

"*Darling!*" he replied with a world of tender emphasis.

If there is one thing Evelyn prides herself on, it's the behaviour of the children when she has visitors. I had always thought it was rather out of place having them in the room when she received callers, but when I saw how prettily they shook hands, and how perfectly quiet they kept, only answering when spoken to, I could readily understand that Evelyn found

it pleasant to have them with her. Hence it was that when I received a telephone message from Professor Hadley saying he would call in the afternoon, I told the children that they should have five o'clock tea with me in the drawing-room.

I may as well frankly confess that I admire Professor Hadley; in fact, in my secret heart I had been cherishing hopes and dreaming dreams in which he took a leading part.

Immediately on putting up the receiver, I hurried to the drawing-room to see that everything was all right. It was a pretty room. Evelyn has a fad for old china and water-colours, and her room is really a gem. All it needed was a few flowers and these I quickly procured from a near-by hot-house.

After luncheon, I gave a last look into the room, and, smiling with satisfaction, I went upstairs.

"Now, chickabiddies, Auntie is going to get her pretty dress on," I said; "and then you shall have your nice white suits on, and we shall look ever so grand."

"All right, Auntie," said Buffy. "We will play down here till you tell us that it's time to be dressed."

"Dear little souls," I thought as I ran upstairs, and, I blush to say it, I did think that the three of us would make a rather attractive picture in the drawing-room when Professor Hadley came a little later.

I did not hurry with my dressing. In the first place, I had never found my hair so troublesome to do. I had to take it down three times, and then, after I had got all dressed in my pale blue *crepe de chine*, I decided that, perhaps, my flowered muslin would look better, and it took a little while to unpack it and change my dress.

Meantime, I heard the children making a tremendous noise, shouting, laughing and running.

"They never tire of playing horse," I said to myself, with a smile, as I fastened the last hook and took a final survey of myself in the glass.

I met two flushed excited children on the stairs:

"O, Auntie, do come and see what we've done! We are playing firemen, and we pretended the house was on fire. Did you hear us calling out 'My child! save my child!' Then we were the firemen and saved everything." Buffy paused out of breath.

"Do come quick, Auntie."

"Yes, dear, let me have one look in the drawing-room, and then I will come," I said.

"That's just where we want you to go," and I was triumphantly led to the room.

Even now I shudder when I think of the sight that met my eyes. At first glance it seemed that everything in the house was heaped up in one conglomerate mass. The sitting-room, the study, and the dining-room had all been denuded and their contents heaped into the drawing-room. Chairs were upside down—boots, coats, hats, books, endless magazines, china, glass, cushions, rugs, every movable article from the downstairs rooms was there. A stream of water from my overturned flowers slowly meandered across the carpet.

At that moment the bell rang, and Professor Hadley was announced. Tears of mortification sprang to my

eyes, and, if bitter angry wishes could have had any effect, Evelyn would have been a childless woman. To add to my chagrin, I was almost certain that I detected a gleam of suppressed amusement on the Professor's face as he extricated two chairs from the wreck, and we sat down in a most dejected humour.

Things were not going very well. I was too disappointed to be a very lively companion, when Buffy walked over to the Professor and said in his most engaging manner:

"It is not auntie's fault that the room is so untidy. When she knew you were coming she made it so pretty, and bought beautiful flowers, and little cakes with pink and white frosting on, and took ever and ever so long to put her party dress on, so that you would think she looked grand."

And then, I don't know how it happened, but Buffy and Midget went off to get the cakes, and, the next thing I knew, I was the happiest girl in the world.

A few days later Evelyn returned, and has remarked on more than one occasion that it is perfectly foolish the way in which I make a slave of myself to the children, especially to Buffy.



A CANADIAN LITERATURE

(ONCE MORE)

BY ARNOLD HAULTAIN

I HAVE said that I really did not know whether or not there was, now existing, a real and national Canadian Literature. That is simply true: I do not know. If almost in the same breath I quoted what I thought was a very beautiful Canadian poem, and quoted it (as *an example of poetry* as distinct from prose) alongside of one from Milton and one from Swinburne, that, I think does not stultify my first assertion, though I hope it does prove my hope in the possibilities of a Canadian literature. One swallow does not make a summer; and a dozen beautiful Canadian poems do not make a Canadian Literature.

I sometimes think that we in Ontario somewhat restrict the meaning of the phrase—worn far too thin already—of a "Canadian Literature." There is Quebec to be heard from; for surely Drummond has not exhausted the Habitant, nor does the Habitant compose the whole of Quebec. There is the extreme West to be heard from. Who has yet struck the true note of British Columbia? The Yukon has given us a voice or two, but nothing more. The great prairies of the Northwest are surely still unsung, and what of the lands stretching to the north of them? Has any one depicted these regions as, let us say, Richard Jefferies has depicted the south of England? If any one region of Canada has contributed more than its share towards a Canadian

Literature, I take it it is Nova Scotia, of whose writers others can speak with more knowledge than can I. And what of the other Provinces and (I suppose I may include) Newfoundland? Have these given us more than one artistic exponent, though that exponent, I am told, is a mighty one?

And what of the varied life of Canada—the life of its forests, its ranches, its lakes, its wide-stretching fields, its orchards, its peaks, its glaciers, its portages, its woods and islands, its gigantic industries each with a strenuous life of its own, its long, long lines of railroads, its unequalled waterways, its humble farm-life, its quiet nooks, its lumbering, mining, fishing, trapping, and shooting Dear me! when I think of what a national Canadian Literature might be, ought to be, will some day be, truly I do not know whether to-day there is really any such thing truly existing or not, for my reading has not covered all this ground. But I also *do* think that the recitation or the reproduction of a few isolated Canadian poems does not go far towards proving its existence.

Every country, in its own good time, creates its own Literature—its own Music—its own Art. In its own good time Canada will do this. But I do not think that that time will be hastened by a too frequent asking of the question, "Have we a Canadian Literature?" To me there is something in this question

smacking of self-consciousness; and than self-consciousness there is no more deadly foe to a national Literature.

Two things are absolutely essential to every artist, whether he works in pigment or in marble or in pen and ink, and these things are, first, spontaneous inspiration (which gives him his matter); and, second, perfect mastery over his tools (which gives him form). Well, will not this reiteration of the interrogation, "Have we a Canadian Literature?" tend to destroy that spontaneity? This I do know, that no Canadian Literature will ever be created by going about begging people to produce it.

And so, let us have done with the question. Let us, each of us, go about his business, quietly, humbly, doing the best he can—the very best, unmindful of whether there is or is not a Canadian Literature, and especially unmindful of whether he is adding to it or not. Milton may have

dimly thought that, in his "Lycidas" he had written a thing which perhaps some day would be included in any estimate of an English Literature—so may Algernon Charles Swinburne when he penned his Prelude to the "Songs Before Sunrise"—so may Virna Sheard when she put on paper her beautiful and simply-pathetic "Midnight"; but, if so, surely, this was *after these were written*. To write—or to paint—or to carve—with the avowed intention of adding to a national Literature—for this surely is what the reiterated question implies . . . well, all I can say is that the idea ought to be, if it actually is not, repugnant to every artist. It is repugnant.

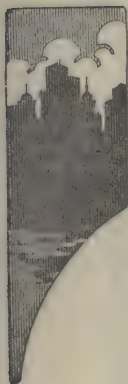
Of course Canada will create a national Literature—a magnificent national Literature—for she has in her the makings of a magnificent nation. She is creating it even now. Let us keep quiet about it and—"touch wood."

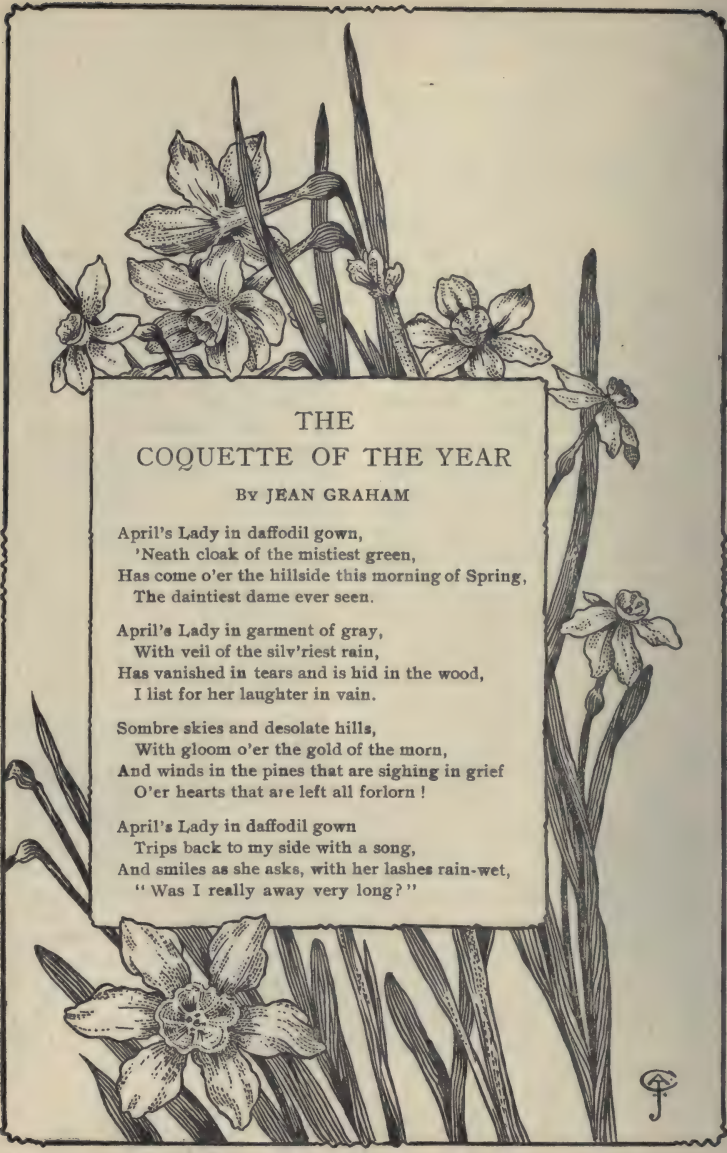
THE POET'S THOUGHT

By

L. M. MONTGOMERY

It came to him in rainbow dreams,
Blent with the wisdom of the sages,
Of spirit and of passion born;
In words as lucent as the morn
He prisoned it, and now it gleams,
A jewel shining through the ages.





THE COQUETTE OF THE YEAR

By JEAN GRAHAM

April's Lady in daffodil gown,
'Neath cloak of the mistiest green,
Has come o'er the hillside this morning of Spring,
The daintiest dame ever seen.

April's Lady in garment of gray,
With veil of the silv'riest rain,
Has vanished in tears and is hid in the wood,
I list for her laughter in vain.

Sombre skies and desolate hills,
With gloom o'er the gold of the morn,
And winds in the pines that are sighing in grief
O'er hearts that are left all forlorn !

April's Lady in daffodil gown
Trips back to my side with a song,
And smiles as she asks, with her lashes rain-wet,
" Was I really away very long ? "

DIGBY: AN IMPRESSION

BY NEWTON MAC TAVISH

WITH good old Presbyterian foreordination, Digby was doomed from the beginning to work out its own salvation by the sweat of its brow. And it has worked it out well, for it has the distinction of being able to stand on its own merits. This distinction is unique in the vicinity, simply because the other places of interest or importance are important or interesting almost entirely from the standpoint of history.

Coming in by water from the Bay of Fundy or by rail from Yarmouth, this quaint Nova Scotian town assumes dignity in being the gateway to the Annapolis Valley. But it is merely the gateway, and therefore the great throng of pilgrims who annually visit the shrine of Evangeline or the site of the old French fort at Annapolis Royal regard it as such, passing through in pardonable ignorance of its own peculiar attractions and distractions, its ancient and honourable smells of dry and drying fish, the sweeter, daintier odours of cherry blossoms in the season of full bloom, a fleet of fishing boats, a magnificent harbour, enthralling sunsets, arousing scenery and, perhaps above all else, consoling breezes during the season when city folk seek relief from heat and stuffiness in congested centres.

But Digby has another distinction, the distinction of being for nearly three hundred years in the way of the makers of great destinies and yet never honoured with more than passing notice. Real greatness is sometimes achieved, but oftener it is a

result of accident. Ecclefechan is not naturally above hundreds of other Scottish hamlets: but it gave birth to Carlyle. The outward aspects of Waterloo are not especially arresting: but on that field the great Napoleon met defeat. Coming near to Digby, Grand Pré presents nothing that is amazingly unique: but it was the scene of a great expulsion, and to its records can be traced the suggestion of Longfellow's romance of "Evangeline." Had Champlain decided to erect a fortress at Digby, history would serve to greater advantage in this impression. And indeed Digby would have been a most likely spot, for its location is admirable for purposes of defence, and even to-day the cannon that rust there amid drying hake and haddock look as if they could well bid defiance to any foe that might dare to come through the Neck from the Bay of Fundy and enter the spacious harbour. Had de Monts thought to establish a settlement there, or had even Poutrincourt happened to smile on it instead of on Port Royal, Digby would have been embraced by the muse of history, and many of the events that followed so close at hand would have given her rank with greatness, the greatness, such as it is, that magnifies Annapolis Royal, Grand Pré, and other places where first settlement was made and early battles fought.

But Digby seems to be immune to the seal of great destiny. Fortune, accidental fortune, has not especially favoured her. Champlain came with



ALONG THE DIGBY WATER-FRONT

scrutinising eye along those shores, but he could scarcely have seen Digby. De Monts came in through the Neck, but distance was his obsession, causing him to follow the water towards its source. Little knew he of Digby or of what Digby might be. And Poutrincourt, poor unobservant Poutrincourt, seeking some favoured spot whereon to found his colony, actually sailed into that harbour and hurriedly passed Digby by, little recking that some day that very spot would rise on its own merits to the height of respectability with no dependence whatever on history or the makers of history. Regarding the incident in our day, no reason can be urged why he should have hurried. Haste is distasteful, especially when history is in the making. But, who knows? Poutrincourt might have been asleep when his vessel passed in through the Neck,

and if so he could not see Digby. Or there might have been a stiff breeze off shore. Perhaps the distant hills looked greener, and so he sailed on up the basin and settled near Annapolis. A statue to the memory of de Monts cuts the horizon line at Annapolis Royal. Tourists go there and look at it and read the inscription and photograph it, but there is no such monument down the basin at Digby. For some unknown reason, de Monts did not rise to the possibilities of Digby. After all, de Monts was no more than human, and by what sense or mechanism could he have forecasted the ancient and honourable smells of dry fish or the breezy evening sauntering of American summer boarders on the promenade? Was it within the power of man then to know that coloured people would settle back at Bear River and come into



CUTTING OUT THE BACK-BONE

town with true racial enthusiasm and instinct on race-day? No. Champlain and de Monts and Poutrincourt can be pardoned on that count. But what about La Tour and Charnisay? Can the citizens of Digby perpetuate the memory of these two fighting men without a touch of malice? La Tour and Charnisay made history at St. John and, nearer, at Annapolis; but did they plot and intrigue and build forts at Digby? That was away back at the time of the early French settlements; still, Digby's immunity from accidental or incidental greatness has stood well, for when at last, not so very long ago, a railroad came that way, the headquarters were established at Kentville, and our town of the cherry blossoms and fishing fleet had to be content with the honour of transferring travellers from the trains to the steamboats running

to St. John. So it looks as if Digby was doomed from the beginning — not doomed in any really unfortunate way, but doomed rather to make itself attractive and quaint and restful in its own good course and in its own good time, without the assistance that history gives or the glory that tradition lends.

To approach it by water from the Bay of Fundy is to receive at once an impression of its scenery and picturesqueness. Digby Neck is a narrow strip of water connecting the Bay of Fundy with the Annapolis Basin, and Digby itself rests serenely at the lower end of the Basin, across from the Neck. No one need wonder because the early explorers went in there, for only the man who has no curiosity or appreciation of natural attractiveness could pass it by. Doubtless the high seas of the Bay



"TO WORK IN THE DRYING-YARDS IS A FIRST-CLASS OLD MAN'S JOB"

of Fundy were just as high and the fogs just as thick in those days as they are now, and it is just possible that these men welcomed the Neck as a way of escape. But that need not remove the wonder of their failure to give Digby into the hands of the historians.

It is universally peculiar of humanity that the citizens of any place are least proud of the things that are of most interest to strangers. Digby is no exception to this rule, and therefore visitors are not assisted but merely tolerated in their quest for fishy smells and fishy sights. Of course, if it happen to be cherry season, there will be an exception to prove the rule, for the good folk of Digby are proud of their cherries. And well they might be. For the cherries are big and sweet and juicy,

and they grow everywhere. Even the shade trees in the streets bear cherries instead of horse-chestnuts. The annual cherry carnival, besides being a time of much merriment, is a unique and colourful celebration.

But even the cherries or the negroes from Bear River cannot eradicate the many ancient and honourable smells of fish, and it is to these smells that one turns for the true Digby flavour and the true Digby colour. To be sure, there are many other fishing towns and hamlets within easy reach, but here one must come for fish that are celebrated by the name of "Digby Chickens."

Fishing and the work of drying fish give opportunity for philosophic culture and moral reflection. No one need hurry. All the hustle and bustle in the world will not make the sun shine



DRYING-YARDS AT DIGBY WHERE COD AND HADDOCK ARE CURED IN THE SUN

more brightly for the breezes blow more keenly. If the sun shines, it shines; and if it doesn't shine, well, it doesn't shine. That is all there is to it. By moving more quickly a few more hooks might be baited in an hour. But why? The boat can start in the morning with only so many hooks; then, what difference does it make so long as everything is ready by sundown? The fish on the drying racks go on drying just the same as if everybody went about in a fever heat. And the smell is just as frank and honest and penetrating.

That familiarity breeds contempt is a truism for which there should be profound respect. In Digby, because the fishing fleet is at work almost the whole year round, and so the flavour of haddock and cod must be continuous. But some persons seem to

actually enjoy it, and for them a walk along the water-front or among the drying-frames is a real dilation of nostrils. After all, it gives an exhilarating sensation of brine, a genuine whiff of the sea, and there may be truth in the remark that it is healthful and invigorating.

It is rather remarkable that Digby should have been repeatedly overlooked by the early explorers. One wonders most of all how de Monts failed. He was not satisfied either at St. Croix Island, farther up the Basin, or at Port Royal, near by. Several attempts were made to find a more suitable spot, but every time Digby was not appreciated. It might be regarded as an injustice to Providence to say that the sufferings that attended the first settlement at Port Royal were due to the neglect of Digby.



SHOVELLING FISH-HEADS

But, at any rate, the citizens of Digby, even to this day, have the satisfaction of knowing that the colony faced much hardship and that finally inducement came for a trial elsewhere. Here, then, Providence must have been giving de Monts once more a chance to acknowledge Digby. De Monts' followers had struggled throughout a very severe winter. Cold weather came on suddenly and the dreary and forbidding aspect of the outside world to them seemed awful. They were struck with terror, and when they looked upon the river, the same river that had rippled and danced and reflected the blue shades of an autumn sky, now looked gray even to the depth of blackness, and huge blocks of ice floated about on its congealing surface. To add to their terror, a band of Indians encamped at the foot of the island. But the worst was yet to come. In the

midst of their struggles to bear up against adversities that they had previously little understood, a peculiarly fatal and unknown disease attacked them. No remedy could they discover to stay its ravages, and the Indians with whom they soon became acquainted, were unable to give them any relief. Of the seventy-nine members of the colony, thirty-five died, and those who survived were scarcely able to minister to their less fortunate companions and bury those who finally succumbed.

Hardship and suffering such as that could scarcely be associated with Digby, the place that de Monts absolutely slighted. Who dare say that if he had established his colony at Digby everything would not have gone well? But the citizens of Digby to-day will perhaps not hold this early slight too hard against the memory of de Monts, because this



BAITING HOOKS FOR THE MORROW'S CATCH

early explorer, in whose favour, undoubtedly, something can be said, thought that he was making a good choice. The average stranger walking along the streets of Digby to-day could not detect in the countenances of the citizens or in the countenance of the town itself any indication of ill-will towards de Monts or towards the island on which he and his followers spent that first terrible winter. The countenances might perhaps betray to an unusually discerning eye some trace of pity, but no emotion stronger than pity. That is something else to be said in favour of Digby: whether or not the people bear a grudge against de Monts, or Champlain, or Pontgravè, or Poutrincourt, or La Tour, or Charnisay they do not make a display of it. And that is the correct attitude for them to cultivate, for in the long run it will pay them never to admit that it has made for

them a fig's worth of material difference. Of course, everyone must acknowledge that honour is honour, that glory is glory, and that old associations are old associations.

But, as has been intimated already, Digby has its own share of old associations, and no man can take them away. To Digby they belong as the inalienable rights of free citizenship. Fishing and the occupations that follow in its wake are in Digby much more than they appear to be on the surface. In most places fishing is simply fishing. But in Digby it is a good deal more than just fishing. There are subtleties and knacks that mean much more than the ordinary performance of baiting hooks and pulling fish over the sides of boats. In short, there is here engendered a strong faith in the wisdom of the old saying that "there are tricks in all trades." And, verily, fishing is a trade.



A VIEW AT DIGBY

What trick could there be in fishing at Digby? Well, it would be a pity to see a shortage in the supply of cod liver oil. And cod is not always an abundant fish. Thinking of codfish and cod liver oil, one is reminded of the old woman who could make excellent head-cheese out of shank. Then, why not squeeze cod liver oil out of haddock livers? Why not squeeze it out of hake livers? If the people must have more oil than the codfish can supply, is it not in keeping with the best traditions of human nature to seek other sources in order to meet the demand? Perhaps there is no difference between haddock livers and cod livers. It is to be hoped there is not. But there seems to be a great difference between these two kinds of fish, for the fisherman receives fifty per cent. more for cod than for haddock.

Cod is cod, and haddock is haddock. There is no getting around that. But haddock, after it has been

dried, cured and shipped away in cases, comes out as finnan haddie. That is a curious thing, isn't it? And is it not just as reasonable for haddock livers to become cod livers after they have stood by the barrelful in the sun?

Fishing as it is practised at Digby is not all beer and skittles, but it affords a splendid lesson in economy. A use is found for every part of the fish, and if the heads and the insides cannot be made to do duty as livers they can at least be used by farmers and gardeners as a fertiliser. Even the back-bones of the fish are cut out and used in some way befitting their importance. Considerable skill is needed in order to cut out these bones deftly and with ease, but the one who works at this job should not have too much interest in the rising and falling of the tide. With the back-bone removed, the flesh of the fish can then be laid out flat so as to receive all possible sunshine while

on the drying-racks and be transformed into finnan haddie in due season.

To work in the drying-yards is a first-class old man's job. The fish are taken out on wheelbarrows from the fish-houses and laid flat on large racks built for the purpose. The haddock are still merely haddock. They dry while the sun shines, and then at the close of day they are placed in stacks as a precaution against dew or rain. It usually takes a week of this process before the haddock become finnan haddie ready for shipment. But it can be seen that there is enviable opportunity to stop and fill a pipe or moralise on the shortcomings of the neighbours. The sun goes on shining, or stops, according to its own regulator, and all that it is necessary for the man to do is to give it a chance. The situation is similar to that of the old Scotchman who said that when a man has nothing else to do he might just as well plant a tree: it grows while he sleeps.

It would be unjust to give the impression that Digby is merely a fishing town. The fish give it flavour, and that is what the stranger seeks. But it is perhaps more than anything else a summer resort. Visitors come there from the Eastern States, but mostly from Boston. These visitors

find much entertainment in what might be regarded as the local colour of the place. Lumbering is carried on to some extent in the neighbourhood, and as a result there is frequently an interesting association of lumbermen and fishermen. A dance at which these men and their friends of the gentler sex participate is an occasion of more than ordinary interest. If the dancing-floor be built temporarily of undressed lumber, with sails for covering, in the event of rain, informality prevails, and the fiddler, at five cents a couple for each dance, makes more money than he would at sorting out livers down on the waterfront.

After all, one thing that can be said for Digby, as was said at the outset, is that it has stood on its own merits. If tourists or summer boarders go to Annapolis Royal, or Wolfville, or Windsor, they go largely because of the historic associations that distinguish these places, but those who go to Digby go because the place itself attracts them. They do not stop to think about the place's immunity from accidental greatness, nor do they worry about the early explorers who passed it by. They enjoy its own charms and its own ways, its fishing fleet of twenty-five or thirty sails, its cherry trees and its ancient and honourable smells.



LORD MILNER'S IMPERIALISM

BY JOHN S. EWART

LORD MILNER is the chief exponent of what is called the "new imperialism," and he has just finished a series of addresses in Canada upon the subject. Canadians owe to so capable and so earnest an advocate as well as to themselves, careful consideration of what he has said.

The oldest imperialism meant domination in Downing Street and subordination elsewhere — or rather as much of these as could be arranged for. All colonies, in which were men of British blood, struggled strongly against that sort of imperialism. Our friends to the south rebelled against it, and succeeded in ending it forever. We also had a couple of hyper-exasperations; and, lopping off large quantities of it, we put the rest in train of peaceful extinction. It is gone now—or so nearly gone that the taste of it almost alone remains.

The Imperialists who formed "The Imperial Federation League" in 1884 proposed a new imperialism. They declared

"that in order to secure the permanent unity of the Empire, some form of federation is essential;"

but they could suggest no form. They spent more than a decade discussing "federation in the abstract"; and finally (1893) expired in the attempt to formulate some plan of it. Two points only seemed to be clear to these men:—

"that no scheme of federation should interfere with the existing rights of local parliaments as regards local affairs; and that any scheme of Imperial Federation should combine, on an equitable basis, the

resources of the Empire for the maintenance of common interests, and adequately provide for an organised defence of common rights."

But nobody would undertake a definition of "local affairs." To propose the reduction of the British Parliament to a state legislature; to cumber foreign negotiations with preliminary colonial conferences; to—well, nobody would attempt anything of a federation plan. Nobody has ever yet done so. Mr. Chamberlain said that it could not be done.

Mr. Chamberlain's was not a new imperialism. It was a new method, only, of attaining the object of the defeated League. In 1896 he said:—

"To create a new government for the British Empire—a new government with large powers of taxation and legislation over countries separated by thousands of miles of sea, in conditions as various as those which prevail in our several dependencies and colonies—that, indeed, would be a duty from which the boldest statesman might shrink appalled. We may, however, approach the desirable consummation by a process of gradual development."

From that day until his activities met with interruption, Mr. Chamberlain devoted his great energies and abilities to this "process of gradual development"; and Canada apprised of his "desirable consummation"—"a new government with large powers of taxation and legislation"—resisted successfully every proposal which he made. It must always be taken as a most important qualification of Mr. Chamberlain's political sagacity that he should have imagined that Canada would do anything else.

Mr. Chamberlain's most insidious proposal was for the establishment of an "Imperial Council." What harm could there be in meeting together and talking over matters "of common interest" to "the British Empire as a whole"? We had, indeed, something of the sort already, namely, the Colonial Conferences; but Mr. Chamberlain wanted, not a Conference but a Council, for as he said:—

"It is perfectly evident that it might develop into something greater."

Indeed, he said:—

"the object would not be completely secured until there has been conferred upon such a Council executive functions and perhaps also legislative powers."

But the Dominions did not want such a "desirable consummation," and they declined to agree to Mr. Chamberlain's proposal for a Council with its anticipated "process of gradual development" into a parliament.

Perhaps the principal lesson to be derived from the failure of all Mr. Chamberlain's proposals is that intelligent people will not be easily induced to enter upon a "process of gradual development," directed towards an end that nobody can define, and that, as far as anybody can understand, nobody wants.

The Imperial Federation League having failed to produce a plan of federation—although, as Mr. Chamberlain said:—

"during its career it was again and again challenged to produce a plan, and it was unwilling or unable to answer that challenge,"

and Mr. Chamberlain having failed to get us to embark upon a "process of gradual development" towards nothing that could be described, Sir Frederick Pollock and his Committee of Fifty considered and resolved and finally promulgated and preached (1905). They had a new imperialism—something very definite but something very crude. They put aside all idea of a federal parliament, for that, Sir Frederick said,

"assumes the consent of several independent legislatures, and involves a considerable modification of their existing authority. I am not aware of any reason for thinking that the Parliament of the United Kingdom would easily be persuaded to reduce itself by a solemn act to a mere state legislature, or that the colonial governments would be willing to surrender any substantial part of their autonomy to some federal state or council."

Colonial representation in the Imperial Parliament was also discussed and repudiated:

"No one, I believe, is now found to advocate a direct representation of the colonies in Parliament."

Another point seemed to be clear, namely:

"that we must distinctly renounce the invention of any new kind of executive or compulsory power."

What then? This only:

"We must, therefore, be content with a Council of Advice (an 'Imperial Council or Committee') which will have only what is called 'persuasive authority'."

Until 1905, then, these were the various "imperialisms": (1) Domination and subordination; (2) Imperial Federation without a plan; (3) A "process of gradual development" towards some unknown sort of imperial government; and (4) A Council with "persuasive authority." All were abandoned and were supposed to be dead. Let us now consider what Lord Milner has said to us, and more particularly let us note anything that is new in it.

1. First observe his sweeping, repeated and vigorous repudiation of the old domination-subordination idea:

"No sane man in Great Britain has the slightest idea of interfering with the affairs of Canada. Another misconception is that Great Britain regards the other self-governing portions of the Empire as so many satellites circling around the United Kingdom as a centre, and being compelled to dance to the tune of some Piper of Westminster. No Imperialist expects the people of the Dominion to take any such subordinate position."

There is nothing new, of course, about this idea (it is a very old one in Canada), and Lord Milner does not, as the present writer understands him, think that there is. But Canada may well be grateful to him for putting it so clearly. We should probably have been a little diffident about referring to our old master, the Colonial Secretary, as "some Piper of Westminster," but we recognise the happy aptness of the metaphor.

2. Let us be thankful, too, for Lord Milner's support of the Canadian refusal to send contributions to the British Navy. All the rubbish about the United Kingdom spending vast sums for the protection of the colonies; about Canadian meanness in taking protection and contributing nothing; and about the advantages of sending cheques to London instead of spending the money upon our own defences, meets with no support from Lord Milner. Read this, you Canadians who have sometimes unthinkingly traduced your own country:

"He did not like the way in which the case was sometimes put, as an appeal that the self-governing states should relieve the motherland of some portion of the burden. He thought there was something in the argument that the United Kingdom, even if the self-governing states were to separate, would require the same naval and military strength if India and the great dependencies were retained. 'I think,' he said, referring to the self-governing states, 'that even under present conditions their membership in the Empire adds more to its collective strength than liability for their protection adds to its responsibilities.'"

"The professional and technical, not to say strategic arguments for a single big navy are enormously strong. He felt the objections to that strongly. If the self-governing states merely contributed material or money, he did not think they would take the essential pride in the matter, but have too great a tendency to remain immersed in local affairs."

This, too, is not new imperialism, but old Canadianism established in the teeth of Chamberlain imperialism and without the assistance of a single sister Dominion.

3. Still, a third ground of gratitude

to Lord Milner is his repudiation of the "Council" idea, at all events, as "the commencing point of Imperial Federation." An Advisory Council as an adjunct of elected parliaments was an absurd notion. Fancy the Dominion, or the Imperial Parliament delaying a debate until some council or committee had expressed an opinion on the matter in hand! And fancy the humble respect and profound deference that would be paid to any such opinion by any honourable member who did not agree with it! An executive council without a parliament at its back—an executive council without anything to execute—was, if possible, still more absurd. If ever there is an imperial council it will accompany, not precede, imperial federation. That is not new imperialism or Canadianism. It is merely common sense.

4. One last bit of common ground between Canada and Lord Milner relates to closer coöperation between various parts of the Empire. In his opinion, coöperation is all that can, at present, be attempted:

"My view is that if people, already friendly and closely related, are anxious of becoming more friendly and more closely related—to develop a greater intimacy and interdependence—the only way is for them to do something together."

A scheme of federation, he said,

"can only result from, and not precede, the practice of coöperation."

Coöperation is a pure bit of Canadian opinion and Canadian policy. It was Canada that initiated imperial preferences, after years of worrying at the Imperial Government to get them to denounce the treaties which stood in the way. It was Canada that secured the establishment of the imperial cables, after similar years of trouble with the Colonial Office and the Admiralty. It was Canada that reduced imperial postage and shamed the British Post-Office into similar action. And it is Canada that is struggling with the usual hesitation in

connection with the All-Red Route. Lord Milner suggests, as bits of coöperation, Canadian representation at certain British embassies; concurrent naturalisation laws, and interchange of field officers. I am not sure that British regiments would care for Canadian-trained officers; and I am afraid that the British Parliament will not for many years agree with us about naturalisation; but of the advisability of Canada attending to her own diplomatic affairs, there can be no question. Development in this line, and coöperation in many others, is not new imperialism. Once more, it is old Canadianism.

With regard, then, to these four items of Lord Milner's imperialism, we may say that Canada, as a whole, is heartily in agreement with him: (1) We shall dance no more to the "Piper of Westminster"; (2) We shall send no contributions to the British Navy; (3) We shall have no Imperial Council; (4) We shall cultivate coöperative relationships with the United Kingdom. And these are the only specific points which Lord Milner presents to us. We call them, not items in imperialism, but in nationalism. The Argentine Republic could subscribe to every one of them.

Lord Milner would probably say so too. He would remind us that these are his concessions to nationalism, and that his imperialism means a combination of nations. We agree. He has subscribed to our nationality; now let us pass on and consider the proposed combination.

But here we at once re-enter the old Imperial Federation League quagmire. We cannot consider the "proposed combination," for, as usual (as always), nothing is proposed. To Lord Milner, federation is what is was to the Imperial Federation League — "federation in the abstract." His speeches contain not a single definition, not even a clear suggestion of it. Voicing his own criticism at Winnipeg, he said:

"Have we not heard enough of all

these fine generalities about Empire and Imperial Union? Is it not time to come to something more definite and practical?"

That is precisely what Lord Salisbury said to the Imperial Federation League in 1891, and the League dissolved in the effort to answer it. What does Lord Milner say?:

"Men are waiting for a sign, for some great scheme of imperial constitution which, as it seems to me, can only result from, and not precede, the practice of coöperation in the numerous matters in which it might be practised now, without new institutions."

Here, then, we have another and most convincing declaration that the production of any plan of federation is impossible. Mr. Chamberlain's curious suggestion that we should commence a "process of gradual development" towards an end that nobody understood—towards that which might turn out to be a good or a bad end—is not indeed repeated. But we have something still more curious, namely, an assertion that the best way—indeed the only way—to find an "imperial constitution" is to coöperate without one. If Lord Milner had said that the way to *obviate the necessity of an imperial constitution was to coöperate without one*, everybody would have agreed, but would have deemed the remark too obvious for emphatic assertion. No one would think of counselling a lame man to habituate himself to his crutches by learning to walk without them.

The "generalities" of Lord Milner's speeches were fortunately limited by his lack of sounding oratory, but they are none the less illusive and inexplicable. When he formulates the ideal as

"all our common affairs, the subject of common management in peace as much as in war"

one does wish to ask for some specification of "our common affairs"; for it is precisely in connection with this suggestion that Lord Milner, while advocating Canadian nationalism with

one breath, destroys it with the next. He tells us that

"no sane man in Great Britain has the slightest idea of interfering with the affairs of Canada."

But he immediately adds that

"the absolute independence of every part of the British Empire in its internal and domestic affairs is the very foundation of imperialism, as I understand it."

Now, there is nothing new and nothing attractive in this proposed limitation of our self-government to our "internal and domestic affairs." It was the key-note of every tune that the "Piper of Westminster" ever played. Canada got very tired of it.

Lord Milner will reply that limitation of self-control is not his proposal—that what he suggests is "*common management*" of "all our common affairs." Yes, but if by "*common management*" Lord Milner means that the predominant partner may do as he pleases and that the others must be satisfied with grumbling, the phrase has in it nothing very pleasing to Canada. Lord Milner sees that himself, and admits the

"difficulties, owing to the great inequality of station between Great Britain and any of her over-seas dominions—an inequality not only in population but in accumulated resources, in wealth, in fighting power and in everything that goes to make the strength and influence of a nation."

And it is, of course, very easy for an Englishman to add:

"But I do not believe that this would result in any subordination of the younger nations."

We do not doubt Lord Milner's sincerity, but we are somewhat familiar with the history of the subordination of Ireland; and we know that human nature shows little sign of improvement. Self-interest blinds the eyes of all men. If Mr. Chamberlain blundered so conspicuously with his "process," what can Canada expect from the average British elector? We know, to some extent, what Lord Milner thinks of British treatment of

South Africa. Is he in a position to assure us that the predominant partner's control of "our common affairs" would be any more satisfactory?

We know, too, Lord Milner's estimate of the amount of wisdom displayed by the British constituencies at the last election. Is he certain that upon questions relating to Canada they would be any more sane than in their opinions as to Chinese in the Transvaal? Lord Milner believes that the Irish members mean disruption of the kingdom. He dreads the portentous power of the labour vote. He shudders at the rising influence of the Socialists. He regards the great Liberal party itself, with its present huge majority in the House of Commons, as either stupid or dishonest—at the best, as terribly and alarmingly mistaken in its views upon all the great questions now under discussion. He would not trust the present House of Commons with anything of very much importance.

But, with pleasantest composure, Lord Milner counsels Canada to trust these same constituencies; to enter into partnership with dissatisfied and truculent Irish (Irish unangered, we like and welcome); to submit our tariff and other "*common affairs*" to the judgment of the purely selfish labour vote and the Victor Graysons. "I do not believe," he tells us, "that there would be any subordination of the younger nations." What else could there be? The highly protective quality of our tariff would disappear at the first session of the federal parliament. Lord Milner, himself, would imagine that he was doing us service by voting against it.

But we should have representation in an imperial parliament! Yes, of course; and no one is in better position than is Lord Milner, at the present moment, to tell us the value of representatives in a minority. The whole Unionist party has represented South Africa in the present Parliament, and have they, in Lord Milner's opinion, been able to save South

Africa? One billion five hundred million dollars spent upon the war there, and tens of thousands of lives lost or crippled—for what? For a South Africa united under Dutch control? One side of politics in England blames the other for the war; and the other blames the one for its sequel. Lord Milner would not think Canada safe if the Liberals were to remain in power. Can he be certain that they are upon the point of eternal disappearance? Is he positive that an imperial parliament would make a better tariff for Canada than Canada would make for herself? If the United Kingdom were going to send a small minority of representatives to the imperial parliament, would Lord Milner feel perfect confidence that there would not be “any subordination” of the United Kingdom? He knows perfectly well the vast difference between Englishman and Colonial, and he almost despairs of very many Englishmen (the whole Liberal party, for example) ever being sensible upon the tariff question. Is his conviction perfect that a flood of colonials would be any wiser?—that they would not rush off to the other extreme?

And now let me say, with all respect to Lord Milner, that he is doing serious injury to the cause that he has at heart. He believes that all that can be done at present is to encourage coöperation between the different parts of the Empire, and he believes that, by so doing a way will be found to imperial federation. His plan, then, should be to promote coöperation, and for that purpose to refrain from telling Canadians that the effect of it will be to produce something which Canadians object to. If he can convince us that his prediction is right, we shall soon change our attitude towards preferential tariffs, imperial cables, cheap postages and all-red routes. We want a great deal of British connection, but we have struggled too hard for self-government, and we glory in it too highly,

to contemplate with patience the thought of again dancing to pipers at Westminster, even if we should elect a few of them ourselves.

Canada is kept distracted by these federation proposals. If anybody could suggest anything specific, some excuse for the recurrent appeals might be thought to exist. But, specifications being impossible, the only effect of the invocations is to cause division among us, and to retard, if not possibly prevent, the development of a true Canadian sentiment. For our Canadian imperialists shy at the idea of Canadian nationality. They fear its effect upon “British connection.” Every step forward they regret. Return to past subordination they do not desire, for they soon become reconciled to every advance; but they always deprecate any further change, and they would keep intact every “link that binds us to the motherland”—every link that proves our subordination. Their attitude leads some of them to the adoption of arguments uncomplimentary to Canadians, extending occasionally even to actual misrepresentation of Canadian action. Laudation of Canadian conduct and aspiration they do not like, and, to it, they return injurious reflection and unfounded charge. Their “loyalty to the Empire” leads them to depreciation of that part of it in which they live. A short time ago when correcting a flagrant misrepresentation of Canadian attitude at the last Colonial Conference, I felt impelled to add:

“I have never been quite able to understand why imperialists so frequently base their arguments upon misrepresentation and disparagement of their own country.”

We have difficulties enough in our attempt at nation-building in Canada. Strung along a 3,000-mile line, with huge gaps interspersed: the Bay of Fundy between two provinces; the State of Maine between two others; French Quebec between these and the next westerly; 700 miles of rock

and water before you come to the prairies; three ranges of mountains between them and the Pacific—there is our chief difficulty. Two-thirds English and one-third French—there is the next. Marked diversity of interest between the manufacturing East and the agricultural West, with the seven hundred uninhabitable miles between—there is the third. Large foreign immigration — there is the fourth. The largest number of immigrants from the republican United States—there is the fifth.

Nation-building is peculiarly difficult under such circumstances.

Shortly after our federation Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper, feeling the necessity for some cohering, rallying influence, obtained, with great difficulty, the assent of the Admiralty to the appearance of the Canadian coat-of-arms upon the fly of the flag of the merchant marine. At the same time, and without the assent of anybody, they hoisted that flag (with the coat-of-arms on it) upon the public buildings throughout the Dominion. The Governor-General (Lord Stanley) approved the action, and in a despatch to the Colonial Secretary (12th December, 1891) spoke of

"The flag which has come to be considered as the recognised flag of the Dominion both afloat and ashore."

But there was far too much imperialism in Canada to justify altogether the Governor's words. Some of the provinces, in complete ignorance of "the recognised flag," have directed the Union Jack to be hoisted upon their school houses. British Columbia has ordered the Canadian flag to be taken down, and Imperialists and Canadians are there in sharp controversy upon the subject.

Anti-Canadianism is no new development. On the contrary it has always been a distinct factor in

Canadian life, although now, fortunately, it is less obtrusive and objectionable than ever before. Many of Canada's very best men have, at every stage of Canadian history, opposed any advance in nationalism and have stood out stoutly for the maintenance of the "links" which subordinated us to the "Piper of Westminster."

In the old days this attitude was the cause of sharp dissension, bitter struggle, and even short rebellion. To-day it would die down, were it not that every now and then some prominent Englishman blows it into flame again. The purpose is pure, but every visit and every appeal only uncovers the sore, and causes resentment from those who otherwise might be sympathetic towards the country that many of us still call the motherland. My recent book, "The Kingdom of Canada and other Essays," has in it a tone of acerbity which, in quiet moments, I regret, but which, during every succeeding suggestion of piper-resurrection, I most heartily approve. It is impossible to be perfectly complacent while the political freedom of your country is assailed.

Canada, I most earnestly hope, will some day be a nation. Should she miscarry, history will point to the fell dividing influence of imperialism as the reason for the failure. If Lord Milner's visit has been of the slightest service to him, he now knows that Canada will never agree to imperial federation, and he knows that he has done not a little to make more difficult the realisation of his desire for stronger sympathy and completer co-operation. He has aroused, once again, the apprehensions which the Imperial Federation League and Mr. Chamberlain so strongly stirred. We admire Lord Milner's ability and strength, but we recognise in him a danger to that which we hold dearest.

THE POET PASSES

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

The Poet sings of God! And the sweet earth
With night's soft tear-drops wet upon her face
Opens her sleep-cleared eyes and, wond'ring, finds
God in a sun-filled place!

The Poet passes, and some cry "He dreams!
This slow world rocks unto her destiny—
And days are sweet and nights are beautiful,
Unrecking thee or me!

"See the faint, glancing shadow o'er the grass—
Gone—and the grass still sways beneath the breeze!
See the bright drop down-falling to the brook—
Lost in engulfing seas!

"So we, who stray awhile upon the sand,
And send our calling out upon the deep,
And cry with wonder at a passing sail,
And, tired, fall asleep!"

The Poet passes, and some quarrel of God,
Making strange figures with a feverish hand
And saying "This is God—and this—and this!"
Poor dolls made out of sand!

And one comes by who smiles and says "What now!
Still busy with these old-time, babe's affairs?
If ye must play I'll give you truth for lies—
Let Science show her wares!"

And still another, flame-eyed, crying, "Woe,
Oh, woe and doom upon a wicked race!
Throw down these foolish idols ye have made
And give *my* god a place."

"No, no!" we cry, "Our own dear god, or none!"
And while we kneel before him, fain to pray,
A wave steals up from out the timeless deep
And washes him away.

And still the Poet, passing down the sand,
Sings God! God! God! and something in us, high
And sweet, thrills back a ringing echo "God!"
And lo! Our tears are dry!



THE ADVENTURESS

BY J. J. BELL

"HALIBUT, my dear fellow, you are worried."

"I am, Bliss."

"There is something on your mind."

"There is." Mr. Halibut dropped back in his easy-chair and eyed his cigar dismally.

Mr. James Bliss leant forward and gazed anxiously at his old friend and guest. They had just dined, and the host had been puzzled by the other's dullness. Both were men of a little over fifty, and their friendship dated from boyhood. They were bachelors.

"If I can be of any assistance at all, Halibut, please say so," said Bliss gently. "Forgive my mentioning it, but for some time I have suspected that all was not well with you. Is—is it the case that you got badly hit by the Cosmopolitan Copper collapse?"

"A thousand thanks, Bliss; but it isn't money. I will tell you the truth—there is no one else I could trust, and I am sorry I did not tell you before." He paused and sighed.

"I am at your service always," said his friend.

"I believe you, Bliss, I believe you. Well—to come to the point—I am—er—entangled."

"Entangled?"

"In other words, I am engaged to be married."

"God bless us all! And you never told me! That was hardly friendly, Halibut. Come, was it now? But why——"

"I am engaged to Mrs. Ida Cornish, the — the adventuress." Mr. Halibut, having made this announcement, sucked savagely at his dead cigar.

"My dear fellow!" his friend exclaimed. "What is this you are telling me? I do not understand. I do not know Mrs. Ida Cornish, not even by name; but you tell me you are engaged to marry her, and then, before I can get out a word of congratulation, you describe her as an adven——"

"Congratulations, Bliss, would be out of place," said Halibut. "It is your commiseration I require, and—your assistance, if possible."

"My dear friend, you shall have anything I can give you. But I am still very much in the dark."

"The whole affair is simply explained. Three months ago, coming over on the *Caronia*, I met Mrs. Ida Cornish. To put it briefly, she attracted me, for she is beautiful, while I don't think she can be over five and thirty. She had been widowed ten years before I met her. Her manner, I am ready to admit, is excessively charming. We met frequently—very frequently—on board. On the journey from Liverpool to town I was able to be of some service to her, and obtained her address. She put up at the *Talbot*, a quiet hotel in Suffolk street. She seemed to have no friends in town. I called upon her at the hotel. Finally I asked her to marry

me. She agreed at once. It did not occur to me till afterwards that she had never mentioned her people. When I hinted at the subject she evaded it. I felt it my duty to myself to make—er—some private inquiries."

"That," said Mr. Bliss, looking very unhappy, "must have been most repugnant to you."

"It was," said Mr. Halibut grimly; "yet, not so repugnant as the result of the inquiries."

"Dear, dear!" murmured the host sympathetically. "Is it so very bad, my poor friend?"

"Bliss," said the other suddenly, "have you ever had any experience with women?"

"Never," replied Mr. Bliss. But he reddened, and a flush spread over his shaven countenance, extending to his bald head. "Not since I was very young, anyhow," he added. "I made rather a fool of myself when I was about eighteen——"

"Oh, that's nothing," his friend interrupted. "You have had no experience with the mature article. In fact, I believe you have avoided ladies' society for many years."

"That is perhaps the truth."

"Then you don't know what it is to be deceived. The first result of my inquiries showed that I was not, after all, her only visitor. She was in the habit of receiving visits from a man who was not a gentleman. Secondly, she had a child, a boy, hidden—somewhere. Thirdly, she had no money, she was gradually pawning her jewellery."

"Poor thing!" muttered Mr. Bliss.

"Fourthly," continued Mr. Halibut, "she had been in the habit of coming over from Canada every year for nine years and putting up at the *Talbot*. Fifthly—but that is enough. What do you think of it all, Bliss?"

"It is truly dreadful! And what explanations did she give you?"

"None; I asked for none — they would have been futile. Besides, as you can see, it would have been

awkward to have admitted that I had had her watched."

"Yes; still, you know, Halibut, she might have been able to give satisfactory explanations for her peculiar actions. You might give her the chance without actually letting her know that she had been — ahem! — watched. If I were you——"

"My good fellow," Halibut broke in impatiently, "I don't want explanations. I have done with her. I have been an infatuated idiot, but, thank God, that is over."

"You—you don't mean that you aren't going to—to marry the lady," stammered Bliss.

"That is exactly what I do mean."

"Oh!" murmured Bliss helplessly.

A silence fell between them.

Halibut spoke first. "I am not asking your pity," he said, with a hard laugh. "I am not suffering in the least from a broken heart. So you need not think of me in——"

"I was thinking of Mrs. Cornish," put in Bliss mildly. "It will be very hard for her."

"Oh, I suppose I'll have to pay her something. Now, Bliss, will you help me to get out of this stupid entanglement?" He looked across at his old friend.

Mr. Bliss shrunk a little in his chair, and his eyes sought the floor. "What do you wish me to do, Halibut?" he asked at last.

"Interview the lady for me," replied Halibut. He ignored his friend's exclamation and went on: "Of course, I don't want any publicity. That's what I'm afraid of with a woman of this sort. She'll threaten all kinds of things, and, of course, she has the power to make a case of it. Do you understand me?"

"Yes," said Mr. Bliss, feebly. "But are you quite sure she is so bad?"

"Don't get sentimental, Bliss! If you had had as much sentiment as I've had you would know better. However, let's keep to the point. I desire neither publicity nor ruinous expense. And I have been thinking

that, since she has had no hesitation in deceiving me, I would have some justification in practising a little deception upon her. So——"

"Excuse me, Halibut, but have you ever really cared for this lady?" The host's voice was a trifle cold.

Halibut laughed awkwardly. "Possibly not," he said. "There's no fool like a middle-aged fool. To tell you the truth, marriage would not suit me."

"In short, you are rather glad of this excuse for retaining your freedom?"

"Come, Bliss, you are getting severe. Apart from everything else, I have been shockingly badly treated. How would you feel in my position?"

"Dreadful! I beg your pardon, Halibut, for seeming to lack sympathy. I do not wonder that you have become somewhat embittered. But, would it not be a wiser course to instruct your lawyer to see the lady? I fear that I——"

"A lawyer would simply put the fat in the fire. Besides, I am anxious to spare the woman's feelings as far as possible. I want to give *her* an excuse for throwing *me* over. Do you see?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, suppose that you called on the lady, as an old friend of mine; suppose that you told her how I was unable to come myself, because I had been completely prostrated by an appalling discovery, to wit, that while making preparations for the marriage I had learned of—the existence of insanity in my family. What then?"

"What a hideous subterfuge, Halibut!" cried Bliss in a shocked voice.

"Can you suggest anything better?"

"And what a mission for me to undertake! Are you really serious?" Mr. Bliss passed his hand over his bald head.

"Of course I am serious. The matter is not one for jesting upon. My dear fellow, I've thought the thing out; I've looked at it every way, and

I really cannot see a better solution of the difficulty—for her as well as for myself. Not that she deserves much consideration," he added quickly.

"It is too much—I cannot undertake it," said Bliss dejectedly.

"For the sake of our friendship, Bliss."

"It might put an end to our friendship," was the reply.

"Nonsense, man! Perhaps you think me hard and mean, but, as I said before, put yourself in my place."

"Couldn't you tell her simply that you had lost all your money? Then you would prove at once whether or not she was a mere adventuress."

"My dear fellow, you are simple," said Halibut, with the unpleasant laugh that was new to his host, "the long and the short of the matter is this: If you can't, or won't, help me, there will be an amusing breach of promise case ending in heavy damages."

Bliss had an immediate vision of his friend's name in the newspapers, and it sickened him.

"One question, Halibut," he said, suddenly. "What would you do in the event of the lady's action being satisfactorily explained?"

"Allow her something extra," I suppose.

Mr. Bliss winced. Then he took a fresh cigar from the box, nipped off the end, and lit it. For a couple of minutes he smoked thoughtfully.

When he spoke his voice was quiet and steady.

"I will do what you ask, Halibut."

"Thank you, old man," cried the other, jumping up and holding out his hand. "I knew I might depend upon you."

Bliss shook the extended hand, but rather limply.

"Look here, Halibut," he said, with unusual sternness, "if you have misjudged this poor woman, I—I will never forgive you. Now I am ready to listen to your instructions."

It was late when the men parted, and for the first time in their long friendship Bliss was not sorry to see his friend's back. He felt ashamed of himself, arguing that Halibut's feelings ought to count for everything and the unknown woman's for nothing; yet he could not get rid of the knowledge of having seen his old friend's soul as he could never have dreamed to see it.

*

At three o'clock the following afternoon Mr. Bliss mounted the steps of the *Talbot Hotel*.

"How could Halibut do it?" he asked himself miserably.

His natural ruddy countenance was pale, and he looked as if he had been up all night. He went slowly to the office and tendered his card and inquiry.

"Mrs. Cornish will see you in the small upper drawing-room, sir," said the clerk, five minutes later, and Mr. Bliss followed a boy upstairs, his mind in a turmoil.

He entered the drawing-room, which was empty. It was November, but the beads stood on his brow.

"Mr. Bliss?" said a womanly voice behind him, and he turned with a start.

"Mrs. Cornish?" he murmured, bowing.

"You wished to see me?"

"Yes, madam. I—I bring a message from my friend, Mr. William Halibut. Will you take a seat, madam? Over here, perhaps," he said, indicating a couple of chairs in a recess.

Mrs. Cornish accepted the seat which he placed for her.

"Will you not be seated?" she said. She looked up at Bliss, and he dropped his eyes, but not before hers had thrilled him. In a flash he understood how his friend had become infatuated. The woman was very beautiful.

"Thank you, madam," he returned, seating himself. His tongue failed him.

"You have a message, I think you said, from Mr. Halibut," she said quietly.

"Yes, madam," stammered Bliss. The business was a thousand times worse than he had imagined it in the long, sleepless night.

"I have been expecting a message from Mr. Halibut," she said gravely. "You are Mr. Halibut's lawyer?"

"No, no. God forbid, madam!" he exclaimed. "I am his oldest friend, and I am charged with a message, which—which——"

"Which is not quite pleasant for me to receive, nor for you to deliver." She spoke calmly.

Her visitor stared.

"You are right, madam," he said, controlling himself.

"Will you be good enough to deliver the message.

"Madam, it pains me deeply," he began.

"I am sure it does. But pray make an effort to proceed. Perhaps, to begin with, you can tell me why Mr. Halibut is not here himself. When last he honoured me with his presence he was kind enough to appoint this hour for calling upon me." Her voice was cool and level.

Mr. Bliss forced himself to speak.

"Mrs. Cornish — madam — Mr. Halibut is not here because he is prostrated by a—a frightful discovery."

"Several discoveries, surely?"

"The discovery concerns himself—his family, madam. While in the midst of preparing for the—the coming change in his affairs, he discovered a dreadful im-p-pediment."

"Dear me! And he gave it to his oldest friend?"

"Madam, for God's sake, do not jest," cried Bliss. "Mr. Halibut discovered that there was insanity in his family, confined to the male side. His father escaped, but——"

"Do you know, Mr. Bliss," interrupted the lady sweetly, "that for nearly a week I have strongly suspected this?"

"Madam!" he gasped.

"And so," she continued, "your friend Mr. Halibut is—not so fortunate as his father was."

"Madam! William Halibut is as sane as I am. But——"

"A marriage has been arranged, but will not take place on account of the insanity of the gentleman," reflectively murmured Mrs. Cornish. "Yes; I think that announcement, with names, of course, would do as well as any for the *Morning Post*. What do you think, Mr. Bliss? Is that what Mr. Halibut would like?"

Mr. Bliss fairly shuddered. What an adventuress the woman was, after all! And yet his middle-aged heart beat with admiration for something more than her audacity. He was wondering what to say next, when she spoke, her voice a little higher, a little keener than previously.

"Is that all your message from your friend?"

"Not at all, madam. He, of course, realises that you——"

"Want money."

Mr. Bliss went dumb.

"How much does he offer, sir?"

"He—he would rather you made a—a suggestion, madame."

"But he gave you a limit," she said sharply. "How much?"

A sickliness came over the man's soul. At that moment he hated Halibut.

"How much?" she repeated. "Quick, sir!"

"T—two hundred pounds," whispered Bliss. "He——"

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Cornish, with a steely little laugh, "how highly he rates himself, to be sure!"

Her visitor writhed on his chair. He could make nothing of this woman. But how brave—how very brave she was!

"Is that all the message, sir?"

"I do not know, madam, I do not know," he said helplessly, losing his head.

"I fear you are but an indifferent messenger," she remarked, not un-

kindly, "though you are doubtless a good friend. But I will now give you a message for Mr. Halibut."

"Would you not consider the matter till to-morrow?" he said eagerly.

"I considered it yesterday," she returned, and he fell back in his chair: "My message is short. Kindly say to Mr. Halibut that I am perfectly satisfied that his money should perish with him, as I desire neither."

Into the pallid countenance of Mr. Bliss the blood flew. He rose weakly, and stood before her.

"Madam — Mrs. Cornish — forgive me!" he said hoarsely.

She did not appear to hear him. She seemed to be wholly intent upon her fingers, which were twisting together in her lap.

"It is a silly world," she murmured. "It is the stupidity that makes it so cruel. After all," she went on, raising her voice a trifle, "I think I may add to the message I have just given you, sir."

"Madam," he broke in, "I am feeling like a whipped cur. I pray you say you forgive me."

She gave him a brief glance.

"Have I said anything to justify myself?" she asked.

"It was not necessary. As long as I live I shall regret this day."

"Suppose I were proved to be wicked?"

"I should regret it all the more. But that is impossible. Mrs. Cornish, let me speak. I understand two things now. One is that you are alone and in some great difficulty; the other is that I would give all that I have to be allowed to help you."

"Ah! you are kind, Mr. Bliss; but you do not know much about women."

"I have known a few—good women. Let me help you."

"Oh, hush, I beg of you! How can you tell that I am trustworthy? Listen, please, while I add to my message for Mr. Halibut. It will tell you what I am."

"I will listen; but I know what

you are already. One moment, please."

There was a writing-table close by, and he pencilled some words on a sheet of paper, placed it in an envelope, and proffered it to her.

"This," said he, unsteadily, "is what I think of you now and always. Tell me your story, if you will, and afterwards open this."

She took the envelope unwillingly, curiously. "What strange ways you have, Mr. Bliss."

"They are strange to myself, Mrs. Cornish."

She glanced at him wondering. The whole man seemed to have changed since the beginning of the interview: he seemed to have grown stronger, straighter, even younger.

"My story will go into a few words," she began. "My marriage was a runaway one, and my husband's parents have never forgiven me, nor will they ever do so. My husband was of importance, I was a nobody, with one relative in the shape of a not very presentable brother. A year after our marriage my husband died suddenly. He had been unable to make any provision for my little boy and myself. My husband's people offered to take my little boy and bring him up—they are very rich—if I would agree to give him up entirely. I refused. They then offered to permit me to see him seven days in the year—not seven days running, lest so much of his mother should make him fond of her. In desperation, for the boy's sake, I consented. That was ten years ago. I went out to Canada to keep house for my brother, on condition that he would allow me sufficient money to come home once a year for a month. It was my tenth voyage home that I met Mr. Halibut. I accepted his offer of marriage—why, do you think, Mr. Bliss?"

"Halibut," said Bliss slowly, "always seemed to me a man that any woman would have been glad to marry. But now I know you were

thinking of your little boy. Why did not you tell Halibut?"

Mrs. Cornish sighed. "I—I put off telling him. I was afraid he—he would change his mind. It was dreadfully wrong of me—it wasn't honest—I was really no better than a common adventuress."

Bliss started.

"But, Mr. Bliss, I—I wanted my little boy. I had wanted him all these terrible years, and when the chance of regaining him came at last I could not bear to risk anything. I was always waiting for a better opportunity to tell him about my little boy."

"If you had only told Halibut," Bliss began gently.

"No; I am not sorry now," she said, firmly. "Mr. Halibut never really cared for me; how could he be expected to care for my little boy?"

"But—"

"Mr. Bliss, it would have been misery to have married such a man. And now for the end of the message."

She gave a short, harsh laugh.

"Please tell Mr. Halibut to employ a better quality of private detective the next time he requires one. The individual who has been watching my movements of late was made of poor stuff. He was no match for my husband's old servant—the only friend I have in London—who gave him a sound thrashing last night on the country road leading from my little boy's present home. The miserable creature confessed everything."

"Then you knew?" gasped Bliss.

"Did I not say to you that I had suspected the existence of insanity in Mr. Halibut's family? I try to be charitable, you know."

Bliss hung his head.

"You might also tell Mr. Halibut that when I arrived in London I had money sufficient for a month. Three months have passed. He knows, of course, through his agent, that I have been disposing of my little bits of jewellery. My late husband's servant, who has always been ready to serve

me on my yearly visits, helped me there. It was necessary, you understand, for me to live respectably until Mr. Halibut was ready to marry me." She spoke quite calmly.

"Great God!" whispered Bliss.

"I shall return Mr. Halibut's presents within an hour. I think that is all, Mr. Bliss."

There was a silence between them. The traffic under the windows seemed unusually loud.

"And—and your little boy?" said Bliss very softly, leaning forward.

"Ah! my little boy, my little boy."

She fell to playing with her fingers.

Bliss rose and went to the window.

"Madam," he said, formal once more through sheer emotion and nervousness, "please open the letter."

She lifted it from her lap and took out the sheet of notepaper. On it were written the words:

"Mrs. Ida Cornish,—I should be honoured if you would marry me.—James Bliss."

It seemed a long time ere he found courage to look around.

The woman's head was bowed, and her tears were falling on the note.

Bliss went slowly towards her, but halted a little way off.

"Madam," he stammered, "will you forgive me?"

She dried her eyes and looked up with a tremulous smile.

"It is so long since I have cried," she said, shakily. "I don't cry even when I part from my little boy."

"Then you are too sad."

"Mr. Bliss," she said quickly, "what a big heart you have! It is, surely, equal to the combined hearts of all the men I ever met. I—I thank you for your beautiful pity."

"Pity!" he exclaimed, his face ruddy. "Before ever I saw you it was pity . . . but now . . . Ah, madam—Mrs. Cornish—I do but trouble you now, but will you permit this lonely old fellow to—to come again—soon. Not for your sake, not even for the little boy's sake, but for—for his own sake—permit him to come again—soon."

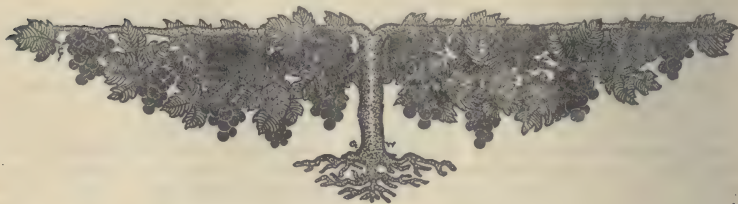
"Oh, no, no, Mr. Bliss, you must never see me again," she cried, hiding her face.

But how tender her voice was!

Mr. Bliss went to the door, and as he opened it he said softly but distinctly:

"Madam, dear madam, I will call to-morrow at three."

And he went out and closed the door as though it were upon something very delicate and very exquisite and very precious.



PHOTOGRAPHING WILD BIRDS

BY RONALD L. FORTT



YOUNG KING-BIRDS

THE photography of today is strictly a known quantity—truly an immense field, intersected with convenient regularity by beaten trails, by tried ways. Such to a certain degree, is its mechanical simplicity that the merest

novice can in a short time overcome the minor difficulties and soon learn to produce good, clear negatives with a fair amount of sureness and precision.

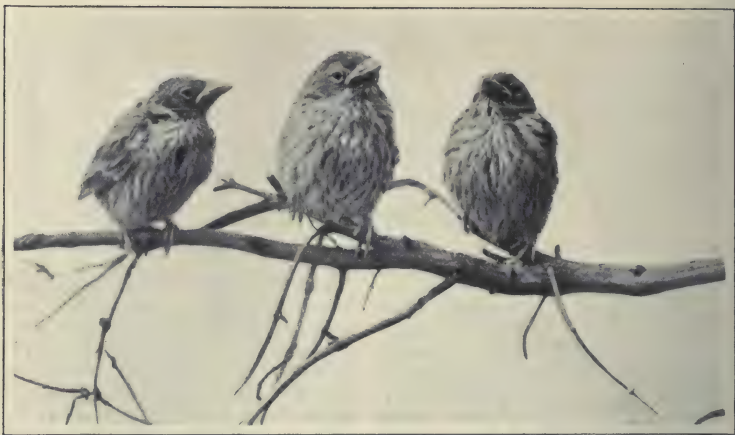
This stage we all reach in photography—the “snapshot” stage in which the kodak fiend roams wildly around, his finger always on the button, ready to “snap” on the slightest provocation. In due time the prints are turned out, to be pasted in tedious rows through uninteresting albums. Photographically correct and clear these prints may be but woefully wanting from an artistic point of view. To the owner himself and to a few of his friends these old prints may be very dear indeed: they portray and bring back old scenes and thoughts which otherwise might be entirely forgotten. But, as I say, from an artistic standpoint such work appears only as a failure. A critic looking over the book and being entirely uninterested in the faces and situations he finds there, sees nothing but the errors—

the crude poses, the awkward consciousness of the sitters. This may appear a harsh and somewhat pessimistic view of the situation, but, as I said before, we all must pass through this stage, and perhaps it is better for us that we should.

After graduating from this condition the average amateur begins to take a broader interest in things photographic, and, usually deviating to one of the distinct branches, takes that one up in earnest. It may be anything from landscape to child portraiture, but by selecting one clearly defined path and following this up carefully the ultimate results are infinitely higher and more fruitful. A few amateurs, straying entirely from set rules and principles and exploring unknown ground, suddenly open up new fields to the camera world.

Much has been said and written about the necessities for this work. The “best” camera, lens and other details have, many times, been discussed by much abler pens than mine. Instead, then, I will choose a few typical photographs of the commoner birds found in almost any locality, and, instead of speaking in a general way, will tell just how these negatives were made.

Picture me, then, bedraggled and perspiring, up to my knees in mud and water—the swampiest, I’m sure, of all swamps. My object was to photograph a bull-frog in all his native glory. For two melting, toilsome hours I had ploughed my way through the marsh, among black



YOUNG CHIPPING-SPARROWS, VERY INDIGNANT

snakes and mud-turtles, among snails and leeches, in search of a subject in just the right position. In truth frogs there were in plenty and monsters, some of them. But the large ones, and it was one of the very large I wanted, persisted in sitting in the most absurd and "ungetatable" positions. It seemed to have a particular fondness for shaded spots in remote corners.

Photographs of frogs must almost invariably lack clearness and contrast, so closely do their motley coats fit into the nondescript background they choose. So I had also to consider the light. Early woodlore had deeply impressed me with the idea that a bull-frog without water-lilies and the accompanying rushes was an utter absurdity. Accordingly I stalked directly past two or three "chances" which did not furnish the desired background. After two hours of this rather uncertain mode of progression, half-swimming, half-walking, I was "about all in." Fatigued and perspiring is a very mild way of describing my condition. I had, incidentally, become firmly convinced that the "nature fakers" who had mixed frogs

and water-lilies in sweet confusion were either dreaming or crazy.

Then it was that I discovered him—my frog—sitting bow-legged and quietly contented in a distorted heap among just the surroundings which a real bull-frog should always select. I could have shouted for joy, but instead I edged nervously closer, centering and focusing the mildly uninterested victim in the shaded hood. "Clinkety Cluck," sang the shutter as it glided home, while, almost at the same instant, the unconscious subject of so much admiring attention uttered a startled, disgusted but half-smothered gurgle and disappeared under the ever-widening circles on the water. Hardly a "bird photo," you say. But nevertheless it is a very interesting subject and a splendid one for beginners.

*

I stood up in the little cedar canoe and, clinging to the huge upturned stump leaned over to peer into the depths of a likely looking cavity in one of the larger roots. A startled little cry, a rush of hurried beating wings, and the mother bird brushed



"IN EVERY LINE OF THEIR VISAGES THE EXCITEMENT OF A FIRST PORTRAIT"

past my face and was gone, to swerve in anxious, undulating circles around her home. It was a river swallow. As my eyes became accustomed to the darkness of the hole, I made out five tiny, huddled forms at the bottom of the nest. My collection lacked a portrait of this dainty species, and here indeed was a chance not to be overlooked. Carefully I climbed out of the boat, and after some minutes of agonised balancing and manœuvring succeeded in setting up my camera among the tangled roots.

Then I reached down into the hole and brought out a twittering, astonished little inmate, which, a moment later, sat poised in blinking doubtfulness on a convenient twig. Five in a row, thought I, would be splendid, so I proceeded to "dive" for another. But when my posed friend on the twig saw my arm swing toward the hole which contained a handful of squirming, complaining brotherhood, he sidestepped uneasily to the tip of the branch and then flew—how he flew! He appeared to be perfectly at home in the air, and did not rest until he had put a long hundred yards

between us, the anxious mother shrieking encouragement from the rear. The little birds were almost fully grown and apparently ready to leave the nest when my unexpected intrusion augmented their world-seeking efforts. No sooner had I placed number two in position than he, too, took it upon himself to leave me, and he did so without a pang.

I was disgusted. Evidently they could all fly, and they hadn't the common decency to wait even a minute or two before departing. To make a long story short I extricated my intended subjects one by one and one by one watched them leave with annoying regularity. The fifth and last swallow, however, was more obliging and, after one hurried, irregular trip, returned to rest in a fearless pose upon the branch he had so lately vacated. He appeared to be indifferent to all my movements. I moved up till the lens was within fifteen inches of his saucy little beak, and then, focusing him sharply, squeezed the bulb. At the sound of the shutter he did not even turn his head and a few minutes later when, my camera closed, I climbed into the canoe he



A YOUNG KING BIRD

remained in quiet serenity and undisturbed aloofness, just as the film had caught him.

*

For days I knew within a dozen paltry yards where the nest was but could not place it. After coming home from inland trips in the evening we flushed the mother mallard to rise, with mighty rush of pulsating wings, high above the trees, but still the exact whereabouts of the home remained unknown to us. Apparently, although we seemed to creep up with the very essence of quietness, to the more sensitive ears of the listening duck our approach must have appeared almost noisy. At any rate, it seemed to furnish sufficient warning to enable the bird to quietly leave the nest and rise some little distance from her home. At last by biding our time and choosing a day we were able to make our way towards the spot in the teeth of a strong east wind. The duck flushed before we expected it, almost at our

feet and at least thirty yards from the spot from which she usually rose. We had surprised her, but even then it took twenty minutes before we found the nest at the roots of a hazel-nut bush, carefully concealed but, this time, only partially covered with her feathers.

It was a snug retreat situated to a nicety at the foot of a huge basswood. All around were the shady, protecting, thick-grown hazel-nuts, and the eggs themselves were hidden by a hastily-strewn covering composed of the old birds' breast-feathers, which harmonised exactly with the surroundings. Small wonder this had taken us days to find.

By cautiously brushing back the downy coverlet I disclosed twelve beautiful eggs. I focused, and snapped them as they were, and then, setting my tripod, carefully concealed all but the lens and retired, after attaching forty feet of rubber tubing, behind a convenient pine tree to await the return of the mother duck. For three hours I



A YOUNG CROW'S LAST "CAWL" FOR BREAKFAST

waited with naught but mosquitoes and cramped muscles as a reward. Then, as the sun disappeared and the light began to weaken, I closed my camera with a snap and went home in disgust.

I left the nest severely alone for three days; then, once more determined to try my luck, I approached slowly and quietly with bulb in hand and camera set. To my surprise, the bird apparently fancied itself undiscovered and, by averting my eyes, I was able to approach within a few feet of her. Almost at the same instant that the shutter clicked my unsuspecting subject was up and off on startled wing, leaving me to make hurried tracks for the dark room.

From that time on, I watched the nest continuously, but only from a distance, and when, a few weeks later, the proud mother led twelve little downy explorers to the lake, I cornered two and photographed them, impatiently indignant, on an old log.

✱

A chipping sparrow family is an

exceedingly easy and fascinating subject. One of these gay, independent little creatures last year built its tiny home in a pig-nut tree in front of our summer cottage. It was a simple matter to keep an eye on the nest, and when I concluded the little ones were almost ready and really thinking seriously of leaving home, I placed the four on a twig and set up my camera.

They appeared to be terribly bored and disgusted, remaining very much aloof during the whole proceeding. Indeed, one poor little fellow so far forgot himself that he decided to fly away and, after a rather uncertain but very exciting course, lit rather unexpectedly in the lake. When a long pole was pushed towards him he climbed dejectedly on board and so came to land, looking, if possible, more bored and disgusted than ever. This unfortunate adventurer was accordingly left out of the family group, and accordingly he found his way to the warm nest where the anxious mother, quite oblivious of our presence



WILD DUCKLINGS ON A LOG

and the unhidden camera, waited on the little tyrant and fed him, as some wiseacre has said, "with maternal anxiety and luscious worms."

*

The strangest bird photograph I have ever taken is the one of the two kingbirds on their nest, and this snap is remarkable only from the fact that the photograph was purely and simply a guess — an absolute fluke.

It was taken some years ago when I possessed only a small pocket kodak, and hence no means of focusing. The nest was found while we were paddling through a marsh. It hung on the branch of a low cedar, over the water. The little birds seemed to be quite unconcerned, and they stared at me in open-mouthed astonishment. I had never taken a bird photograph of any kind; indeed I had never even thought of such a thing. These young kingbirds, however, looked so convenient and altogether agreeable that I determined to try it. My focusing scale only measured down to five feet, and at that distance, according to the finder, the

tiny creatures were almost invisible. At last I decided to put all to the hazard and, pulling the bellows as far as possible past the five-foot mark, I guessed at a distance of about three feet and squeezed the bulb. A few days later I developed the film and had almost entirely forgotten my experiment in the swamp. What was my surprise to find the kingbirds sharp and clear, while everything else, even within a few inches, was woe-fully out of focus.

*

Late on a July evening in 1907, while making our way *via* convenient logs and "walkable" marsh, across a corner of the cedar swamp, we flushed an old bittern. At almost the same instant we caught a glimpse of a scuttling brown figure disappearing with incredible swiftness and quietness through the standing rushes. Regardless of the slimy mud and water, we gave a hurried chase, and after forty minutes of spirited dashes and wild grabs, rounded up and captured four squawking baby bitterns. When we made for safer ground, tired and wet, but triumphant, the



MALLARD DUCK ON NEST

sun had gone down, the light was very poor and unfortunately the background (some high rocky land on the edge of the swamp) was infinitely worse. I took a picture of the un-beautiful quartette, and, later, choosing the largest and ugliest of the four, focused and snapped him, squatted in hunch-back defiance — two feet six inches of stubborn awkwardness.

*

A crow's nest in the top of a swaying eighty-foot spruce is an awkward subject. One has to be a skilled gymnast to make such a photograph with any degree of sureness or feeling of safety. It took me a good two hours to reach and photograph my first crow's nest. The camera had to be strapped securely to one of the topmost branches. Then, as there were no limbs at such a height capable of bearing my weight, I had to hang, by one hand, to the trunk of the tree and lean over upside down, to focus. N.B.—This picture was *not* a success.

Later, however, I induced a reluctant, noisy baby to accompany me,

via my hat to *terra firma* where with more sureness of success I photographed him, eyes dilated and mouth loudly agape, on a convenient stump.

*

It is a rather curious thing, particularly in photography of any kind, how absurdly often the unexpected happens. How many times you hear people remark, "Oh, I *do* wish I had brought my camera!" Long ago I learned that to make the work really satisfactory one must *always* carry a camera. No matter where you go, when you go or how you go, always carry your camera. The hundreds of splendid opportunities which keep turning up in the most unheard of and unlooked for situations, amply repay you for any slight inconveniences which the carrying of your "sun-gun" may incur.

As an instance of the unexpected, I might relate the making of a picture which "appeared" quite unexpectedly on a short canoe trip, the interests of which diverged widely from things photographic. We had just crossed a deep arm of the lake, and, instead of hugging the shore, had steered for



A BULL-FROG TAKING THE SUN

the open water in order to get the benefit of any breeze that might be stirring in the languid June air. The land once more coming out to meet us, we were moving slowly along, not more than thirty yards from shore.

Of a sudden a tiny black and white form flew from a haw tree on the bank, to climb quickly into the blue sky and ring forth a shrill rattle of alarm—a kingbird. For fully a minute he hung almost stationary above the thorn tree, his tiny wings beating untiringly and his little throat swelling with that well known thrilling call—the call, indeed, of many meanings, expressing to the world at large a simple truth, the joy of living and the lust of life. To his enemies, and the gallant little kingbird fears none, it is a shrill cry of defiance, and to the lady of his love—the dainty, watching creature below, and for whom alone this brave display was made—a truly amorous call. Then, almost instantly, and so swiftly that the eye could hardly follow, it darted down, swung off to the right and climbed again—made startling, hurried darts at imaginary flies and then, with one last downward dizzy swerve, alighted with quivering anxiety in a nearby bush.

The signs were all too easily read.

A nest was surely close at hand, probably in the very bush from which our little performer had just appeared, for kingbirds very generally choose haw trees whenever accessible. This species, too, discloses the whereabouts of his downy home perhaps more quickly than any other bird. Fearing no other feathered creature (indeed it attacks anything up to and including hawks and crows with equal vigour and success), in keeping the secrecy of his home he apparently does not take man into account. So on the approach of a human being he rises proudly anxious on vibrating wing and practically proclaims the presence of his hidden nestlings. The result is very apparent and almost invariably the little home is discovered. But I digress.

We pushed the canoe towards the shore and, by standing up to move the thicket branches, soon proved the truth of our surmise. The nest was built directly over the water (wise little birds), and it held, with some difficulty, three healthy nestlings. Indeed, the babies were babies no longer, but fully-fledged youngsters, apparently just ready to fly away and leave the little haw-tree in lonely wretchedness.

When my face appeared, hot and perspiring above the edge of the nest, they lost no time, but promptly set out for three different points of the compass. One young fellow came to rest with much unsteadiness and flapping of wings on a rail fence. The second made for the woods and alighted quite successfully in a hazelnut bush fully 100 yards away. The third, attempting originality, sailed in wavering haste out over the lake, but soon, finding its mistake, made hurried return to land, where it stopped abruptly on a cedar log. When we approached from the rear, it allowed itself to be taken quite passively, with only one or two snappy bill thrusts rather than risk another hazardous voyage over the deep. The fellow in the hazelnut we captured with the landing net, but he of the rail-fence, evidently older and stronger of wing and very determined, gave us more trouble.

At last we devised a very amateurish plan, and it worked beautifully. I stood in front of "the victim," about ten feet away, waving my arms and employing other crude antics to hold his open-mouthed attention. In the meantime the bow-man crept up silently behind the fence and before the mystified kingbird had quite made up his mind to vacate, a hat enclosed his astonished little person.

When placed in a truly brotherly row on a nearby branch they displayed the keenest enthusiasm in the matter at hand. When all was ready, I won their undivided attention by snapping my fingers before them. In fact, he of the rail-fence turned his head and opened his mouth as if to speak, but before he could express his youthful mind I squeezed the bulb and the shutter rang home, catching, as is apparent in every line of their quaint little visages, the excitement of a first portrait.

DELIA AND I

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

Delia and I are driving alone,—

Driving, driving;

Sleepily jogs the reliable roan,

And over the meadows the blossoms are blown,

And the song of the thrush finds an echoing tone—

Shriving,

Shriving my soul to be clear as her own.

Delia and I are moving content,—

Moving, moving;

And few words are spoken, but many are meant;

She smiles at the sunshine, on *her* I'm intent,

And still thro' the wood steals the jessamine scent,

Proving,

Proving our hearts and laughing at Lent.

Delia and I are turning toward home,—

Turning, turning;

The stars are alight in the infinite dome,

The field-hues are faded to glimmering chrome,

The moon-ship is launched from horizons of loam;—

Learning,

Learning the roads that lead lovers to Rome!

THE UPPER HAND

BY MARJORY MACMURCHY

VANESSA BROWN and Benny Pride sat meditatively in the Brown garden on the platform of the well within whose Cimmerian recesses the spring was located of which the Brown family boasted in moments of leisure. Respectable families still had wells in the growing city where the Browns resided. But thus early in her joyous existence Vanessa knew nothing of the relative merits of water piped from a Great Lake or drawn from a well. It was eleven o'clock in the morning, and Vanessa was weary. She generally had to provide amusement for Benny Pride as well as for herself; and they had needed too much amusement that morning.

Neither Vanessa nor Benny had ever been to school. Benny was suspected of being an invalid. But there was nothing the matter with Vanessa. She was engaged in working out a theory, one that belonged to her parents, which consisted in a belief that if you kept a child out of school long enough to introduce the idea to the child that she does not know as much as other children of the same age, nothing will restrain her from the fondest devotion to her opportunities when she does begin. It was a splendid theory. But the experiment did not work with Vanessa, since she formed a habit of obtaining all the information she cared for straight from life; and this made school, when she got that far, a retrogression.

They did not enjoy being kept out of school, these two, although they would have if they had known what it

was like. "Free" was the word applied to Benny and Vanessa by the mothers of the neighbourhood. The mothers said it was so good for them. But they regarded themselves as aliens who were not privileged to wear school-bags. That is, Vanessa thought so when she considered her condition critically, which was not often.

Benny thought only when Vanessa allowed him to and exactly what Vanessa allowed him to think. She was not, strictly speaking, responsible for this, since she did not know she had such an effect on Benny. No one had ever moved her mind in that way. How then could she know about Benny's mind? When Vanessa said: "I would rather eat one plum off our plum tree than two of anyone else's apples," and Benny agreed with her, how was she to understand that Benny had preferred an apple to all the other fruits of the earth until the moment her lips had opened to pronounce the plummy dictum? Vanessa could not have changed her mind on such a question no matter how great her devotion. Yet Vanessa's devotion was not a subject on which she permitted any joking.

Making ready to cut off her head with the garden shears was an unaccountable habit with Vanessa. She would open the blades as wide as she could. Then after inserting her head, she would reduce the opening slowly until each blunt edge was resting against her neck. It was one of the few sensations that never palled on Vanessa. She liked to feel that she

could cut off her head whenever she wanted to; and she had the additional gratification of knowing that she never would want to.

But Benny knew very little about how far Vanessa would go in any direction if she once started. If she made up her mind to it her head was practically off, so Benny believed.

"Oh, Van-essa, don't do it."

Vanessa inspected Benny calmly. "You don't need to mind. It doesn't hurt."

"But you might cut off your head, Van-essa."

"I wouldn't be so silly."

"Oh, Van-essa!"

Benny was wiggling with horror on her account. How curious! Vanessa deposited the shears, and felt that she had been deprived of much on Benny's account when she was no longer conscious of the iron touch on her neck.

But the house next door also had a garden and a boy in that garden had been looking through a crack in the fence. Unlike Benny he entered at once into the real spirit of Vanessa's decapitation. The boy swarmed up a post rapidly and secured himself with one leg thrown over the top of the fence.

"Hi! I'll cut off her head. Gimme the shears."

Vanessa regarded him with a sudden access of interest in her own safety. "I would rather cut off my own head," she replied with dignity.

Benny was struck into a monument of wonder, incapable of motion, by the manner in which Vanessa's way of looking at things and the boy's way clashed in meeting and opposed each other. To hear two such persons conversing interfered with the comfort of Benny's existence.

The boy on the fence eyed Vanessa stonily until it was plain that he was not pleased with her. He then addressed Benny freely and with confidence. A very small, innocent-looking boy may be desirable as a companion when one has been suddenly deported

to the home of an unmarried aunt on account of scarlet fever in the family. Alfred was the captain of the celebrated society which met all the rest of the time when school was not in; and he had found it hard to go into exile like every other rightful king. Benny he regarded in the light of a perquisite.

"She's only a girl," he remarked, in the interests of truth without any bias to it. "Girls don't know how to play." This was by way of explaining Vanessa's conduct to Benny before he crushed her.

Benny glanced apprehensively at Vanessa whose aspect of not knowing this stranger had hardened into open scorn. He moved a little nearer to Vanessa on the well platform, which was devoted to Benny. But Vanessa did not know enough of human nature to be aware of the devotion. She was, however, to discover some facts about it now. Alfred was not merely a tactician, he was a genius with boys.

"Say, ain't that a top in your pants' pocket?" Benny's consciousness received an ecstatic jolt. "Come on over and I'll show you how to spin your top."

How had Alfred guessed that Benny had yet to be put on terms of easy fellowship with a top? Benny went. But it was by the gate; no swarming over fences for him.

In the meantime, although it seems impossible, this was the first occasion on which it had even been hinted to Vanessa that as a girl she could not expect to be regarded in exactly the same useful light as, for instance, the dramatist Alfred. By some dispensation of racial development, the fact had escaped being made prominent in the Brown family.

She was a girl, so ran Vanessa's meditation; and either he didn't like her, or it was girls he didn't like. This was singular. It couldn't be girls, therefore it must be Vanessa. She wondered what Mrs. Brown would say about it. Then suddenly her mind intimated with cheerfulness that if

the fact was inevitable, it could not make much difference. There was a great deal of the world left. It was not as if she had been judged entirely on her merits as a person who could play, because he did not know her. And certainly she did not want him to.

No one knows how well a little girl can play alone when she has been told that she is incapable of playing at all. Vanessa marched up and down the Brown garden, she became armies, kings and queens, shipwrecked sea-captains, the first man who planted his scaling ladder, and the last one to leave the deck. She lived in the moon, she carried on dramatic dialogues; not at all by way of proving that a girl could play or not, although there were still cracks in the fence. Benny had been a good little boy, but not indispensable.

Alfred played with Benny on the other side of the fence until sails were needed for the bold brig *Scully Cross-Bones*; and then he told Vanessa that she did not know how to make them. Even the little red marks on the cotton, caused by the too vigorous use of an unaccustomed needle, were spoken of by him as messy.

How had Vanessa permitted herself to be made use of in regard to sails? It happened this way.

Alfred had climbed the fence. It never would have occurred to Alfred to use a deputy.

"Vanessa, give us that ball. I hit it right bang over the top of your shed."

"Vanessa," as if he really knew her! But one must oblige with a ball. Vanessa had been brought up to the code by her brothers.

"Come on over and field, won't yeh?"

Vanessa looked down at the little pile of short-stemmed dandelions on the well platform. She had meant to make a necklace and bracelets out of the stems. Now Alfred was not

unconscious of some half-agreeable disturbances which had been produced in his being by a casual sight of Vanessa on her way to meet her father at the hour when that preoccupied gentleman might shortly be expected home.

"Aw, come on, Vanessa," he said. Then he added a smile. Alfred, although no one would have been able to infer it from his character, was a good-looking boy. He was better-looking when he smiled. Naturally Vanessa went; and found to her surprise that it was possible for a person to like you and not to like you at the same time—without saying anything about it, of course. One is ashamed to add that the sails were required almost immediately. But Vanessa was not foolish enough to think about it in that way. Neither was Alfred. Benny was too excited to think about anything. Later, by mutual consent, they played in the Brown garden.

Alfred and Vanessa had both in their time played agreeably with other people. But when they played together they discovered how unsatisfactory all that kind of thing had been. Here was someone who could think. They did not play, they soared. Vanessa's mind blazed up in a conflagration of how you could do things that before had been impossible. Alfred, while warmly commending the worth of her strategics, explained others of his own which were truthfully acknowledged by Vanessa to belong to a superior variety. A delirium of understanding set in between them. Alfred did not say anything about it aloud, but he had come to believe that there might be worse things than playing with a girl, if she were Vanessa. They allowed Benny to play too, when they had decided exactly how he was to do it. And Benny revolved, inclining first towards one sun and then the other, like a little star hesitating in its orbit on account of spasmodic attraction.

When the aunt intimated for the tenth time that she would like Alfred to come in before the table had to be cleared, he said darkly, "To-morrow"; and Vanessa agreed with a sigh of insanely complete happiness.

After a night of tranquilising sleep, Vanessa felt that she knew how she ought to behave when she was playing with Alfred. She would be a changed and a better playmate. Her project had in it real elements of success. But, unfortunately, although Alfred's mind was not transparent, he, too, had an aspect of reconsideration.

They spent the morning in rigging and admiring *Scully Cross-Bones*. It was better than yesterday. Alfred could scarcely believe that the genius girl had expanded sufficiently to take in such a variety as Vanessa. Vanessa did not think at all; she contemplated Alfred. They played pirates in the afternoon. None of them—it would be wrong not to include Benny—knew that there was any danger. But it had burst upon Alfred that a truly unselfish attachment desires to have nothing its own way. The discovery might have had a transcendental effect on his future if a similar revelation had been denied to Vanessa. Nothing remained but to put the idea into execution.

"You be captain, Vanessa."

"No, Alfred, you be."

Alfred breathed deeply.

"I want you to be captain."

Vanessa shook her head.

"You be captain and I'll help you."

This was a magnificent effort for Alfred.

Vanessa looked at him earnestly, blind to everything but the completeness of her own surrender, and specially declined his offer. It did not occur to Vanessa that she would be allowing Alfred his own way if she consented to be captain. His way was to be captain himself. She was going to let Alfred have his own way if she died for it.

He had offered her to be captain

and she wouldn't! What more could one do for a girl than that? It was inconceivable.

They would both try again.

"This once, Vanessa, you be captain."

"No, Alfred, you be."

It was not to be borne.

"I always knew," exclaimed Alfred deeply wounded, "that you were only a girl. I knew that you were a girl from the very beginning."

Vanessa was frantic. Here it was again, this being a girl, as if that made you different from other human beings. "I never said I wasn't a girl," she cried. "Girls aren't greedy. Suppose I was captain what would you be? Would you want me to scuttle you with Benny over the side of the ship?"

But Alfred had retired over the fence out of the Brown garden. And Vanessa, injured beyond remedy by being reminded again, in what was to her so incomprehensible a manner, that she was a girl, rushed round to the front of the house to meet her brothers whom she could hear at that moment loudly returning from school. They at least never excited Vanessa's feelings in this way. Perhaps life would have been easier for Vanessa if the Brown philosophy had been different, but the Brown philosophy had been determined before she came into the world. As for Benny, he was allowed to go home without remonstrance. Benny felt quite shattered. This was worse than the garden shears.

*

The next morning early Alfred hung over the fence to tell Vanessa and Benny that he was going away. The scarlet fever fiat had been a mistake. It had never been scarlet fever at all.

Vanessa he regarded with the benignity of immediate departure. Things seem so different when they are not going to happen everyday.

"What made you get so mad yes-

terday, old lady?" "Old lady" was as far as Alfred ever got when he was pleased with his own sisters.

Vanessa could think of no answer except to wink rapidly, with an impression that she must have left her handkerchief up-stairs. But Vanessa had made no mistake when she liked Alfred. He might have views about girls. But he was not the kind of person to change his mind about you after he had once begun to like you.

"The next time, Vanessa, you'll be captain."

When Alfred might be! Never! And the decision had to be postponed.

After Alfred's departure, the only call for action which roused Vanessa was shaking Benny because he was not willing to say he was sorry that

Alfred had gone home. Vanessa's upper hand had been restored for Benny. In time Vanessa recovered from the loss of Alfred's companionship. But if she were ever inclined to be slightly plaintive, as, for instance, in the Brown garden when the brief twilight of the land that lies in the region of the Great Lakes was falling, it was always possible to reflect that Alfred might return. People lived to be fabulously old. There was plenty of time for many things to happen yet. Soon Alfred was a dim little hieroglyphic in Vanessa's memory; and she was an even more attenuated little hieroglyphic in Alfred's memory. And only the fates knew what would happen the next time.

THE GATES OF ST. JOHN

By C. L. ARMSTRONG

Gates of St. John, where the mist is gray
And the wandering ships pass to and fro;
Where the air is damp with the smell o' the sea:
Gates of St. John, I love you so!

Gates of St. John, where the white gulls flit
High o'er the tiles of the rock-bound town;
Where the crested waves come in from the sea:
Gates of St. John, I hear you moan.

Gates of St. John, where the sky is warm,
Heavy the air with the autumn dew;
Where the wee bright sails go out to the dawn:
Gates of St. John, I long for you.

Gates of St. John, where the thunders crash
And the hurrying, towering, green seas flow,
Where the night is black and the gale is full:
Gates of St. John, I love you so!

CAN WOMEN WRITE HISTORY?

(A REPLY)

BY ARTHUR HAWKES

IT becomes a father of many daughters to walk warily in dealing with any feminine question. I have given deep offence to Miss Jean Graham because, before proceeding to criticise "The Conquest of the Great Northwest," I laboured to show that the fact that the book was written by a woman had nothing to do with the criticism. By the same token, a man might be a woman suffragist, and yet be blamed for saying so.

With great respect I suggest that Miss Graham has missed the motive of what she is pleased to call "a mawkish discourse," by a "patronising reviewer." Wrongly she seems to think it is I who asked "Can women write history?" and she is very indignant that any mention of sex should enter into literary discussion.

As to the first point, I can show Miss Graham a letter from a well-known historical writer with reference to Miss Laut's book in which he asks, "Can a woman write history anyway?" I can also produce evidence that another well-known writer declined to review "The Conquest of the Great Northwest," because of such faults as those which I, greatly daring, have ventured to point out. From what I know of both these writers, I believe their reluctance to say what they know to be true of Miss Laut's book would not have operated if Agnes Laut had been John Laut or Thomas Laut.

Permit me to recall an article

which recently created much discussion in literary and other journals. Mr. Arthur Stringer wrote in *Canada West* a strong attack on "Canada Fakers." The names of only masculine fakers appeared in the magazine. One of Mr. Stringer's "faking" instances was the story of the midnight sun sinking to the southern horizon, and rising again therefrom. It sinks, of course, in the north. I happen to know that Mr. Herbert Vanderhoof, the editor of *Canada West*, struck Miss Laut's name from this exposure, entirely because of her sex, and Miss Laut did not, therefore, appear in the portrait pillory which accompanied the *Literary Digest's* full review of Mr. Stringer's article.

I am willing to agree that Miss Graham's experience of the attitude of men in general to the occupation by women of the historical field, which has hitherto been almost exclusively exploited by men, is greater than mine; and crave that allowances be made for me accordingly. But I beg leave also to state that, as I had found more than one reader of Miss Laut's book asking the question I put in the forefront of my review, and as I was going to criticise the book with some severity, I believed the same question would present itself to many male readers, who have not arrived at the belief which, I hope, Miss Graham will allow me to say, is shared by us, that in literature there is neither male nor female. It is very

annoying that men should be so stupid; but it is true, and I suppose that I may now expect to be battered by somebody for saying what other men think.

Will it irritate anybody if I say that so long as women are, in the main, kept by the law outside the function of history making, and are not yet charged with the administration of justice, it is not so very surprising that many men, possibly women, too, (for many, if not most, women are opposed to woman suffrage), suppose that women are naturally unfitted for writing history, which needs a judicial more than a picturesque temperament.* I think they are wrong, and am brought to task by Miss Graham for saying so.

I am truly sorry that my knowledge of masculine literary nature is inferior to Miss Graham's, but by way of additional excuse for this offensive ignorance, may I suggest that when a leading magazine carries a monthly department headed "At Five O'Clock," which deals with literary and other subjects only so far as they are specially interesting to women, we have not yet travelled so far from the former view of women's work, that it is a heinous offence in a man to range himself with the declared believers in the sexlessness of the literary life—and an especially heinous offence so to declare himself when he is criticising a woman's book.

I have proved the sincerity of what Miss Graham calls "a mawkish discourse," by saying what I think about a bad piece of work, and stating, chapter and verse, the basis of my conclusions. Those who refrain from doing so, on account of the sex of the offender, will probably earn applause

and cause rejoicing at five o'clock.

The intrinsic value of the book that causes the trouble is more important than taking umbrage at a reviewer because he tried to guard himself against a potential accusation of prejudice. With a reserve that compliments her discretion, Miss Graham refrains from indicating the extent or quality of my criticisms of "The Conquest of the Great Northwest." She assaults me for something I have not done;—I have not made deprecatory remarks about the sex of the author—and she passes by the question whether Miss Laut's book will help or hinder the recognition of women's work in the historical field. Upon this matter, as upon the point which has angered Miss Graham, one can only be content to rest on the judgment of those who read the whole article, to which, five weeks after publication, no reply on important questions of fact has been made.

Miss Laut claims to have written Northwestern history, and written it better than anybody else. In the most direct way I have cited evidence to prove her unreliability as to the portion of history about which Miss Laut wrote, "I have given the explorations of Thompson in great detail because it has never before been done, and it seems to me is very essential to the exploration period of the West." Upon this subject the issue between "The Conquest of the Great Northwest," and the facts is fairly joined. It is an important issue—in Miss Laut's phrase, a "very essential" issue—in Canadian historical publications. As to it, may I quote a phrase I used frequently to hear in the high courts of justice when I was learning the difference between evidence and untrustworthiness?—the parties to the issue must "stand on their deliverance."

* To the May number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE Mr. Hawkes will contribute an article entitled "Why I am a Suffragette."—The Editor.



AFTER SCHIMPF

BY AUBREY FULLERTON

IT is good proof of any place if one wishes to go back to it. Only the places of pleasant associations do we hope much to re-visit, and that particular spot to which one's fancies turn in preference to all others, during all the months between the seasons, may fairly be assumed to be good and worthy. It was so with *Camp Delight*.

There is nothing pleasant about packing for camp in a heavy rain; but it is endurable for the sake of the fun that will come after. Neither is there any degree of present enjoyment in a seven-mile drive over a plastic trail, during the same downpour; but it, too, may be taken as a prelude to good times coming. The joys of camping-out are anticipatory—till you get them—and it needs more than a summer wetting to damp them. For the moment, however, it isn't comfortable.

When one has had to hurry for one's holiday, and, for the sake of an easy mind, do a lot of things that might perhaps have been very well left over; when it has taken much studying of the calendar to fix the dates and much good scheming to settle a hundred bothersome details, present and precautionary; when, in addition, the heavens themselves have done their best to drown out the holiday, and the getting-to-the-place, by rail and trail, has seemed a formidable undertaking: when all this has been involved, the actual arrival at the place of prospective delights is somewhat like the arrival at one's wedding-morn. The camp-site

is then a hard-won prize after many uncertain struggles, and one is prepared, with a sense of satisfaction, to enter upon the joys of a new life.

That particular camp-site might be a chosen spot on a New Brunswick trout stream, or an island hermitage in Muskoka, or a lofty hill-side in the Rockies; but suppose, for novelty's sake, that it be on a woody lake in northern Alberta, and it will be more to the point, for that was where it was. Be it known that in the centre of Alberta, and away to the north, are pretty lakes and photographable rivers, hills and valleys, woods and flowers, and that farther into the Top-country, in the regions of the Peace and Mackenzie Rivers, are landscape beauties that would astonish you. Some day when the tourist excursions set in for the new North we shall hear rapture-tales about it all; but meanwhile a summer holiday by a lake not thirty miles from Alberta's capital is within the easy possibilities and has its own peculiar pleasures.

A slough, which is an under-sized lake with swampy proclivities, has attractions that its name would never indicate, and the one that lay landward of our camp-site was, as sloughs go, very respectable. Between the slough and the lake was the shack. For this was an abandoned farm that had once been tilled and was now growing back to savagery, and the shack, barn, poultry-house, and well, were the remains of a farm settlement that had been pioneer in the district. Therein lie two more



SCHIMPF'S—A TYPE OF PIONEER SETTLER'S HOME IN ALBERTA

paradoxes of this new West-land beyond the frontier-posts: first, that it should have been settled so long ago as to have left by now traces of an occupation that may, comparatively, be called old; and, second, that once settled and proven fertile any part of it should ever have been abandoned. But this district, thirty miles west of Edmonton, has been farmed for twenty years and includes some of the best grain-land in a province of grain. The pioneers came to a wilderness and cut their homestead farms out of the bush, in the days when there were no steam-rails in a hundred miles. Even now, with a tri-weekly train within seven miles, the district is new and empty enough; the woods and the bush are around and in between, the farm-houses are a mile or so apart, and the life is still primitive. On either side of *Camp Delight*, a mile each way, was a homesteader's house, but both were empty; for though the farms were under cultivation the owners had sold

or rented them out and moved to town. But the camp farm was a thoroughly abandoned one: the house was empty and the fields were growing wild, and the reason was that the pioneer who had cut it all from the bush had sold out to city interests that purposed, in a year or two, opening it up as summer-resort-by-the-lake property. Thus do modern ways obtrude themselves into the very hinterland. Between the homesteader and the summer-resorter, between the pioneer industry of the original camper-out and the *élite* idleness of the watering-place that is to be, were we, the campers at *Camp Delight*.

It was a little log shack with a thatched roof and overhanging eaves. Until you learned to stoop at the right moment you bumped your head as you entered the door, and among other inferences therefrom was one to the effect that Schimpf, the builder, in his "Travels With a Donkey," had been a man of low stature. There were two rooms in the house, with



THE SETTLEMENT AT CAMP DELIGHT

raftered ceilings and mud-plaster walls which even then were white as snow. *Frau Schimpf*, like most of her fellow German housewives thereabout, had evidently been a handy-fingered and a white-loving woman, for the chances are that she helped mix and apply that mud plaster, and certainly it had been her diligence that had kept it white. That was all there was to the house, except three little windows to look out of and a chimney. It was left to one's fancy to picture the pioneer life that had once been lived within the little squat shack, what amount of wilderness toil had centred there, and what absurdly simple joys had brightened its workaday round. Somehow it seemed, as we kicked in the long-unswung door, that we were on historic ground.

This was to be the cook-house and on stormy days the dining-room of *Camp Delight*. In the yard, between the house and the other buildings, which were also of logs, were pitched

the two sleeping-tents. To take possession of the premises, open up supplies, and begin the realisation of things hoped for took a fraction of time quite out of proportion with the exertion involved in the getting-there; yet there is much to do in the setting-up of a tent and the beginning of camping-out housekeeping, and the first night's sleep is always as welcome as it is sound.

Out-of-door life in central and northern Alberta is the more pleasant because of the pulsing clearness of the air and the sharpness of the view, look where you will. It is an abundant and varied nature spread out to the sky-line with a startling distinctness, and in the clear-cut air the uneven stretches of bush, the fields of yellowing grain, and the heavier greens of the woods beyond mingle wonderfully, almost weirdly. The feel of it is as good as the look of it. They who love the softness of the south may have it, but they know not the witchery of the air and the earth



THE LAKE--STAR OF ALL BEAUTIES AT CAMP DELIGHT

in the bountiful Western-North.

From the tent-doors at *Camp Delight* all these things were to be seen and felt—water, woods, farm-land, sky, and the mysteries of sunrise and sunset. They changed as the days were bright or dull, dead-quiet or tempestuous, and there was a beauty of the morning and the night. Pioneer Schimpf had chosen his house-site well. He may not have done it for beauty's sake, but for its sake it found in these latter days appreciation.

I have said that the first night, after a day of bustle, brought welcome sleep. It brought also an introduction to the mysterious noises that stalk abroad when man goes to cover. Naturally enough, one in the party felt weighted with the responsibilities of camp-police and kept a watchful ear. There is a certain feeling of self-importance about such a responsibility, akin probably to that experienced by all guardians of the public weal. And so when, at the turn of the night or thereabout, the watchful ear detected the snuffling

and nosing of some unknown Thing outside the tent, magnified by the agency of rudely disturbed dream-pictures into a possible Terror, and the brave guardian went out into the darksome night, stick in hand for any foe, and found a miserable black and white calf that had strayed from pasture—was it any the less an act of altruistic heroism? Assuredly not. It was a good act, well done.

But the night! There could be nothing more entirely still. The greens of the bush and the farther fields were turned to black, lightened, however, by the sparkling brightness of the northern night-time; the lake and the sleugh were smooth and quiet, and the only motion above or below was that of a shooting star which at that moment cut a dash across the great domed roof. It was stillness absolute. And then came the noises, superimposed at intervals upon what seemed at first the very deadness of night. The ear, gradually accustoming itself to the fuller contents of the night, caught the excited chirping of crickets in the grass



BEAUTY THAT REPAID THE EFFORT, INSIDE THE NARROWS

and, from a little distance, the occasional cries of the night-birds; the crazy laugh of a loon came from the lake; and presently the shrill shrieking of a pack of coyotes across and beyond the lake. From this fiendish outburst it was a relief to turn toward the clearing and to hear the muffled tinkle of a cow-bell as its wearer moved on her pasture-bed. Perhaps it was the mother of the black and white calf seeking to guide the truant home. At any rate it was a cheerful "homey" sound and, somehow, it comforted—after the coyotes. To be alone in the out-door world at night, with not a human habitation in a radius of a mile, is lonesome-like, but that tinkling cow-bell seemed to lessen the solitude and sent one back to bed with a mind to sleep—yet not without a moment's thought of two other greatly contrasting night-experiences: that of Stevenson as told even so much kinship with such as when he passed a poetic night on the green under the skies of southern France; and that of many a gold-seeker and northern adventurer who

has slept in the open on the Yukon winter trail.

That was the first of many nights. They were all of a kind, yet some were darker and some were lit by a glorious moon. At times, too, the stillness changed to a very revel of the winds, when the soughing of the trees and the beating of the water added to the noises of the night. The summer night-time of the Western-North is short, but it holds much within the scope of its few hours of darkness.

Our woodsfellows at *Camp Delight* during the days that followed were of the smaller kind. A gopher family made themselves very much at home around the shack and tents, becoming at last so familiar as to run to one's very feet for tit-bits of bread and meat, with an occasional performance of the picket-pin act. Some chipmunks kept at respectable but neighbourly distance. Two nests of garter-snakes were less pleasant discoveries, and a hornet-colony was fiercely resentful, though surely if any animate thing is unlikely to be

disturbed it is the hornet. Bird life was abundant. Canaries, wrens, cat-birds, robins, chickadees, blackbirds, crows, sandpipers, and water-snipe enlivened the fields, the water-front, and the woods. There were wild ducks on both the lake and the sleugh, and the loon that pierced the quiet of the first night was one of several. They were all a merry and lively lot of "fellow-summerists."

But with never so much of animal company, and with surroundings never so beautiful, nothing will take the place of fellow-man. Even at camp, where one goes to get away from men, the life that people live and the places they live it in remain a thing of chiefest interest. Thoreau, in his hermitage on Walden Pond, found it true that "as for men, they will hardly fail one anywhere." A daily passing, sometimes of but one or two, sometimes many, broke the isolation of *Camp Delight*, for we were on the main trail to and from the Country Beyond, and a short-cut that had been worn across the farm brought them by our very door. Homesteaders on their way to town for supplies, with butter and eggs to pay therefor; a hopeful harvester going in with a spick-and-span, red-and-yellow reaping outfit; a stocky lad who came each night in search of the cows; an Indian settler who was always accompanied by his squaw; a party of campers going farther on in search of more adventurous camping-ground than ours; two young women, daughters of homestead toil, who came down the trail one day and who went back the next, having visited overnight on somebody else's homestead—these were some of the passers-by, and we hailed them all. They interested, because they represented the people who are making the new West and because their life was different.

Some called on us. A young man returning to town from his six months' homestead duty, as Government requires, stopped to say good-

day and a bit more. A berry-boy, keen-scented for business, offered blueberries for our table, and a woman who looked in upon us thought we were very cosy and nicely "rid-up." One Sunday evening, in the midst of a drenching rain, the door of the shack burst open, without warning, and there entered a bulky German. He was walking from down-the-trail to farther along, and he was wet: a man of few words, apparently, for he stood stolid and unresponsive until tea and bread were offered him, the which he ate, acknowledged with guttural thanks, lit his clay, and went on. Hard travelling, surely, but hundreds go thus in the new West.

And there were neighbours. The nearest were a mile away, an English-American family surrounded by Germans. Its head was a farmer of the true optimist type, a man who took things as they came and made the best of them. The crops were at stake, and the weather was uncertain. A bad night, often threatened, might cost him all, but "Dang it all, what's the use of worrying?" he said. Wherein he showed a sound philosophy.

Living for even a few weeks at the edge of the bush, one will of necessity become something of a woodsman. Not only must the daily supply of fuel for the little sheet-iron stove be kept up, but the still hungrier camp-fires, around which late-at-night stories are told best, must be fed bountifully. It was easier, of course, to cut up some of Schimpf's old fence-poles, but it lacked the sport of the real thing, which was to go to the bush with an axe and fell a real live tree or, for that matter, a dead tree, which cuts harder but burns better. There is a real satisfaction and much play of muscle in wood-cutting, and withal it is a useful occupation. It has been the sport of great men like, one is glad to feel, Gladstone, to whom an axe was as a golf-stick to other men. Truly the swing of an axe in a bit of Alberta



A GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC GRADING OUTFIT PASSING CAMP DELIGHT

bush is fine; but it is a wasteful pastime and must be indulged in only to serve actual needs, for the woods are passing. There are poplar and diamond-willow, birch, spruce, balm of Gilead, and tamarac in the woods of central Alberta, and of these the poplar is predominant. Its pungent fragrance in smoke marks its fire at once, and, if it be in camp, it is appetising. Dead willow brush, however, makes the hottest fire, and in cutting it one may know that one is in no way deforesting the land. We luxuriated, too, at our *Camp Delight* fires, with birch bark for kindling. In these modern city days we light our furnace fires with last week's newspapers, but it is poor combustive compared with the snapping, crackling bark of the white birch that years ago we used to start the kitchen fire on the old down-east farm. In the northern Alberta bush these early days came back: the incense of a piece of peeled birch bark may be a wonderful restorative of personal memories and associations.

Not so far as the bush, however, were smaller and daintier of nature's nice things. The fields were embroidered with wild-flowers and the trail was edged with them, so that almost from the doors of *Camp Delight* to

the margin of the bush there was a weave of many colours. There were also occasional belated roses, dainty Scottish blue-bells, clinging pea-vines, and the tall-growing fire-weed, purple asters, Michaelmas daisies, golden-rod, yarrow, tiger-lilies, and myriad little blooms that clustered in the grass. There were wild berries, too, of varied colours, whose juices were valued by the old-time Indians for medicine and war-paint. Of berries eatable there was a succession of wild strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, and blueberries, precisely such as grow on the old Ontario strand; and, besides, the Saskatoon, which is purely western. Each of these contributed in turn, and opportunely, to the camp fare. Nature in the western-north is prolific: no barren land is this, where good and pretty things grow in the wild.

Gem and star of all the beauties of *Camp Delight* was the lake. Clear and well-beached, a mile long, circled half by woods and half by open spaces, and with two inviting islands at judicious distances, it was the kind of lake whereupon could be done all the things that should be done on any well-appointed lake, from troll-fishing to moonlight fancies afloat. To be sure, there was a much larger lake



A NYMPH OF THE RUSHES AT CAMP DELIGHT

some twenty miles farther west, as large as ten of this, on which were gasoline freight-boats and a commercial fishing industry; but the lake at *Camp Delight* was an *edition-de-luxe*, bound in rich coverings of light and shadow, and strictly limited to those of holiday spirit. It is strange, and yet not very strange, what difference in the face of any country is made by a sheet of water, be it lake, river, or creek; and it is one of the happy surprises of the Western-North that there are waters here and there throughout its length and breadth. The limitless prairie has its beauty, too, but the man from the East wants water. For such a man nothing on earth will take the place of a morning dip, a day's boating, a feasting of the eyes upon glorious shadows, and a satisfying of the very soul with æsthetic wetness.

In going to and fro on land and water, in doing and idling, in cooking

and eating, the days at *Camp Delight* wore away, as all good things do. For the last was reserved a great wonder-show that outdid in mystery and splendour any that had come before. The day had been warm and clear, but the gathering dark brought with it a sharp chill and signs of frost. Down on the sleugh the vapour formed in thick clouds and stretched out in streaks. Then happened a curious thing. The vapour clouds made themselves into a frost-mirage, lengthening out against the bush in the semblance of a great body of water and stopping evenly at half the height of the trees, so that the darker body of the bush seemed for all the world like the distant shore-line of a great bay, whose white waters stretched out far and still. It was weird and illusive. For half an hour it stayed, and then the scenes shifted. The night was growing sharper and the air seemed charged with

something all athrill. Presently things grew brighter, and to the north the sky lightened in streaks. One line after another of quickly moving light shot up, arch-wise, and widened out. It was never still, or for only the space of a man's breath, but the motion was the more of a mystery because of the absolute hush with which the changes came and went. The display grew in extent and grandeur and became a shimmering veil of radiance. Half the hemisphere was aglow with the Northern Lights.

It was the night of the first hard frosts of 1907. The frosts came early that year, and the thirtieth of August was unseasonable for the wonder-show we had seen and the searching chill we had felt. It had been good to look upon, but it meant danger to the growing crops, which that year were late. In the morning, on our way back to town, we stopped to ask the farmer-optimist if his grain were hurt, and thus he answered us: "I'm danged if I know where I'm going to get off at this year," which shows that there are limits to man's optimism.

The second year's visit was earlier and longer, and the season was better. Mid-August was as far-grown as early September the year before, and nature was, all the way through, in a cheerier mood. A renewal of delights promised from the moment we landed again at the door of Schimpf's

log shack, and the initial kick at that old door was as good as shaking hands with an old friend.

There was a difference, too, at *Camp Delight*. Last year we were sole occupants of farm and lake, but now a score of other holidayers were dwelling in tents, forerunners of the summer life that is to come. The old farm has been staked off into lots for prospective cottagers. During the year a railway grade had been completed past the very head of the lake—which means for next year a way-station on the farm, with week-end parties from town, and Sunday-school picnics, and such like. Well, well, we have had our Crusoe-time, it's the people's turn now—but save us from a swell hotel! The shades of Schimpf will never stand for that.

For a little longer let the lake and the beach and the farm and the trail be nameless. They have names, all of them, names that will be figuring in the time-tables presently, yet it fits better with the spirit of our holidays of two summers that they be known to you for the sake of what they are rather than for what they are called. But they are typically Western-North, and because they are such, because they are so like the memoried East, yet withal different, and because they have rested and helped and taught and done much other good I have thought it worth while to say this much about them.



EASTER WEEK AT ROME

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN

Time—Easter Week.

Place—Rome.

Scene—Table d'Hôte Dinner.

Chatteris Personæ

An American Girl.

Her Mamma.

An American Lady.

Her Husband.

An Irish Widow.

An Englishman.

An English Catholic.

A German.

A French Doctor.

An Italian home from Siam.

American Girl—"Rome is terribly crowded."

American Lady—"Always is at Easter. We've been here four times at Easter, and I always vow I never will come again."

French Doctor—"I've often noticed that a lady never troubles to make a vow unless she's fairly certain that she won't keep it."

The Italian (who has been obviously fidgeting to get in a word)—"Rome is crowded. I paid forty lire for a night's lodging the day I got here; and then they turned me out in the morning. I did not mind the forty lire, but I did not like being turned out. Then I drove and drove for three hours but could get in nowhere—came here—saw Mr. L—— (the hotel proprietor), and he got me a room down in the city somewhere over a vegetable shop where I will soon turn into a cabbage. But I lost it—"

The Englishman (to the American

girl, ignoring the Italian's monologue)—"How do you like the services?"

American Girl—"Why, they don't seem like services to me—people all walking about, you know—"

American Lady (drily)—"Except those who have paid ten lire for a seat up in the 'boxes' near the altar."

American Girl (continuing)—"No one paying any attention to the service—such chatting, pushing, laughing—and all the while the singing goes on up at the altar. Why, it is not a bit like church."

American Lady's Husband—"Most disgusting thing I ever saw—positively irreverent."

English Catholic—"Did you notice who the irreverent people were?"

American Lady's Husband—"Why, most everybody."

Irish Widow—"Come now! Didn't most of them carry Baedekers?"

The French Doctor (laughing)—"Baedeker is always the red flag of tourist-made anarchy."

American Girl's Mamma—"I think that most of the bad behaviour did come from tourists."

English Catholic—"The Italian's notion of a service is, of course, not exactly ours. He is more intent upon his own part of it than in seeing to it that the priest performs his. He can pray at a side altar, while the clergy are somewhere else. And he comes and goes without reference to the beginning or ending of the service. This looks like disorder in our eyes, but it is only another custom. Still, he is reverent and intent and sincere

through it all, while the tourist mob——"

American Lady's Husband—"But it was not 'the tourist mob' alone who mobbed the olive branches which were blessed on Palm Sunday at St. Peter's."

English Catholic—"No; that was another case of Italian eagerness and concentration on his own part of the service. Still every Catholic who reached for a bit of the olive did so with a serious face—not in mockery or with a giggle——"

French Doctor—"I don't imagine, sir, that anybody charges your people with a lack of sincerity."

The Englishman—"No; it was rather a lack of decorum——"

The Italian (laughing)—"That is the Englishman's god—'decorum.' I know him out in Siam—out in India. I know him well. He would rather not have a thing done at all than have it done contrary to any of his notions of decorum. Now look at me! I live over a vegetable shop, and I dine here without a dress suit—without a bath. Would an Englishman do that? No; he would starve first. But as I was telling you, I lost my room down over the cabbage——"

American Lady (breaking in)—"Well, whatever it is, the services do not impress me. I used to go there expecting something magnificent in the way of music; but it's all chatter and shuffle and popping up on your camp stool to look over the heads of the crowd and see what the priests are doing up at the altar—and I get very tired and am not a bit uplifted."

American Girl (thoughtfully)—"Still I heard some good voices at St. John Lateran."

The German (his face lighting up)—"Were you ever there on Good Friday?"

American Girl—"Not yet."

The German—"Ah! you go! If the Catholic Church had produced nothing else, that service would justify its existence."

American Lady's Husband—"But how do you manage to hear it?"

The German (impatiently)—"Oh, I get away from the tourists. I walk down into the great empty nave beyond the high altar, and sit at times in the shadow of the columns where no one may study my face. Then that wailing music—those strains of unutterable sorrow, which are so pent up in the choir that you who wait there with the others can hardly hear them, roll out into the vast nave like an incessant cry, a cry that seems at first to be grief—infinite grief—too much grief for you to hear. And then despair is poured into it—the foundations of the world are rocking—and now you know that one touch more and you will not endure it. And then the grief becomes blacker and there is an agony in the music; and just when this grows too poignant for the musical sense to receive it without feeling that fatal blunting of emotion brought by too great pressure, the music stops!—and there is absolute silence. And yonder on the Judean hill-top you can see—if you will but shut your eyes—three figures on three crosses; and they are dying by slow torture. This vision comes nearer. Minute by minute of the silence, it grows more real. Awful details suggest themselves to your mind. And is no one caring? Is the world asleep? Are you the only one who sees? And then, low and immeasurably sorrowful, come the first notes of the renewal of the music. The world is still sobbing in helpless despair. Never, until that first Good Friday at St. John Lateran did it seem real to me that a god was dying." There was silence after this for the rest of that course. The intense German always had a way of stilling conversation.

The English Catholic—"I presume it is in some such way that these emotional Italians appreciate the magnificent music of these services. And it is always an intense grief to me to see crowds of hurrying strang-

ers, who pack Rome at Easter for the curiosity of it, crowding them away from their altars."

American Lady—"Well, they don't seem to mind it—I must say that."

Her Husband—"They hop around, taking our pennies, and selling us camp-stools to sit out the services on, and pestering us to buy crosses and all sorts of souvenirs——"

Irish Widow—"I know that seems strange. But some of these Italians are very, very poor. You rich Americans come here—you Americans are all rich, they think—and give them their harvest at Easter. You can hardly expect them to forego it for religion's sake. They smile at you pleasantly enough when you make a show of their services—they can't afford to offend you; but are you sure they like it?"

The Italian—"I am sure that they don't like it. You don't hear them talk as I do. Now I am not an Italian any longer. I am a British subject (very proudly) but I know the Italian well. He is very sensitive; and he knows more of what you say of him than you think. But he hides it—he likes your 'dollars.' Now down where I am with my cabbages—as I was saying, I lost my room——"

The Englishman—"The churches here, themselves, are magnificent, are they not?"

American Girl—"Perfectly lovely!"

The Englishman—"It gives a man a feeling of personal wealth, just to walk into St. Peter's—with its shining marbles and granite columns, its splendid tombs——"

American Lady—"And its mild temperatures! It is the only church in Rome where I don't get a chill."

American Girl—"But I can't imagine anything sweeter than the high altar at Santa Maria Maggiore."

The German—"Sweeter."

American Girl—"Perfectly lovely, you know—too beautiful for anything—*Wunderschön!*—now you will understand that"—laughing at him.

The German (in serious self-reproach)—"I wonder if I will ever learn English."

The Englishman—"Oh, that's not difficult. I know English myself. But to learn 'United States' you must take a new lesson every time an American mail comes in."

The Italian—"It is easy to learn English. I learned it from the fellows in our club in Siam. We have quite a bit of society out there, you know—twenty-three ladies. No, twenty-four."

French Doctor—"But the pronunciation of English, that is very difficult."

The Italian—"No; that is the easiest part. There are so many ways of pronouncing it—the American, the Irish, the Scotch, the 'haw-haw' English, the 'old th' bybee' English, and a dozen others—and I pronounce it yet another way myself."

The Englishman (*sotto voce*)—"You do."

The Italian—"But I must tell you how I lost my room——"

American Girl's Mamma—"I don't see why they don't keep order in their churches here—they could do it."

American Lady—"They do it in Cologne Cathedral; and that is Catholic. They will not even let you read a Baedeker in a corner there, while service is going on."

American Girl's Mamma (timidly)—"It makes one almost lose respect for the services."

French Doctor—"Is that the way it affects you? Well, I have not that feeling. I am not too religious myself (with a smile that indicated that this was a mild statement of the case), but the impassive antiquity of the church—its sublime certainty of itself—never impresses me so much as when I watch it going through its ancient services, just as it has for centuries and centuries, while the little buzzing insects of an hour hum about its calm face."

APRIL


By ROBERT STANLEY WEIR

To-day, with April wandering in a wood,
Mid last year's withered leaves and trees all bare,
Blithely she sought, dear child, to comfort me;
Showed me how fair the blue, how sweet the air,
The long thin shadows of each leafless tree
Athwart the solitude;
Marked me the path of winter beast and bird,
The woodchuck's hole, the fox's shy retreat,
The path the marten makes with tiny feet,
The songsters few and rare in woodlands heard.


And fain her gentle heart would have outpoured
Such wealth as August or September yields,
The flowers and fruits of high midsummer's day,
Or glory of the yellow harvest-fields;
When, after toil, in bountiful array,
The goodly stacks are stored.
But blossoms scant were all she could bestow:
The crinkle-root, and the wake-robin red;
Hepaticas that in their lowly bed
All pearly white or pink or purple grow.

These and the springing trilliums, white and green,
That eagerly the schoolboy plucks, when first
The southwind calls him to the woods of spring,
She gave with slim, cool fingers;—then there burst
Upon our ears the white-throat's carolling,,
Calling unto his queen.
Ah, white-throat's song, so plaintive and divine!
So full of longing, throbbing joy and love!
O tender, singing white-throat that can move
Pity and rapture in this heart of mine!

As thus I wandered, touched by sight and sound,
The meagre blooms, the chill, disturbed me not;
The few lone pipings seemed not desolate;
Something invisible but strong, methought,
Shall soon a richer, fuller life create,
E'en now doth stir the ground.
And this frail child beside me soon
Shall change into a glory like the dawn,
And radiant with abounding joy put on
The beauty and luxuriance of June!



Current Events



By
F. A. ACLAND

THIS is a wonderful centenary year—Lincoln, Darwin, Poe, Tennyson, Gladstone, Mendelssohn, and many more, doubtless, of minor rank. The past month of February witnessed the celebration in the case of the great American statesman and the famous English scientist. All the world in a measure has joined in both events. Whatever of antagonism existed towards either during the agitation amid which each moved has long since passed and both have become world figures of the first rank. The London *Times*, referring to Lincoln, applies to him the lines of Cowper:

"Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other
men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their
own."

Yet on the same page of *The Times* a second article devoted to Darwin shows what was accomplished in his case by scholarship, by a vast accumulation of knowledge. The fact is the greatness of neither can be explained by any known hypothesis, political or otherwise, any more than can the greatness of Shakespeare or Poe or Dickens or the countless others of the giants of literature or science or statesmanship who have sprung from the most unpromising surroundings or antecedents. Each was doubtless in large degree the creature of his environment, but each was also steadfast as a rock to one

great idea to which all else was subordinated, the one to the maintenance of the Union, the other to the development of the theory identified with his name. These probably were the main factors, after all, in the making of all those qualities that differentiated Lincoln and Darwin from their contemporaries; the steadfastness of purpose we can understand, the environment is a vague all-comprehending condition that may include the sum of the experiences in some direction or other of countless generations of ancestors, and we can name it without grasping its full meaning or complete possibility.

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All who believe the British Empire to be what Lord Rosebery described it—"the greatest secular agency for good the world has ever seen"—will rejoice at the promise held out of a satisfactory issue to the great Union Conference of South Africa. Difficulties will be numerous enough yet both before and after the actual accomplishment of union, but it is a long step forward to have framed a basis of union between four jealous communities so lately engaged in actual war with each other.

The *pax Britannica* which is the greatest virtue of the Empire will be rendered the surer both within and without South Africa as a result of the welding of these four states into one. As to the curious compromise

with regard to the capital, one can only say of it that it is better than no agreement at all; but it would seem impossible that it should be permanent. The peripatetic capital as we had it in Canada for a time was bad enough, but to separate by a thousand miles the centres of administration and legislation would seem in most cases to make confusion worse confounded, and likely to cause paralysis to both functions. It is possible that the theory of ministerial responsibility will not be enforced in this Anglo-Dutch Parliament quite so rigidly as in the case of our own and other legislatures of the Empire; otherwise it is difficult to see how a minister is to be held strictly accountable for the affairs of a department with which during a large part of each year he can only be in comparatively distant touch.

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In another respect than that of the capital South Africa has struck into an original path, that, namely, of the relations of the uniting provinces to the central government, and of the powers to be respectively conceded and retained. South Africa has decided for a stronger central government than that possessed by either the United States, Canada or Australia; that is to say, the uniting provinces have retained fewer powers than in either of these other federations or unions. The provincial legislatures are to be counted only as councils, and aside from a partial control of education and certain other definitely stated subjects, are to have jurisdiction only over such matters as the central government may determine, and, most important of all, perhaps, the finance of the provincial councils is to be controlled by the central Parliament. Some other original features of the constitution drafted are the adoption of the system of proportional representation for the election of the councils and the right of the ministers to speak in either house

of Parliament. Add that the Senate will consist of thirty-two members elected at large, eight by each province, and of eight more appointed by the Crown, and that in the event of friction between the houses they are to meet together and settle the dispute by votes, and we have the chief variations of the proposed South African constitution from our own. Apart from the sympathy with which the whole Empire, and many communities outside the Empire, will see the new ship of state launched, it will be watched with all the keener interest because of the new channels it will sail in the making of constitutions. The device for breaking a deadlock between Senate and Assembly may prove worthy of adoption here in Canada some day.

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In the current issue of *The Contemporary Review* Professor H. Stanley Jevons discusses the theory of the two-power standard as applied to the British navy, and questions the practicability of maintaining it for many years, and the utility of maintaining it at all. He believes Great Britain should be content with the "strongest power" standard. There is some force in Professor Jevons' arguments that the enormous burden consequent on the maintenance of the two-power standard may well, borne by the United Kingdom alone, prove a task beyond her strength or may at least handicap her in other directions; this in view particularly of the greater population of such nations as Germany, Russia and the United States, and the opportunities of expansion enjoyed by the last two of these particularly. In the meantime the two-power standard is not beyond the power of Britain at the present time and it is hardly necessary to determine now how Britain shall face the conditions that will confront her in fifty years' time; only we may be

sure that all we can do now in the way of advancing the sentiment for a United Empire will render easier the task that falls to our descendants.

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Where, however, few will care to follow Professor Jevons in his argument is when he declares that the British Empire "exists at all only on the sufferance of other nations," and that this home truth is doubtless one we shirk as "a bitter pill." Surely such a statement is self-consciousness gone mad. In the same sense, and in no other, every nation exists only by mercy of all others, and Professor Jevons himself shows the absurdity of such an argument as applied to Britain alone by asserting that the combination of nations which permits the Empire to exist only under these humiliating conditions is unthinkable. To build upon such shattered premises therefore the further theory that, because in the event of a combination of half-a-dozen great nations against Great Britain the Empire could hardly exist, therefore we may just as well abandon already the attempt to maintain a great navy, is a pure waste of labour, and will carry conviction to none. A further aspect of the subject developed by Professor Jevons somewhat more successfully—or at least more plausibly—is that of the public conscience of the world. He believes there is a growing international morality or public opinion which will tend to restrain one country from attacking another. No doubt a greater provocation is required nowadays than formerly to bring war, but so long as war remains a contingency it must unhappily be also a leading factor in the calculations of statesmen.

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Of course in Professor Jevons' article, and in a second article in *The Contemporary Review* by "Master

Mariner" on "Invasion Considered from the Nautical Standpoint," it is the hypothesis of a German attack on England that is in the mind of the writer, and it is the same subject that has inspired the writing and production of the curious play "An Englishman's Home," over which England, or at least London, has shown such emotion. The play is admitted to be destitute of anything resembling talent and is merely a crude implement for driving home one or two facts which are doubtless to the author of the utmost seriousness, namely, the unpreparedness of England for a sudden descent on her coasts and what it would mean to the average British citizen to find his country occupied by a foreign army. There can be no doubt that, however strained the war hypothesis may be, it is very much on the nerves of the English people, and the play appears at the psychological moment necessary to its success. Before the famous Kruger telegram it would probably have been laughed off the stage, and it is possible four or five years may bring a reversion to the former condition. But the present moment is critical, or is believed to be critical, which is much the same thing, and no matter how clearly the "Master Mariner," who writes the article above mentioned, may show that no army could possibly be carried from Germany to England under conditions which would enable it to land in practically unimpaired strength, such assurances do not quiet the public mind. At such a moment the production of such a play as "An Englishman's Home" will do good on the one hand by making Englishmen realise that their greatest weakness is apathy, while unhappily on the other hand, it may be productive of the utmost mischief, by producing a state of mind on the part of the public which will demand action by the Government more or less offensive to the aroused susceptibilities of the supposed enemy. Unfortunately the

Anglo-German crisis is by no means over yet.

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Brief cable reports only have reached the Canadian press of the great Opium Conference which has been proceeding at Shanghai, and which is understood to have closed with the month of February. The conference was not, of course, of a nature to have powers to do more than pass resolutions, but its proceedings appear to have been characterised by a reasonable degree of harmony. The country most concerned in the opium habit, after China, is India, which exports more of the drug to China than any other country, though a small proportion only of the total amount consumed. This latter fact is well known, but was brought out forcibly at the conference by Sir Alex Hossie, one of the British delegates, who showed that the inland revenue produced from the tax on opium grown in one province of China alone exceeded in 1908 the total revenue derived from the whole of the foreign opium imported into China. The same delegate pointed out extraordinary inaccuracies in the reports presented on behalf of the Chinese Government, which, while they did not, he said, shake his faith in the sincerity of the efforts being made by the Chinese Government to eradicate the opium evil, apparently caused doubt as to the efficacy of the methods adopted and even as to the honesty of the officials deputed to carry out the will of the Government.

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The resolutions passed were of a general character, and suggest rather sympathetic action within their own domains by the powers conferring with China and within the limits of active participation or intervention of any kind in the proposition of the Chinese Government. The only new aspect of the question—new at least

to us in Canada—that appears to have been raised in the resolutions adopted is that of the growing use of morphine, which the conference found to represent a grave danger, and in connection with which the delegates have agreed to urge upon all governments the importance of drastic measures to control the manufacture sale and distribution of morphine and other noxious derivatives of opium. Canada's interest in the great conference was, of course, indirect only, and lies mainly in the fact that by the courtesy of the Imperial authorities the Dominion was represented at the gathering in the person of Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King, M.P. The Dominion has, of course, no possessions in the East, and the traffic in opium within its borders was quickly and quietly snuffed out as a consequence of Mr. King's own recommendations on the subject last year. None the less it was a conference of epoch-making character in which Canada may be proud to have had a part, and Mr. Mackenzie King's report will be awaited with a large degree of interest.

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So important a legislature as that of Newfoundland has rarely found itself in such a predicament as faces the island government at the present time. The Prince Edward Island Government was carried on with a majority of one a few years ago, and the Ontario Government, before the advent of Premier Whitney with his record majority was reduced to two or three, but it is not easy to recall a case where the parties have split exactly even, so that by making one of their number Speaker — if that could be done — the Government party is put in a minority. There are thirty-six seats in the Assembly, eighteen of which hold supporters of Sir Robert Bond, while an equal number support Sir Edward Morris, a former lieutenant of the Premier's, who broke away from him and car-

ried off a section of the old Liberal party to add to the Conservative Opposition. The Legislature was summoned to meet a few months ago and the final issue would have been determined; but it chanced that a member of the Ministry, Mr. Kent, was compelled to go to Washington to take part in the treaty negotiations, and since it would have been facing certain defeat to open the session with one man short, the meeting of the House was postponed until March 4. In the meantime Premier Bond is understood to have asked for a dissolution which was refused. Apparently it would not have been a strict rendering of the constitution to dissolve until the other party had made an effort to conduct the Government.

So Sir Robert Bond resigned and Sir Edward formed a Government, and it is this Government which will meet the House on March 4. Before these lines are read the struggle will doubtless have assumed a new form. It is unlikely that the new Government will escape defeat, and a new election will presumably follow, with the advantage to the original Opposition that it will have the prestige and privileges of office during the electoral battle. The struggle is one of the keenest ever fought out in a British country, and it says something for the integrity of the respective parties that there is not reported to have been any suggestion of any member being induced by improper motives to cross to the other party.



MOVING DAY AT THE WHITE HOUSE

—Life



At Five O'clock

A BALLADE.

Something is gone from hill and plain,
The earth a dimmer radiance shows—
Softly as ever sings the rain,
Royal as ever blooms the rose;
But now no fairy palace glows
Through the dark woods for folks astray;
The fairies are with last year's snows,
With Gracieuse and Percinet.

To-day no fairy regents reign,
No Fairy Princee his aid bestows,
The captive damsel with her chain
Weeps on, and still no rescue knows;
Where the enchanted garden grows
We cannot wander, come what may,
We cannot thread the orchard-close
With Gracieuse and Percinet.

And yet—when all seems void and vain,
And all the world grown gray with
prose,

Some whispering echo wakes again,
Some mountain wind of memory blows;
The Blue Bird sings—the Fountain
flows,

All golden shine the skies of gray;
Gladly the heart a-maying goes
With Gracieuse and Percinet.

ENVOI.

Princee, though the knightly years are
fled,

You still may find the magic way;
Youth and Enchantment are not dead
With Gracieuse and Percinet.

—*Pall Mall Magazine.*

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A HERO'S LOVE STORY.

IT is to be hoped that Canadian
school children will appreciate the
addition of the "Canadian Heroes"

series to their supplementary reading, especially as it is introduced by so admirable a volume as Mr. Nursey's "Life of Isaac Brock." Those who live within a short journey of Niagara Falls are all familiar with the Queenston Heights and the monument which crowns the cliff, looking down upon as fair a prospect as a patriot might wish to behold. Often, on a summer day, when, from Brock's monument, one may see from the heights above the jade-green flow of Niagara, the expanse of fertile fields and glowing orchards, the stretch of Lake Ontario's miles of sapphire, there comes the story of that century-old strife and one may almost see the sudden rush of red-coats up the October hill-side.

Those stormy days of 1812 have long since passed into our history and every Canadian citizen prays devoutly that such scenes of bloodshed may never again be witnessed in our young country. Yet it is not well to forget the struggle and sacrifice which won our peace and security and among those whose lives are to be remembered with gratitude is the gallant officer, whose life opened in one of the exquisite islands of the English Channel and closed in that charge, when his men followed Brock up Queenston Heights.

In Mr. Nursey's narrative there is many a thrilling page, for he writes of a period when the soldiers and statesmen of England were straining every nerve in the fight against the great "Little Corporal." But, perhaps, one of the most memorable glimpses of that troubled time is the scene as Brock rushes along the road at dawn, pausing only for a hurried cup of coffee at a historic cottage near the riverside. His betrothed was waiting in fear for the news of a charge, as it was reported that the United States forces had crossed and were to storm the heights. She went out, as he drank the stirrup cup, to give him greeting and good-bye, and as the leader of the Canadian forces looked back to the old homestead, the waving hand of the girl who was to be his bride was the last message from the spot he had known so well. The simple story of Brock's bravery, of his sweetheart's lifelong grief is told with no flourish of art or rhetoric but makes its instant human appeal. There is surely no more beautiful road in Canada than the old Queenston riverway. To those who know the stirring records of 1812, it is forever associated with the deeds which kept the old flag flying and with the tender memories of the women who gave, ungrudgingly though with grief, their bravest sons as a sacrifice.

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UNSPOILED CHILDHOOD.

IN a recent number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* — a publication which ought to be more widely read in Canada—Lady Henry Somerset discusses with insight and vivacity, the subject of "The Child's Development." If the modern child is not brought up properly, it is not for lack of theory and discussion. However, the present article by the English advocate of temperance, is more rational and less pedantic than most treatises on the much-exploited juvenile. The writer declares against the precocious small

person and asserts confidently:

"The people who preserve normal childhood for the longest period are those who in the end will produce vital and healthy adult life . . . The wider, the higher the destiny, the longer should be the period of undeveloped life, and it is the increasing absence of this phase that is to be deplored in our modern life."

Lady Henry Somerset makes some interesting comparisons between English and American training, admitting that the latter gives the girl her place of equality but objecting to the lack of imagination or, rather, to the presence of materialism so often seen in the development of American childhood. The writer's protest against overdoing the utilitarian training is well made. There is nothing more pathetic than a child without illusions, a small boy who talks about the money market or a girl who has already set her heart upon diamonds. The youngster whose imagination roves the world is the real heir of all the ages and the small boy who sees giants and fairies in the twilight shadows has no need to envy the son of a steel magnate. Those who would condemn the old stories, who would take away *Santa Claus* and his reindeer, leaving us the dull light of everyday fact, are robbers, indeed, who should be sentenced to a term in some matter-of-fact Siberia, with *Gradgrind* as keeper. Lucky are the children who are allowed to be children and are not transformed into premature wisecracks in spectacles!

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AN IMPERIAL ADDRESS.

WHEN Lord Milner, that statesman who is honoured in all quarters of the Empire, visited Canada last autumn, the Montreal Women's Canadian Club was the one only feminine organisation fortunate enough to secure him as speaker, although in Toronto and other cities, by courtesy of the men's clubs, large numbers of women heard the great

Imperialist. In Montreal, Lord Milner spoke on his favourite subject in connection with social reform, and from the recently published collection of his Canadian addresses may be quoted the following:

"I have spoken of the work done by women in the Old Country because it is what I have myself seen and known. I cannot speak with equal experience of what is being done by them in Canada. But of this I am firmly convinced that what is known throughout the Empire as 'the women's movement' can only gain, and may gain immensely, from an exchange of experiences, from the women of one part of the Empire following the efforts, and learning from the successes or the failures of women in other parts. That is one of the chief advantages of the unity of the Empire, of what I have spoken of as our common citizenship. We have got to evolve between us all a higher type of civilisation. People do, in fact, learn more easily from those of their own household. We do, in fact, learn more easily from the efforts and experiments of men and women in other parts of our own Empire than from what is done or attempted in foreign lands. Social experiments in the other dominions of the Crown produce an effect in Great Britain which is not produced as readily by similar experiments, say in the United States or in Germany. There is a special instance which occurs to me at this moment, namely, that in the attempt to deal with the evil of sweating in England, we have derived peculiar instruction from what has been attempted with a similar object in Australia."

It is undoubtedly true that, allowing for certain differences of local conditions, those of the same imperial household understand more readily the problems of the various members than can any outsiders. The influence of Australia has already been referred to and, to follow it further,

may we not ask if the exercise of the franchise by the women of Australia and New Zealand has not had a marked effect on the women of Great Britain?

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CRITICISM WHICH CONDESCENDS.

A CORRESPONDENT of this column, signing herself *Katherine*, writes commendingly with regard to an article in this department last month, which referred to a certain criticism of Miss Laut's "The Conquest of the Great Northwest." Unknown *Katherine* says that she rejoices because I "defended" Miss Laut's book. Now, I did nothing of the kind. I have not read the book—as yet—and Miss Laut is quite capable of looking after criticism of her "David Thompson" chapter—if she thinks it worth while to do so. I merely protested against a critical article being prefaced by three paragraphs concerning the author's sex. This irrelevance is tiresome and irritating. A woman writer has no right to expect immunity from criticism, as to facts and style and no honest worker is likely to resent such comment. It is this patronising explanation which is absolutely fatiguing. I have good reason for believing that Miss Laut is quite ready to welcome candid and free discussion of her latest book. She may be somewhat averse, however, to criticism which is remarkably like an advance notice of another writer's anticipated volume. "How snow could be in a mountain meadow" is indeed a vexed question—save to the native-born.

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PSYCHOTHERAPY.

WHY nearly every art or science should have a long and clumsy name attached to it is a secret of the learned. The polysyllable which stands at the head of this paragraph belongs to what is called the Emmanuel Movement, the application of religious principle and faith to the

treatment of certain diseases. The *Woman's Home Companion* and other respectable journals are devoting much space to the subject, and from their accounts it seems that great benefit has already resulted from the teaching and practice of this belief. It is a pity that so many quacks and charlatans have made money out of their alleged "faith cures" that many good citizens are doubtful of any such movement.

Those who believe in Christianity must admit that its principles are intended to benefit and strengthen the whole complex nature of humanity. We read of its Founder's work, that it was "teaching and healing." The latter aspect of His mission appears to have been forgotten by many believers in Christianity but the basis of the Emmanuel Movement is a return to a belief in curative Christianity—for the ills of the body, as well as for those of the soul.

Psychotherapy, as a philosophic term, appears to have passed into popular usage. The less a healthy person thinks of the body, the better. The woman who is unafflicted by "nerves" will do well to avoid even discussion of disease and to flee as from a plague from the sorrowful sisters who love to exploit their symptoms. Neurasthenic women are usually lazy, overworked or worried. For the lazy sufferers there is little hope, unless they will arouse to the Gospel of every great teacher, from the days of Moses to the age of Thomas Carlyle. For the overburdened and the careworn, this Emmanuel Movement may prove a modern Pool of Bethesda. Assuredly it is needed and all who have suffered from the woes of the nervous, either actually or by association, may

wish it all success and expansion. Whatever it may call itself, if it gives peace and self-control to restless and prostrated sufferers, it is a thing of beneficence.

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ARE WE CATS?

AN English bishop has brought upon his episcopal head the wrath of many women by declaring that the fashionable feminine world of London is "mostly cats." Lady Dorothy Nevill comes to the rescue of the maligned sex and tells the bishop flatly that he has exaggerated grossly—that he is a sayer of that which is not. It is really becoming dangerously democratic when a bishop is told that he is "another." In the good old days of excommunication, Lady Dorothy would have been condemned in scathing terms for venturing to differ from "my Lord," but in these stirring times, even lawn sleeves fail to impress the woman gifted with powers of retort.

Lady Dorothy proceeds to inform the bishop that the modern girl is more broad-minded and charitable, less disposed to be pettily abusive than was her grandmother. She refers to the wide diversity of the former's amusements and serious interests, as a reason for this broadening, and altogether makes out a strong case against the bishop. That good man has doubtless been overhearing a few unkind remarks about their dearest friends, made by some women of West End drawing-rooms. But he might have heard the same class of remarks from the idle members of a men's club. The "catty" woman is always with us, but she is in the snarly minority and will some day die out and be stuffed.

JEAN GRAHAM.



The WAY of LETTERS

"THE MAKING OF CANADA,"

by Mr. A. G. Bradley, which is a sequel to a previous work by the same author entitled "The Fight With France for North America," is a most comprehensive treatment of that period of Canadian history which begins with the British conquest and ends with the war of 1812. The author is a very graphic and illuminating writer, and in this book he takes full advantage of dramatic episodes such as the coming of the United Empire Loyalists, the rush of settlers from Great Britain and the final struggle in 1812 for possession of Canada. The coming of the Loyalists, fleeing from the fate that threatened them, provokes from this author a chapter pulsating with eloquence and indignation. We quote a few lines:—

"The landing of the refugees in their thousands on these then inhospitable shores, little as the average Englishman knows of it, is among the most tragic and dramatic incidents in our Imperial history. Famous poets have sung in melodious but inaccurate numbers of the expulsion of the Acadians and the burning out of the Wyoming settlers, but these were trifles in scale compared with the fate of the infinitely greater number of American Tories and the greater sensibility of so large a fraction of them. Ruined and banished almost to a man; insulted, tarred and feathered; half hanged, occasionally wholly hanged; flung by droves into prisons, always foul, sometimes noisome dungeons deep under-

ground, like the Senna mine, their lot was pitiable indeed."

(Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, \$1.25).

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THE BRITISH COLONIAL SYSTEM.

No one but an enthusiast in historical research, particularly with respect to a special period of history, could have carried out so successfully the task assigned to Mr. George Louis Beer—that of instituting a series of books dealing with the origin and development of the British colonial system. Mr. Beer has accomplished the writing of the first volume, which comprises more than 400 pages and represents a vast amount of research and careful deduction. The period covered in this first volume lies between the years 1578 and 1660, the first date marking the first expedition of Humphrey Gilbert in the hope of finding a north-western passage to India; the latter marks the Restoration, a time when colonisation began to make rapid progress in settled form, about the beginning of the reign of Charles II. The author acknowledges the very important part that was played by private enterprise in these early colonisation schemes, but at the same time he gives credit to the British Government for encouraging and

backing up these enterprises. Mr. Beer makes a main point of the contention that the founding of British colonies in the new world was due to economic motives rather than to political schemes, and he brings home to us an interesting similarity between causes of emigration then and now. It seems that then, as now, there were cries of overcrowding of England, of the prevalence of paupers, the consequent danger of unemployment, and to these conditions the author ascribes much of the colonising enterprise of the British. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$3 net).

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LORD MILNER'S SPEECHES.

The speeches delivered in Canada during last autumn by Viscount Milner, the same speeches that Mr. J. S. Ewart deals with in this number of *The Canadian Magazine* under the title "Lord Milner's Imperialism," have been published in a book entitled "Speeches in Canada by Viscount Milner." These speeches aroused a great deal of interest at the time of their delivery, and the publishers deserve praise for their enterprise in collecting and publishing them in a tasteful manner. Some idea of Lord Milner may be formed from the following excerpt from his speech delivered to the Canadian Club of Toronto:

"There is nothing so odious as cant, and this is a subject on which it is particularly easy to seem to be canting. Not that I am afraid of falling into a strain of boastfulness. The last thing which the thought of the Empire inspires in me is a desire to boast—to wave a flag, or to shout 'Rule Britannia.' When I think of it, I am more inclined to go into a corner by myself and pray."

(Toronto: William Tyrrell and Company. Cloth back, 75 cents net).

*

NOVEL BASED ON SOCIALISM,

"Comrades" is the title of a story of social adventure in California, by

Thomas Dixon, Jr. A young athlete, son of a millionaire, owing to the influence of a public speech made by a young woman Socialist, unites himself to the followers of her belief. He enters into this new field of interest with such zeal that he soon becomes an influential leader. Sufficient capital having been obtained to float his schemes, he departs with a few thousand carefully selected Socialists, male and female, to an island named Ventura, to prove to the world that mankind governed by Socialism can become one vast, harmonious brotherhood. Seemingly the author's aim is to show the weakness of certain important Socialist theories, even when put into practice under most favourable circumstances. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited. Cloth, \$1.75).

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AN OLD-TIME STORY.

The novels produced by Egerton and Agnes Castle have proved eminently successful, as written romances and as dramatic fiction. Their latest venture, "Wroth," is no exception in their list of popular tales. The story tells of the madcap adventures of a Byronic hero, an aristocratic daredevil of undeniable attractions, whose redemption arrives in the conventional form of a noble and beautiful woman—a widow, this time. There are misunderstandings in every chapter and the hero travels such a rough path ere he finally wins the fair *Juliana* that the reader is entirely in sympathy with the gentleman of a riotous past. The story is gracefully and vivaciously told and will appeal to all readers who are fond of the old-fashioned romance, with just enough trouble to make a happy termination worth while. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.25).

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ALL ABOUT THE EMPIRE.

By means of a private donation from the late Louis Spitzel, the

League of the Empire, London, have been enabled to publish an important volume dealing with the various aspects of the Empire. The title of the book is "The British Empire: Its Past, Its Present, and Its Future." It consists of 800 pages, and is edited by A. F. Pollard. Apparently the endeavour has been made to have the different parts of the Empire considered by competent authorities. In the case of Canada a good selection was made, with Professor H. E. Egerton on the Editorial Committee and Mr. W. L. Grant as assistant authority. The outlook for Canada is largely optimistic, but there is apprehension of political corruption and growth of corporations, and fear is expressed that in Canada materialism may dominate in the same way that it has dominated in the United States.

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WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS.

The first volume has been received of what purports to be a very important publication, viz., "Women of All Nations," of which the editors are no less authorities than T. Athol Joyce and N. W. Thomas, Fellows of the Royal Anthropological Institute. The object of the work is to give the appearance as types, the characteristics, customs, social position, intelligence, and other aspects of the women of all countries, with illustrations from photographs taken from life especially for this undertaking. The first volume deals with women of dark skin, and embraces some of the blackest of the negro tribes, with varying degrees of colour up to the fairest Oriental or Mongolian types. Apparently the photographs were taken with the subjects posed in their native surroundings and garb, or lack of garb, and there has been made a successful attempt to give a fair idea of what the traveller sees in the various countries dealt with. Types of beauty are also given, and, after examining some of them, one is inclined to think that the point of view in many countries,

with respect to beauty at least, is very far removed from ours. There are a number of reproductions in colour, full-page in size, and evidently many of the photographs were obtained with much difficulty. The text accompanying the illustrations is written from the standpoints of human interest and science, and is in most instances comprehensive. The countries considered in the first volume are New Zealand, Australia, the Islands of the Pacific, Africa, and some of the Islands of the East Indies. (Toronto: Cassell and Company).

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THE TALBOT PAPERS.

An important contribution to the literature of the Royal Society of Canada is made in the form of "The Talbot Papers," edited, with preface, introduction and some annotations, by Mr. James H. Coyne. The preparation of this volume could not have been entrusted to a better or more sympathetic historian than Mr. Coyne, who not only has lived for many years at St. Thomas, in the vicinity of the early Talbot Settlement, but who also undertook this particular work with commendable zeal and under most favourable circumstances.

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A STIRRING ROMANCE.

"Racket and Rest," by Harold Begbie, is well punctuated with stirring scenes, and has the impress of a timely moral. The incidents happen in quiet Surrey, England, towards the close of the last century. The author weaves interest around the lives of *Theodore Sparks* and *Dolly Cresset* to form the kernel of his story. *Theodore* was an exemplary son of a good mother, and to think what he might have been, as the author says, is to perceive how good a fellow he really was. *Dolly*, an inn-keeper's daughter, who became *Theodore's* wife, was negatively antithetical and

clashingly contradictory to his make-up. His desire was to have a simple, wholesome, quiet home life; his wife, who was the embodiment of vanity and high spirits, became committed irrevocably to the stage. To gratify selfish longings and live her "own life," she gave up home, husband and baby daughter to appear publicly as a popular actress. The reader divines what the ultimate result will be, nevertheless interest does not wane, because he is kept wondering in just what way the narrator will deal with the principal characters to bring about the satisfactory conclusion looked for. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. Toronto: The Westminster Company. Cloth, \$1.25).

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A NOVEL FOR THE YOUNG.

The many admirers of Rosa Nouchette Cary's novels will be glad to know that a new story has come from her prolific pen. This industrious author has published upwards of forty novels. Her latest is entitled "The Sunny Side of the Hill", which is a book that might well be entrusted to young people. It gives a picture of English village life, with motors and picnics, and such other things as help to make life wholesome and pleasant. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.25).

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NOTES.

—For a busy man anxious to keep fairly well abreast of current events in the larger sense of the phrase, it would be difficult to find a periodical more satisfactory than the English

weekly journal *Public Opinion*. It is a bright well-edited newspaper, glancing at everything that is really worthy of attention in the way of politics, science, literature, religion and most other aspects of modern human life. Its selections are made most judiciously and the summaries are concise and careful. For a bird's-eye view of all things mundane, it would be hard to surpass *Public Opinion*.

—Upon our civilisation the author of "The Memoirs of a Failure," thrusts responsibility for the failure of a Southerner named *Dunlevy*, because it is therein claimed that the man began life with clean instincts and a desire to be good. This is an unusual book, depicting the negative side of life. The author is Daniel Wright Kittredge. (Toronto: Albert Britnell).

—"L'Amérique Précolombienne," is the title of an essay on the origin of western civilisation, by Alphonse Gagnon, Secretary of the Department of Public Works and Labour, Quebec. (Quebec: Laflamme and Proulx).

—"Harvests in Many Lands," by Rev. W. S. MacTavish, is the third of a series of missionary text-books prepared for the young people of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. (Toronto: William Briggs).

—Mr. F. W. Musgrave has written an interesting story entitled "Gabrielle Amethyst." (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.25).

—The sixth edition of "The Truth About Christianity," by W. H. Turton, has been issued. (London: Wells, Gardner, Darton and Company. Cloth, 2/6 net).



Within The Sanctum

QUIETUS has surely at last been given to those persons who have insisted that we must go abroad for good pictures. Several exhibitions of the works of Canadian painters have been held during March—that of the Canadian Art Club, at Toronto; that of the Ontario Society of Artists, in the same city, and the annual spring exhibition at Montreal—and if nothing more should result than an awakening of public appreciation a good deal, nevertheless, shall have been accomplished.

There was on view also at Montreal an interesting collection of paintings by modern Frenchmen, a collection that was imposing more from the standpoint of quantity than, with some exceptions, from the standpoint of quality. It was important, nevertheless, inasmuch as it afforded Canadians, especially the people of Montreal, an opportunity to see some of the output of the modern French school and to compare it with the work of our native painters.

But these three hundred pictures, which were sent to Montreal under the auspices of the Government of France, could scarcely be regarded as the best examples of the best French painters, notwithstanding the fact that contributions were made by such outstanding men as Monet, Renoir, Roll, Le Sidanier, Le Gout-Gérard, Dagnac-Rivière, Caro-Delvaile, and (in sculpture) Rodin. Apparently the examples were selected, not so much

on their merits as works of art as on their likelihood of being acceptable in the eyes of the unsophisticated. We hear a good deal from time to time about the vagaries of French art, but in the collection shown at Montreal its reputation in that respect was not maintained, because there nothing was seen that could startle or offend even the most squeamish of visitors. On the whole the paintings were keyed very much higher than we are used to here in Canada, and impressionism prevailed almost to the submergence of realism and legitimacy. The brightness of the pigments would at first startle persons who were not familiar with them, but on fuller acquaintance they toned down, or the eye toned up, with the result that much pleasure could be found in them, even by the stranger.

This reference to French paintings on exhibition in Canada naturally calls for something about the work of our own brushes. It has probably been observed that in this department we are not prone to praise the work of Canadians simply because it is Canadian. That is not our conception of true patriotism, but at the same time we venture the opinion that at the exhibitions in Toronto some paintings were seen that would hold good company with the best that is being produced anywhere.

The exhibition of the Canadian Art Club, which was only its second, the

club having been organised little more than a year ago, is noteworthy not merely because of its general excellence but also because of the outstanding fact that it was the means of inducing a number of Canadian artists who have won distinction abroad to send home some of their best work. These artists are Horatio Walker, of New York, a member of the National Academy of Design and of the Royal Institute, of London, and recognised as one of the few best painters in the United States; James W. Morrice, of Paris, a jurymen of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, of London, and a member of both the *Salon d'Automne* and the *Société Nationale des Beaux Arts*, of Paris; A. Phimister Proctor, of New York, a member of the National Academy of Design, the National Sculpture Society, the American Water-Colour Society, and a sculptor of exceptional gifts; and John W. Russell, of Paris, a young man who paints with unusual facility and brilliance. When you take select works of these men and place them in a gallery with some of the best that we have seen of such acknowledged artists as Homer Watson, Curtis Williamson, Archibald Browne, Edmund Morris, Edwin Atkinson and Franklin Brownell we have an exhibition which in sureness of purpose and mastery of execution has never before been equalled by native painters.

It was no mean achievement for a small group of painters to break away from the Ontario Society of Artists and succeed in attaching the names of Horatio Walker and James Morrice to the membership of a new organisation. But they have done more than that: they have brought into the new Club also Mr. Proctor and Mr. Russell, and, quite recently, a virile young sculptor, Mr. Walter Allward, of Toronto. Secession, therefore, in this instance has justified itself.

When the announcement was first

made of a new club to run on lines quite apart and independent of the Ontario Society of Artists, there were many prophecies of harmful effect on art in Ontario, and some persons anticipated nothing except dissension and strife. But both the prophecies and anticipations were wrong, because, even in the Ontario Society of Artists itself, notwithstanding the fact that several of its most prominent members withdrew during the year, there is evidence of an enlivening spirit, and the President, Mr. E. Wyly Grier, is to be congratulated on having secured among the invited exhibits canvases from Mr. Maurice Cullen, Mr. Clarence Gagnon, Mr. Dyonnet, and a piece of sculpture from Mr. Philippe Hébert, all of Montreal. The average of the exhibition this year is better than that of last year, and it looks as if a determined effort had been made to keep out all pictures that were regarded as being below the standard.

While rigid adherence to standard is commendable, it is almost invariably fraught with more or less regret. In the case of the Ontario Society of Artists this year, the "weeding process" threw out entirely the work of some of the pioneer members of the organisation, at least one of whom is a member of the Royal Canadian Academy. But that is inevitable if progress is to be made; and while it is a lamentable spectacle to see outside the palings men who for years had thought of the Society as a part of themselves, we should bear in mind that conditions and standards have changed.

However, sacrifices must be made on the altar of advancement, and these painters whose works were barred this year are among the few remaining links between the present and an earlier Canadian school or, better, group of painters, a group whose work is not particularly distinguished for freedom, breadth or tone. Regret because of their fate is mitigated by the fact that the ac-

tion of the committee in barring them out should mean progress.

There is a tremendous difference between the work of Canadian artists to-day and the work of those who occupied the same field twenty or thirty years ago. Looking back over the list of painters in Canada during the last several decades one is likely to be astonished at the fewness of the names that really stand for anything. But conditions are different now, and we find an absolute change in point of view, character, treatment and colour. There is more strength, better choice of subject, better painting quality, more sonority of expression on the one hand and more poetry and subtlety and feeling on the other hand.

This difference and this change must be admitted by all who know anything about Canadian art and who have seen the recent exhibitions in Toronto, particularly the exhibition of the Canadian Art Club. It might be urged that a forceful representation in the Club is not Canadian at all but foreign, that Mr. Morrice and Mr. Walker, for instance, can no longer be regarded as Canadians. But, although Mr. Morrice has resided at Paris during the last eighteen years, he still comes back to Canada for fresh material. Still, he is not exclusive in his choice of subjects, and is equally at home on the streets of Paris or the canals of Venice. Nevertheless one must admit the Parisian influence, an influence which has not, however, removed the artist's individuality.

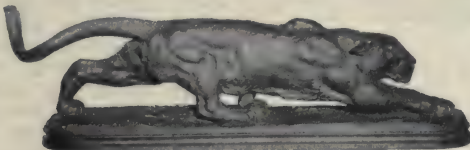
Mr. Walker is almost exclusively Canadian in his choice of subject, but unless we assist the Canadian Art Club in establishing his nationality we shall run the risk of alienation. The following excerpt from an article on him and his work, written by Charles H. Caffin and published in *Harper's* for November, should be to us a warning:

"Probably it is because Horatio Walker has discovered a type that he is devoting his life to its interpretation. But American though he is, the type has been discovered in alien soil. The Island of Orleans in the St. Lawrence River supplies it."

There is no doubt about the preference for Canadian subjects, or about the temperament and nativity of Morrice and Walker, but the presence of foreign influence cannot always be successfully refuted. As a matter of fact, it is a good influence, because it sets before the Club a universal standard. Notwithstanding that, however, there is no doubt about the simon pureness of the article as produced by the other members of the Club, with the unswerving example of Homer Watson in the vanguard.

Undoubtedly a change is taking place, has taken place, in the spirit and purpose of Canadian art. There has been a breaking away from tradition, and the common grooves are being abandoned. Whether or not it is understood, it is not always admitted, and it is usually from those who have failed to appreciate it that we hear most about the necessity of going abroad for good pictures.

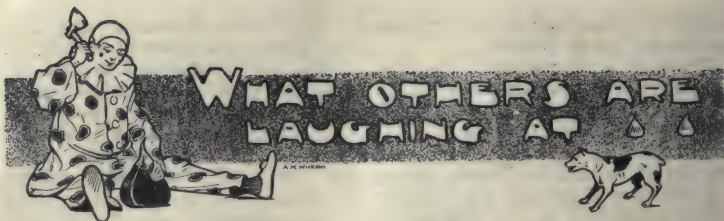
THE EDITOR.



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THE CRAWLING PANTHER

A BRONZE CAST FROM THE MODEL BY A. PHIMISTER PROCTOR



THE NEW DOCTRINE.

"Do you believe in the literal idea of future punishment?"

"Not for myself," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "But I favour it for a lot of people I know."—*Washington Star*.



PHIL MAY'S BEST FROM DOTTYPVILLE

Lunatic (suddenly popping his head over wall)
"What are you doing there?"

Brown: "Fishing."

Lunatic: "Caught anything?"

Brown: "No."

Lunatic: "How long have you been there?"

Brown: "Six hours."

Lunatic: "Come inside!"

—Punch

HONEST.

Cashly (at the club)—"Is your wife entertaining this winter?"

Stocksom—"Not very."—*New York Tribune*.

*

TOO LATE.

Husband—"When I am gone, and and that will be soon, you must marry again, dearest."

Wife—"No, Edward; no one will marry an old woman like me. You ought to have died ten years ago for that."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter*.

*

A SCOTCH MINISTER'S PRAYER.

"O Lord, we approach Thee this mornin' in the attitude o' prayer, and likewise o' complaint. When we cam' tae the lan' o' Canady we expected tae fin' a lan' flowin' wi' milk and honey, but instead o' that we foun' a lan' peopled wi' ungodly Irish. O Lord, in Thy great mercy, drive them tae the uttermost pairs o' Canady; mak' them hewers o' wood and drawers o' water; gie them nae emoluments; gie them nae place o' abode; nor mak' them magistrates or rulers among Thy people.

"But, if Ye hae any favours to bestow, or any guid lan' tae gie awa', gie it tae Thine ain, Thy peculiar people, the Scots. Mak' them members o' Parliament an' magistrates an' rulers among Thy people. An' as for the Irish, ta' them by the heels an' shak' them ower the mouth o' hell, but dinna let them fa' in, and a' the glory shall be Thine. Amen."—*Success*.



OLD AGE PENSION

HE (filling in claims for himself and wife): "Question Fower—'Sex.' Wot do Oi put there, Missus?"
 SHE: "I Dunno wot yer conscience'll allow you to put; but ye puts me down a Primitive Methody."

A RISING POLITICIAN.

It was at Ottawa recently, at one of the small festivities following the "Opening," that a charming young woman, who is a Liberal in politics, expressed an opinion which was startlingly heterodox. Someone had commented with regret on the absence of Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King and this sprightly lady replied:

"I'm glad he's not here. I hope he'll stay in Shanghai for ever so long."

"But why?" urged an astonished friend. "He is such a perfect gentleman and so clever and has got on so well for such a young chap and—"

"That's just it," was the impatient retort. "He reminds me of the story of Sir Gilbert Parker. Don't you remember about the poor Englishman who protested a few years ago that, wherever he went, he heard a certain ominous sound. Whether he went to African forests or Indian jungle, he would awake in the middle of the night and hear a strange noise and stir and would find that it was only

Gilbert Parker climbing, climbing upward in the night! Well, Mackenzie King is just like that! He's everything that's admirable but he's distressingly successful. A man who writes books, belongs to the Cabinet, arbitrates telephone disputes and Japanese riots and goes to anti-opium conferences has too much executive ability for the ordinary understanding."—*The Canadian Courier*.

*

NOT SO BAD.

Two Northern business men, passing through a barren region of the South, paused one day before a hopeless, tumble-down habitation, one of them exclaiming: "Poor creatures! How do they ever make a living from such land?" At this the sagging door of the hut slowly opened, a tall, lanky, poor white appearing, who drawled out to them: "Looky here, strangers, I ain't so durned poor ez you think I am. I don't own all this yere land; I jest own the house."—*Harper's Magazine*.

The Merry Muse

AS IT MAY BE IN 1925

*Suggested by reading Hamlin Garland's,
"The Shadow World."*

Said Mr. Smith to Mrs. Smith
(They strolled beside the ocean):
"Why do you move your arms about
With that peculiar motion?"

Said Mrs. Smith: "I now employ
A mediumistic measure,
And leave my *other self* to drudge
When I go out for pleasure.

I'm making these synchronal moves
Express my urgent wishes
Unto my astral self at home,
To help her *wash the dishes*."

A. G. Davies.

*

A SERIOUS LOVE SPELL

A young lady sits in our choir
Whose hair is the colour of foir,
But her charm is unique,
She has such a fair chique,
It is really a joy to be noir.

Last Sunday she wore a new sacque,
Cut low at the front and the bacque,
And a lovely bouquet,
Worn in such a cute wuet
As only few girls have the knaque.

Some day, ere she grows too antique,
In marriage her hand I will sique,
If she's not a coquette—
Which I'd greatly regruette—
She shall share my two sovereigns a
wique.

—Boston Herald.

THE CHAMPION

I could be champeen of our town—
I've licked about a dozen;
I started in on Alfred Brown
An' Alferd's city cousin;
I've licked 'em all exceptin' one,
There's nothin' that I'd ruther
Be doin' than to get it done—
But Pudge is Rosy's brother.

Pudge Jones is twicet as big as me,
But just th' same I'd whip him.
I'd lead my left, then bend my knee
An' whirl my foot an' trip h'
But when Pudge double-dares me to,
I always haf to mosey—
I sometimes wish I'd never knew
That he was kin to Rosy.

Aw, no! She ain't my *girl* at all!
I see her at th' parties.
Them other fellers has their girls—
Th' crazy bunch of smarties!
You bet I've licked 'em, every one!
My left swing is a twister,
An' long ago I'd made Pudge run,
But— Rosy is his sister.

Aw, pshaw! Doggone it, now! I am
not!
I ain't at all her feller,
Th' last boy told me that, he got
A whack right on th' smeller!
I've whipped lots bigger boys 'n me—
Some run an' told my mother,
An' I can whip Pudge Jones—but
he—
Well, he is Rosy's brother.
—Wilbur D. Nesbit, in *Harper's*.

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